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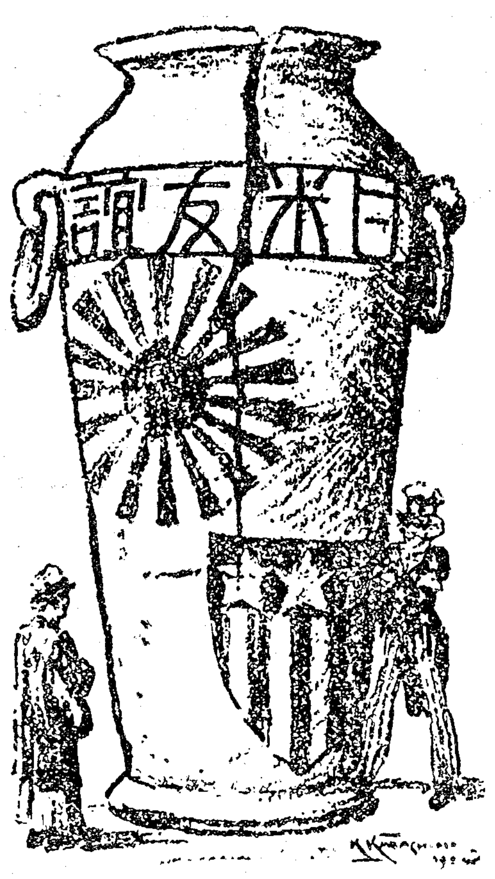
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

SQUELCHING A JAPANESE WAR-SCARE

JUMPING ON THE JINGOES has been the chief indoor sport of the high officials in Tokyo and Washington for the past few weeks, and this particular form of activity commends itself strongly to the generality of our press writers. If President Coolidge can "chill the Jap-haters and the militarists into silence and arouse the people against them," declares the Hartford *Times*, "he will have accomplished something upon which his Administration can base claims for the full approval and gratitude of all civilized men." And the San Francisco *Chronicle* expresses its profound sympathy for the Japanese Government "in the trouble it is having with its miserable jingo press." In Japan the effect of the persistent bitter feeling aroused by our immigration bill is increased by the suspicions stirred by anti-American editors over the coming maneuvers of our Navy in the Pacific. In this country the most notable recent incident bearing on the situation was Congressman Britten's resolution calling for a conference of the white nations of the Pacific, and his reference to "Japan's open preparation for war." These things bring from the White House and our State Department statements that our relations with Japan are serene, friendly and untroubled, from the Japanese Government official assurances of friendship, and there follows the extraordinary utilization of the appointment of a new Japanese Ambassador to emphasize the affectionate regard in which the two countries hold each other. Japan, says the Detroit *Free Press*, "surely can no longer be in doubt regarding the friendly desire and intent of the people of the United States." Nevertheless, insists the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, this "Japan-phobia" is a serious matter. "Somewhere behind the fog-bank of propaganda, sinister unseen hands are seeking to destroy the peaceful relations between this nation and Japan," says the New York *Evening Post*. Insisting that neither this country nor Japan wants war, the New York daily goes on to ask why "this perennial clamor that Japan is an enemy to be watched, distrusted, armed against and finally fought"?



THE CRACKED VASE
Of Japanese-American friendship
—*Asahi* (Tokyo).

"Is it the insane aim of men like Congressman Britten to hurl white men and brown men at each others' throats? Is the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan and raw Kluxism to become our national policy? Is it the studied purpose of the race hatreds, naval ambitions and human greed to bring about a terrible conflict of two civilizations in the Pacific—a clash that might end civilization?

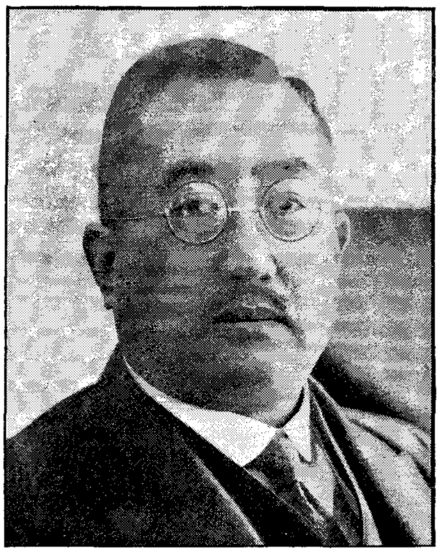
"Congressman Britten and the weary old men of the quarter-deck cabals who dream and scheme the wars that younger men must fight are playing with terrific forces. The naval officer who has convinced himself that war is inevitable, and may as well come, is dangerous to America. Every man who is pushing two peoples toward the Red Whirlpool in his effort to create great fleets is a tool of those human vultures who feed upon battle-fields and suck the marrow from the bones of broken nations.

"The task of America and Japan is to end the hysterical agitation of fantom issues and keep dead issues buried deep. The people of Japan must not be misled. There is no will in America to make war against them. Americans must not be deceived. Japan is right well and truly bearing herself as an honorable and peace-loving nation should. The vicious circle of armament against armament and the inevitable war has been broken, and must not be again inscribed. The dark forces in both Japan and America must be checked and driven back into their shadowy caverns of greed, ambitions and hate."

"Tactless men and unfortunate circumstances have combined to produce irritation between America and Japan," explains the New York *Sun*, which calls attention to the "grave error" permitted by Congress last summer in "framing the immigration law in a way that needlessly hurt Japanese pride." And on top of this, nothing could be "more ill-timed and offensive" than Congressman Britten's utterances, we read in the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, which is of the opinion that "the slight this country has put on Japan can't be wholly erased by an affectionate speech by Mr. Hughes any more than one may appease a citizen by blackjacking him on a back street and then giving him carfare home."

But perhaps at this point it might be well to interrupt the argument by recalling just what the Congressman said. It was at a dinner given in Washington in honor of the Pacific coast Congressional delegations, that Congressman Fred A. Britten, of Illinois, ranking Republican member of the Naval Affairs Committee, said in part:

"Japan's open preparation for war is a reason why the white



International Newsreel Photo

THE NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

Tsuneo Matsudaira, whose appointment is hailed by Secretary Hughes as an assurance of friendly relations.

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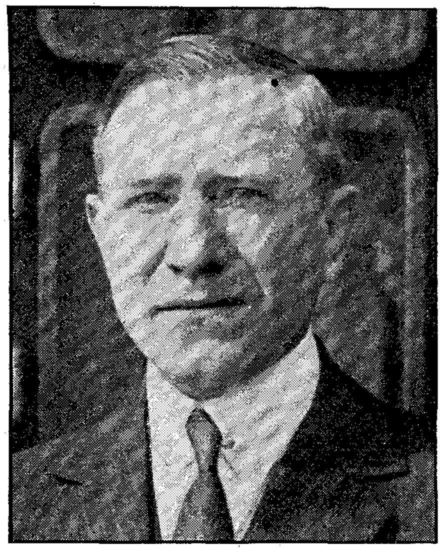
OUR NEW ENVOY TO JAPAN

Edgar A. Bancroft, the Chicago lawyer who recently entered upon his ambassadorial duties in Tokyo.



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CONGRESSMAN FRED A. BRITTEN

Of Chicago. He distrusts Japan and calls for unity among "the white nations bordering on the Pacific."

peoples surrounding the Pacific Ocean should have a definite defensive policy for their mutual protection; and the quicker this is done, the better.

"Influential Japanese newspapers recently objected to the maneuvers of the United States Navy in the vicinity of the Hawaiian Islands, Australia or the Philippines, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese Navy is maneuvering constantly in waters many miles east and many miles south of Japanese territory.

"A conference called for the purpose of promoting a solidarity of the white peoples of the Pacific will discuss not only ways and means for promoting a better economic, commercial and political understanding between said nations, but will, of course, give serious consideration to the national defenses of each country."

The resolution offered by Mr. Britten reads as follows:

"Resolved, That for the purpose of promoting the solidarity of the white people of the Pacific, the President be and he is hereby authorized to call a conference of the white nations bordering on the Pacific Ocean for the discussion of ways and means for promoting a better economic, commercial and political understanding between said nations."

There was practically no Congressional support for this idea, and it was indeed roundly scored by certain members of the house, altho Mr. Britten returned to the attack with the remark that:

"The Secretary of the Navy and the highest ranking naval officers in our service say that Japan is making great military preparations, and I assume that any warlike activity of Japan may ultimately be directed against us."

Congressman Britten's fears are not altogether unshared in editorial circles. In all the years of European diplomatic fencing "the German Empire and Great Britain never approached so closely to war as the United States and Japan have approached already," says the Boston *Telegram.* The Chicago *Daily Worker* is convinced that "the clashing interests of American and Japanese imperialism make war between the two nations just about as certain as anything can be in this unstable world, altho it is probable that neither the rulers of Japan or the United States want war right now."

Mr. Hearst's New York *American* looks upon Japan as a Power "possest of a bearing which contains an admonition regarding days to come. The sun of Japan is not only a rising sun, but a sun that grows warmer every day." An editorial in the Washington *Post* refers to "the precarious days while Japan is pressing relentlessly toward her goal," and cites Americans acquainted with the affairs of Japan as authority for the statement that "Japanese diplomacy throughout the Far East is taking advantage of Chinese and Russian developments in such manner as to consolidate Japan's strength upon an impregnable foundation as the precursor of aggressive moves that will surely bring on a clash between that Empire and the Western Powers and the United States." "It is well enough to seek to avoid trouble and all causes of trouble with Japan, but" contends the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "it is neither wise nor just to cast upon a coming generation a heritage of war by closing our eyes to the possibility of stupendous racial conflict, a contest for supremacy between the white and colored races of the earth." While the Minneapolis *Journal* sees nothing really alarming in the situation, it can not help remarking anent popular Japanese protests against our naval maneuvers:

"Considering the complete control which the Japanese political chiefs (especially that inner group known as the 'Elder Statesmen') have over their press and patriotic societies, Americans are tempted to wonder whether there is more than appears upon the surface behind these untimely protests. Are the Mikado's subjects being worked up into an intensely patriotic mood, preliminary to demands for new taxes for the Army and Navy following the cruelly heavy outlays for restoration after the earthquake? Is some kind of a coup being prepared in China or Siberia, in which our State Department may be begged to acquiesce in return for a studiously correct official position, in the face of 'great popular clamor'? Or is there even the idea that somehow we can be actually bullied or cajoled into repealing the Exclusion Act?"

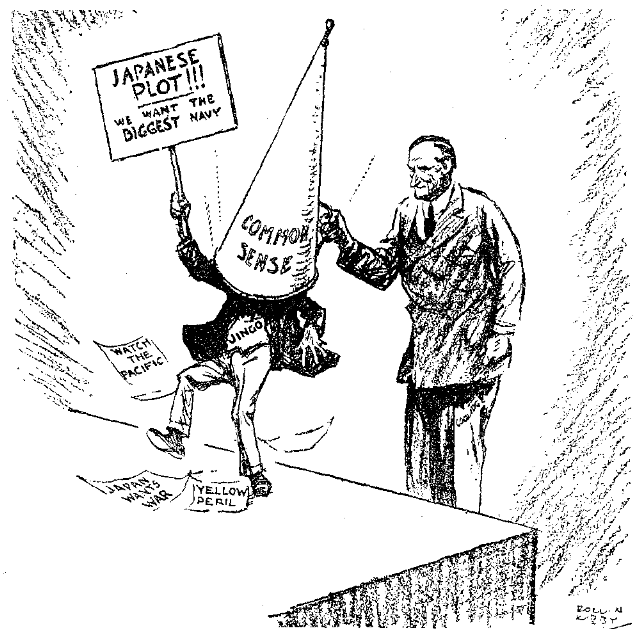
While such things are being said, our new Ambassador, Edgar A. Bancroft, goes to Japan and tells the people that he will do his utmost to promote friendly relations between our country and theirs. Tsuneo Matsudaira is appointed Japanese Ambassador to the United States. He belongs to one of the most distinguished families of the Japanese nobility, as does also his wife, and he is a diplomat of wide experience. He declares that he intends to "labor for the furtherance of good understanding between our countries." Secretary Hughes at once counters, and incidentally breaks a diplomatic precedent, by issuing a formal statement declaring that Japan has paid this country a signal honor by sending such a man as her envoy and that, "we can look forward now to the most cordial relations with Japan." From the White House comes word that President Coolidge and his Administration look upon the present rulers of Japan "as candid exponents of international friendship." In an apparently inspired Associated Press dispatch from Washington, it is stated to be "the belief of the Administration that Japan is performing faithfully her obligations under the Arms Treaty and the Washington agreements relating to the Far East; that her Government is trying earnestly to keep pace with the new order of international relationship, and that her responsible leaders want nothing but amicable relations with the United States." Finally, from the Japanese Premier comes an official appreciation of the attitude of President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes, and of the cordial welcome given the Ambassador—

"America has thus given further assurance of the realness of her friendship toward Japan. We are not misled by the vicious activities of irresponsible groups of individuals in either country. We know the United States desires peace; we know Japan desires peace."

If Congressman Britten subscribes to a newspaper-clipping service, he has undoubtedly found out by this time that there are a good many editors who are far from approving his recent activity. In his own city of Chicago, *The Evening Post* calls him "a flag-waving promoter of international discord and conflict," in whose resolution offered to Congress "there is an interesting and suggestive echo of the ravings of one Wilhelm Hohenzollern."

Our jingoes are "sapheads," says the Council Bluff's *Nonpareil* and "should be given a little old-fashioned woodshed treatment with a heavy shingle." It might help, the New York *World* suggests, "if Representative Britten could be sent to Japan for exhibition and some of the Japanese jingoes," of whom Baron Hayashi (Japan's Ambassador in London) has recently complained, "were brought here for inspection." The San Francisco *Chronicle* has still another suggestion: "If the Japanese jingoes and the American jingoes would each at their own expense equip an Army and Navy, manned with their own kind, and go off somewhere and fight till none of either were left alive, we should all be happier."

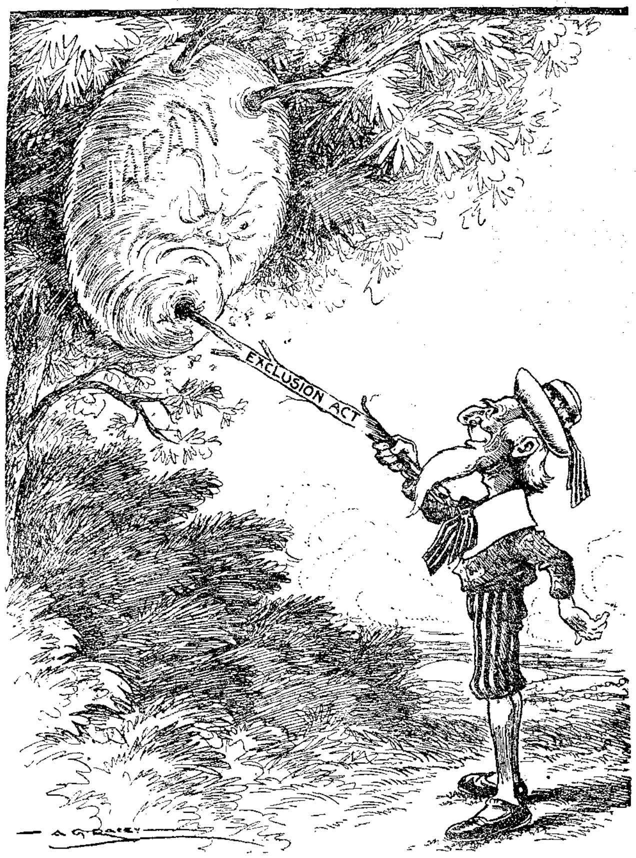
But the Grand Rapids *Press* prefers to reason seriously with the jingoes, and asks them to consider "in the name of common sense, a pair of obvious facts":



TAKE THAT!
—Kirby in the New York *World.*

"1. Japan is in no financial or industrial condition to conduct a war with this nation, nor will it be for years, due to the earthquake of September, 1923.

"2. The General Board of the United States Navy has just pointed out that Japan as aggressor could not hope to touch the United States proper. 'The superiority of our fleet on our coast to the Japanese fleet,' says the General Board, 'is overwhelming.' The Washington Conference made it totally impossible for any one of the three great naval Powers to cross the ocean and successfully attack any other, whatever their relative strength might be in the middle of the ocean.



UNSOPHISTICATED IN FOREIGN DIPLOMACY

BOY (who has not learned by experience yet)—"Gee! Listen to them buzz inside!"
—Racey in the Montreal *Star.*

"To suppose that Japan would commit the folly of engaging in a war with a much larger nation heeled industrially and financially for a contest of exhaustion which would wear out the Japanese before we were even beginning to tire, and attempt aggression against an American Pacific coast defended by a much superior fleet, is very nearly zero in political predictions.

"From Japan's standpoint war would be hari-kari. And the United States has no grievance."

Less picturesque than the strategy and maneuvers of generals and admirals, remarks the Chicago *Daily News,* is the influence of commerce as "a silent but powerful factor in American relations with Japan":

"In 1883 only 7.2 per cent. of the total Japanese imports came from the United States. During the first five months of this year 32 per cent. of Japan's imports came from the United States.

"In 1913 less than 4 per cent. of the machinery exported from the United States went to Japan, and seven other countries furnished better markets. In 1922 nearly 13 per cent. of America's machinery exports went to Japan, and only Canada was a better market for the United States. In the five years following the war Japan purchased 26.5 per cent. of the total American exports of steel products.

"During the first five months of this year the United States purchased 36.8 per cent. of the total exports of Japan. The figures indicate the importance to Japan of friendly relations with the United States.

"In every country chauvinists, jingoes and militarists are vociferous, but the vast, noiseless flow of commerce is the fundamental factor in relations between nations."

A DARK PICTURE OF FILIPINO SELF-RULE

"MANY AN AMERICAN, proud of dominating the Philippines, is very indignant about British treatment of the Egyptians," remarks an ironic American paragrapher; and Dr. William Starr Myers, professor of political science at Princeton University, assures us that "unless the evils rampant in the Philippines are remedied—and to be remedied they must be first understood by the American people—the United States will find herself involved in the islands precisely as Great Britain is now involved in Egypt." As a contribution to an American understanding of our Philippine problem, Katherine Mayo has made a personal investigation of conditions in the islands, and the results of this investigation are appearing in a series of articles in the New York *Evening Post* and other papers throughout the country, under the title "Isles of Fear," soon to appear in book form.

The situation, as Miss Mayo reports it, is that the measure of self-government given the Filipinos under the Administration of former Gov.-Gen. Francis Burton Harrison (1913-1921) has borne fruit in a riot of greed, graft and loot on the part of native politicians. Altho there are forty-three ethnological tribes in the islands, speaking eighty-seven distinct dialects, the native population falls into three main divisions—the mountain people of Luzon, commonly spoken of as Igorots, the Moros of the Southern Islands, and the Christianized Filipinos, who outnumber the others ten to one. These Filipinos proper, says Miss Mayo, "show but two classes—the cacique or moneyed class, which bosses, and from which all politicians come; and the tao, or peasant class, which is bossed, and which has, in practise, no voice whatever in governmental or political affairs." Of the cacique class, and its control of native politics, she writes:

> "Speaking always in general, the cacique has one occupation—'politics'; one industry—usury; one hobby—gambling. Whatever he or his friends may profess for purposes of foreign or domestic propaganda, his acts show him fundamentally indifferent to the fate of the great mass of the people—of the 94 per cent., whom he mercilessly exploits and oppresses, and whom he holds in open scorn, mingled with a sort of bitter resentment, due to the mingling, in his own veins, of the peoples' blood. For the cacique is a mestizo, as the Spanish called him—a hybrid. He is a Malay compounded with the Spanish or Chinese.
>
> "The political unit in the Philippine Islands is the little cacique—the small local boss. This is the keystone fact in the make-up of Filipino-conceived control.
>
> "The little cacique takes his orders from one a size bigger than he. And so on up to the seats of the Big Caciques in Manila. Much as in Tammany's plan, but with an essential difference. . . . The cacique rules, not by favor, but by fear—by the blind, black tyranny of fear."

Among the many instances cited by Miss Mayo of the ruthless use of their power by the caciques, one of the most shocking and unforgetable is the following:

> "It was as an incident of an inspection voyage among the islands that Governor-General Wood, giving no intimation of his intention, no chance for preparations to be made, walked in upon a roomful of lepers, male and female, herded together for future disposition. The room was small and packed full. And the condition of its occupants told its own awful tale. For a moment General Wood stood in the doorway looking at them, while they, uncomprehending, stared dully back. Then with a shriek a young girl, pushing forward from among them, threw herself at his feet, pouring out a stream of Spanish, imploring, sobbing—then springing erect to stand with arms cast wide.
>
> "'Look, sir,' she cried; 'I am no leper! In the name of our merciful God Who sent you, look!'
>
> "The child in very truth was clean and whole—a pretty, delicate creature. Yet for weeks she had been shut up in closest contact with these huddled victims of the terror of the ages, awaiting permanent consignment to their fate.
>
> "Her father, you see, had dared to oppose the head politico of the town. This was the revenge of the cacique. It will help to an understanding of the fact that under a Filipinized Government few men dare give their names to any protest against things as they are."

Usury, says Miss Mayo, "is the heavy chain with which 90 per cent. or more of the Christian Filipinos are bound in slavery to the 10 per cent. or less"; and she goes on to explain:

> "Any real move to abate the practise of usury meets the politico's determined opposition.
>
> "The reason of all this is inseparable from the system of control. The power of the political chiefs in Manila depends on the power of the ward politicians, each in his own little place all over the land. The main grip of these minor caciques lies in their practise of money-lending at usury, which makes them masters of the lives, including the votes, of the people. Some 94 per cent. of the entire Christian Filipino body live in tiny villages, and are farmers or farm-laborers. To provide sufficient funds, at reasonable rates, to finance this great majority's needs—as, for instance, by a well-extended system of cooperative rural credit—would be to destroy by one blow the cacique's political foundation, to release his serfs and to put him out of business.
>
> "Therefore no Filipino Legislature has ever been willing to favor a parent agricultural bank, or to allow to rural-credit uses the few thousand pesos needed to scatter about where they would do great good.
>
> "This condition gnaws night and day at the root of the islands' prosperity—at the roots of the peoples' existence, body and soul."

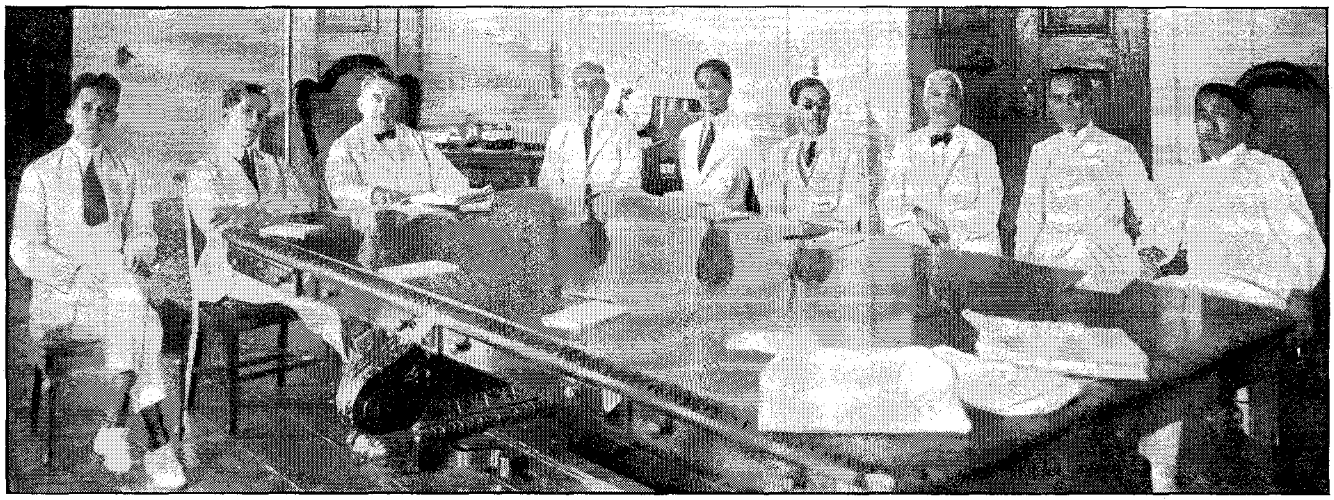
This concise and enlightening illustration of how the system works is cited by Miss Mayo from the official records: "A man nine years ago borrowed 90 pesos ($45) from a cacique. Having paid 1,400 pesos ($700) in the interval, he still owes 1,600 pesos ($800)."

In a little more than twenty years of American control the Philippines have had seven American Governors. "Of these seven," says Miss Mayo, "Francis Burton Harrison is the sole and only one not accused, condemned and reviled for his works, during his time in office, by the Filipino politico." Under Governor-General Harrison the Jones Law, giving the Filipinos their present measure of self-government, went into effect. Miss Mayo's account of the results is thus editorially summarized in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "The places of American administrators were filled by the lean and hungry caciques—the old oppressors—the 6 per cent. of the population who had made life unbearable for the 94 per cent. of taos before the American Army arrived. These politicos seized the offices again. They controlled the elections. They parceled out the new revenues the American financiers had taught them how to raise in the islands; they drove the farmers from their fields and seized all the earthly goods of those unhappy, dispossessed people through their control of the minor judiciary, that was corrupt beyond the dream of Americans. The taos were reduced to peonage through forms of legalized progressive usury and forced to yield by punishments that exceeded in inhumanity any that ever disgraced African slavery. A bank founded on the public revenues was established. Politics and friendship became the keys to the vaults. A national railroad was wrecked by mismanagement that included 150,000 passes for the caciques that gave them free transportation anywhere at any time for themselves, their families and their dependents. The taos refused to redeem the wild, free lands, knowing that as soon as they made the land profitable the Fiscal—the prosecuting attorney or one of his adherents—would seize the land and drive the wretched homesteader and his family from the home they had made."

Under these conditions, continues *The Post*, "the word independence has acquired a strange, vicious meaning in the Philippines":

> "To the cunning politicos it means that they—6 per cent. of the population—shall have full and 'absolute control of the purse-strings,' supported by 'the moral obligation of the United States to protect them' against foreign aggression and internal revolt. To the wretched taos—94 per cent. of the people—it means a more rigid enforcement of the Enslavement Act—



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THE COUNCIL OF STATE OF THE PHILIPPINES

This body is more representative of the complete governmental organization than our Cabinet, since it contains members of both houses of the Philippine Legislature. The members of the Council are, from the reader's left: Secretary of Justice Abad Santos; Senate President Manuel L. Quezon; Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood; Vice-Governor Eugene A. Gilmore; Speaker of the House of Representatives Manuel Roxas; Secretary of the Interior J. P. Maurel; Secretary of Finance, Alberto Barreto; Secretary of Commerce and Communications Salvador Laguda, and Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources Rafael Corpus.

a peonage more subtle and tyrannical than African slavery ever was.

"The caciques clamor for this government and the taos fear it—and their fears find voice in the cry that arose from the lepers when they heard Leonard Wood was to return to America: 'We humbly beg and beseech your Excellency not to abandon us without the assurance that the great and noble work you have undertaken shall be continued.'"

The present insistent propaganda for immediate independence for the Philippines, Miss Mayo's investigation convinced her, is solely in the interest of the caciques or ruling class, to whom it means permission to exploit and tyrannize over the taos without interference. On this point she quotes Diego Tecson, a tao of exceptional intelligence and education:

"'Independence for the Philippines?' Yes. I want it, some day, but not now. Not till we, the taos, are strong. Now we should all be the cacique's victims. If there is to be any right and justice in that independence, we taos must first be educated, but, more even than that, we must learn to work. Don't you see that it is not possible for the United States to give us independence? It is for us to learn to deserve it and support it. You can not 'give' us independence. No one can. We taos, who are the big body of the Filipinos, we must make ourselves strong, under your protection. We must first learn industry, thrift, cooperation, team-work from barrio to barrio. We must learn how to keep out of the usurer's hands, how to defend ourselves against slavery, and to have courage to speak our minds, and how to stand on our feet. Then, when that is done, the United States will do well to let us go. But if she does it before that comes, she will be selling us out. She will be selling out the poor man to the grafting tyrant."

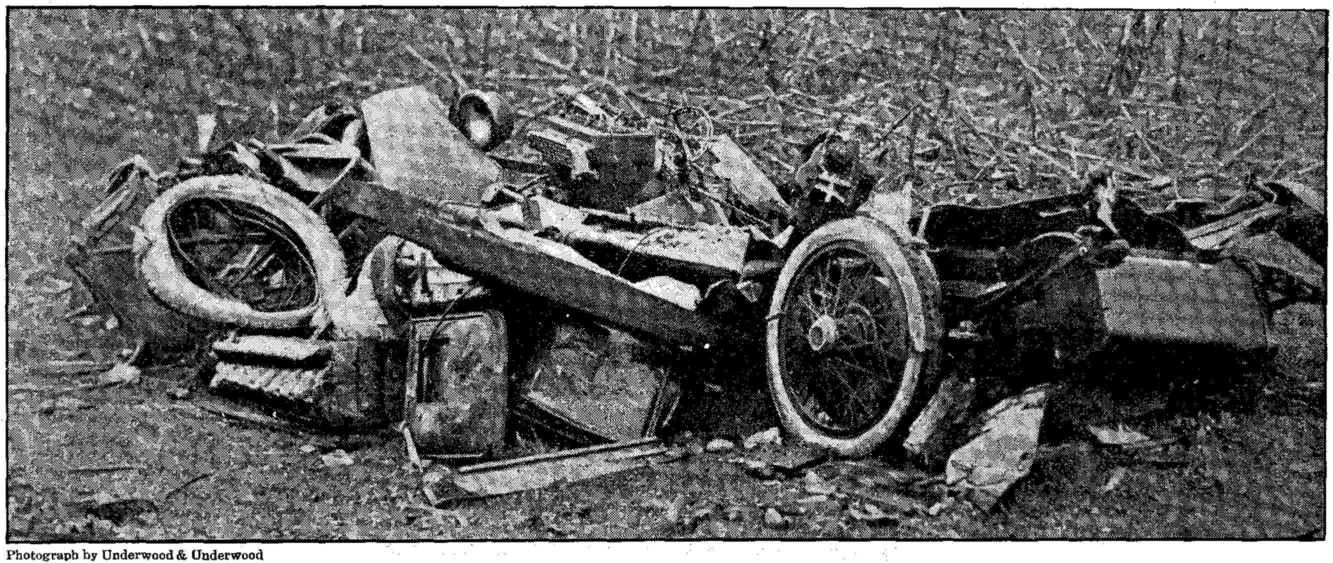
The eight Filipino societies of Greater New York met recently and adopted a resolution charging Miss Mayo with "open misrepresentation of the facts" and an "apparent malicious intent to belittle the capacity of the Filipino people for self-government"; and Vicente G. Bunuan, director of the Philippine Press Bureau in the Washington office of the Philippine Commission of Independence, accuses her of giving a distorted and one-sided picture. Says Mr. Bunuan:

"Nothing in our favor, not one, does she mention. The writer has been in the United States for over a year, much longer than Miss Mayo was in the Philippines, and he also could go back to his country and, without the necessity of exaggeration, pick out isolated cases of faults, weaknesses, mistakes, immorality, with everything that term connotes, and thus paint this, the most civilized and most advanced country in the world, also as black as it can be painted.

"He could, for instance, return to the Philippines and relate the terrible story of Teapot Dome; the gruesome murder staged in the very heart of the second largest city of the United States, committed simply for the 'thrill of it'; the conditions in your slums, or tenement districts, where families of eight or ten live together in a single room, also suggesting filth and immorality. I could mention the case of a minister who killed his wife and of a woman who killed her husband in order that the two may unite and enjoy what they considered pure and unadulterated love. I could mention the hold-ups and depredations of your bobbed-haired bandits. I could tell them that one of your government offices in your very capital had to be closed to women after a certain hour at night in order that certain happenings that had previously occurred not worthy of emulation by others, may not be repeated. I could also mention the case in which a woman threw her baby in a caldron of boiling water simply because she had become tired of it. I could tell them of women divorced as often as fifteen times. I could tell that you hold the record for criminality in the whole world. I could repeat cases of graft and favoritism, with special mention of your Veterans Bureau. I could cite that right here in the very capital of the nation hundreds of cases have been awaiting trial during the last three or four years and that documents on which these cases have been recorded have become yellow with age. And so on. Thus I could go back to the Philippines and paint the United States as black as it can be painted.

"But to do so would be unfair to the great mass of the American people, as it was unjust and unfair for Miss Mayo to have done this very same thing. I would make use of that sense of fairness which is an innate characteristic of the Filipinos, and which contact with Americans has intensified, and tell my people of the greatness of America, of the grandeur of her institutions, of the kindness and altruism of her people, of her wonderful achievements in every field of human endeavor—for these are typical of America."

Turning to specific charges, Mr. Bunuan denies that the self-rule given the Filipinos under the Jones Law resulted in "destruction, decay, loot, bribery, and graft." Since the Filipinos have in a measure been managing their own affairs, he says, the number of schools in the islands have increased more than 192 per cent.; the mileage of first-class roads has increased 100 per cent.; and the public health has improved, as indicated by a diminishing death-rate. Replying to her charge that the Philippine National Bank lost $37,000,000 through maladministration and the squandering of its funds, he says that it only did what other banks all over the world did during the period of war-time inflation, and suffered as they did in the period of economic depression that followed the war. In regard to the losses of the Philippine National Bank, he quotes Governor-General Wood as saying in his 1922 annual report: "In this its experience



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

DON'T LET THIS BE YOU!

This is what a Stutz car looks like after its driver has misjudged the speed of a train. One man jumped—and lived to tell the story; the four other passengers were killed. The woman driver had been urged to go ahead; that she had "plenty of time."

has been similar to that of other nations, including the United States."

The charge that 90 per cent. of the Filipinos are victims of usury by the remaining 10 per cent. is characterized by Mr. Bunuan as "preposterous, unbelievable, and without foundation of fact." He goes on to say:

"That usury exists in the Philippines can not be denied, but it does not exist to the extent that Miss Mayo would have the American people believe, and the cases she cited are not typical of a general condition in the Islands. . . .

"As to her charge that the Philippine Legislature and other leaders are unwilling to relieve the situation and that 'no Filipino legislature has been willing to allow to rural credit uses a few thousand pesos needed to scatter about where they would do great good,' in order that they may continue to exploit the people, we answer again with the following facts and figures:

"1. That it was not until the Filipinos were permitted to manage their own affairs by the Harrison administration, 1914–21, that the first step was taken to eradicate this evil. The first rural credit association which has evoked so much commendation from Miss Mayo as instrumental in helping eliminate usury, was organized and incorporated on October 16, 1916, during the period of Filipino autonomy.

"2. That it was the Philippine legislature, composed of Filipinos whom Miss Mayo classes as among the 10 per cent. usurers and exploiters, that passed Act 2508 on February 5, 1915, and Act 2566, on February 3, 1916, that made possible the establishment of rural credit associations.

"3. That again it was the Philippine Legislature during the period of Filipino autonomy that passed Act 2818, on March 4, 1919, appropriating one million pesos to be 'invested exclusively in loans to agricultural (rural) credit associations organized under Act 2508 and its amendments subject to such conditions as the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources (a Filipino) may require.' If this is refusal to provide rural-credit associations with 'a few thousand pesos needed to scatter about where they would do great good' we will let the American people judge.

"That as a result of the operation of these laws, especially the last named Act 2818, all passed during Filipino autonomy and before the coming of Governor Wood, the usury evil has been greatly minimized with the establishment of a rural-credit association in almost every municipality. In 1923 there were 560 rural-credit associations, and with their paid-in capital of over one million pesos, and another two hundred thousand pesos in deposits, and with the one million pesos appropriated for loans to these associations, the small farmer has been able to finance his crops without the aid of usurers. . . .

"We wish to state that the Filipinos have an advantage over the inhabitants of other countries in that the majority own the land and the home in which they live and a small farm besides. The 1918 census shows that there were 1,925,276 farms, or one farm for every five inhabitants."

A NATION-WIDE DRIVE FOR SAFE DRIVING

After working for months on a device to make the streets safe for pedestrians, an inventor has just committed suicide. "And can you blame him?" asks a paragrapher, emphasizing the hopelessness of the task of making the highways and streets of the nation safe for motor-car driver and pedestrian alike. Reckless, careless, drunken, and incompetent drivers of automobiles and trucks; faulty brakes; negligent pedestrians or "jay-walkers"; and the deadly grade crossing—all these figure in the appalling list of automobile accidents of 1923; a total that has resulted in a nation-wide drive, headed by Secretary of Commerce Hoover, for safety on the highways.

The traffic conference called by Mr. Hoover just before Christmas is considered by the Baltimore *Sun* the sanest movement that has come out of Washington in months. Mr. Hoover recognized, we are told, that automobile accidents are increasing at such an alarming rate that they no longer constitute a community problem, or even a State problem, but a national problem. At the Conference on Street and Highway Safety, we are informed by the Washington *Post*, Mr. Hoover pointed out the need of acting through State and local agencies, and arousing authorities all over the country "to the imperative need of stopping this yearly slaughter." To that end, the conference was attended by representatives of police departments, insurance companies, safety councils, chambers of commerce, labor unions, automobile associations, manufacturers, dealers, and by various other organizations. Said Mr. Hoover at one of the meetings:

"When we consider that in 1923 street and highway accidents caused 22,600 deaths, 678,000 serious personal injuries, resulting in $600,000,000 economic loss, and that 85 per cent. of these accidents were incident to automobile traffic, it will be seen that the problem is a serious national one.

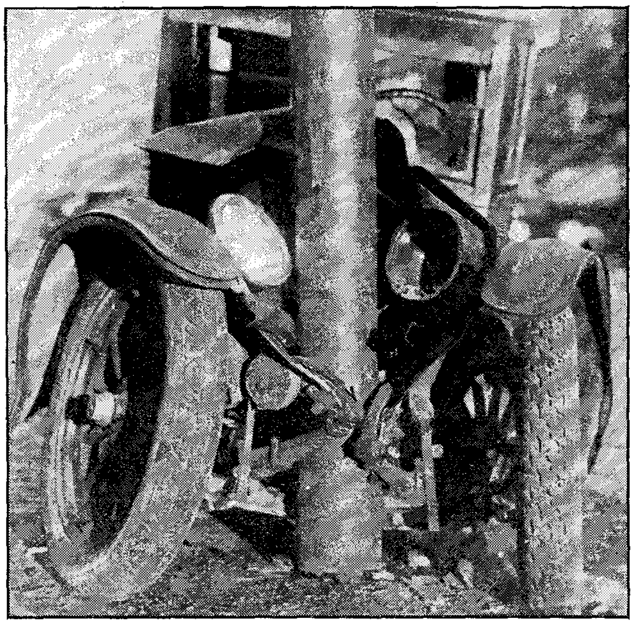
"A very large portion of these deaths and personal injuries happened to men, women and children on foot. The next largest group who suffered are the motorists themselves, who are the victims of reckless driving upon the part of a small minority of vicious or ignorant.

"There are three broad methods of approach to remedy. First, through prevention and safeguard; second, through much stronger punishment for violation of the rights of others; third, through public education as to its responsibilities.

"The time has come when every accident must be examined and punishment meted out that will impress the mind of the reckless for the balance of their natural lives."

President Coolidge, addressing the delegates to the conference, declared that "no national conference ever dealt with questions of graver concern to our national life." A Census Bureau compilation shows an increase of 14.6 per cent. in the automobile death rate in 1923 over 1922 in 68 large cities, and an increase of 20 per cent. in the country as a whole. In 1917, says the report, there were 5,104,321 registered motor cars in the United States, including trucks and pleasure vehicles. The number of automobile fatalities per 100,000 cars then was 190. Last year there were 15,092,177 registered cars, and the number of deaths per 100,000 cars dropt to 106. The number of accidents per 100,000 of population, however, increased from approximately 9.1 to 14.9. "In other words," remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "every day in the year, an average of 62 lives are blotted out by the automobile, not to speak of the vast number that are injured." As the Pittsburgh *Post* points out:

> "If we should suffer casualties like that in a war, where we expected many to be killed and wounded, we would feel the loss keenly. In the World War 36,816 American soldiers were killed in action, and the total killed, including those who died later of wounds, was 119,487. The total number of wounded who recovered was 197,950. Adding the number of killed and the number of wounded—in a period of more than a year—we have a grand total of 317,387 casualties. But if we add the number of those who lost their lives in street and highway accidents last year—in a single year—to those who were seriously injured in such mishaps—678,000—we have a grand total of 700,600, or considerably more than double the war casualties."



International Newsreel photograph

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED—IN BOSTON

The automobile that "wrapt itself around a telephone pole," like the big fish that escaped, is often heard of. But in the above accident the axle of the machine actually clamped itself about the pole, and had to be cut loose with an acetylene torch.

"This is a shocking waste of life," observes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. "The question before the nation," declares the Montgomery *Advertiser*, "is not how to reduce the number of active automobiles; nobody could do that, but how to improve the driving technique of those who operate them." The bonding of drivers, as a means of clearing the highways of reckless, incompetent, and financially irresponsible operators of motor vehicles, is favored in many States, and McReady Sykes, writing in *Commerce and Finance* (New York) maintains that impounding the car of the owner responsible for a traffic accident is "the one really constructive reform." The New York *American* suggests drastic law enforcement. Certainly, believes the New Haven *Journal-Courier:*

> "There should be no more temporizing with the intoxicated driver. Depriving him of his license is not enough. Fining him a sum of money solves nothing. A brief term in jail teaches him nothing, which suggests that a prison sentence with its loss of citizenship might."

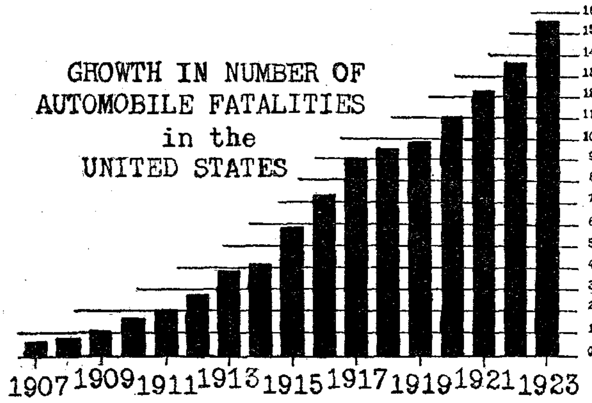
The resolutions adopted by the Hoover conference, we are told, call for the elimination of billboard advertising at highway cross-roads, the licensing, after due examination, of all drivers, the revocation of licenses for drunkenness while driving, the gradual abolition of railroad grade crossings, and appropriate instruction concerning safety in the public schools.

To the Chicago *Daily News*, "there is nothing particularly novel—there could not be—in these recommendations." But,

> "The chief value of the conference and of the suggestions formulated by it, is to be found in the emphasis laid on the need of uniformity in traffic regulations, and of a certain amount of State supervision of local authorities in connection with attempted solutions of accident problems.
>
> "As Mr. Hoover pointed out to the conference, a careful, law-abiding chauffeur might be arrested in one place for doing the very thing he is required to do in another near-by place. There is confusion in traffic rules as well as a good deal of irritating unreason about many of them. At the same time, little is done in many cities and States to promote safety by adequate preventive measures."

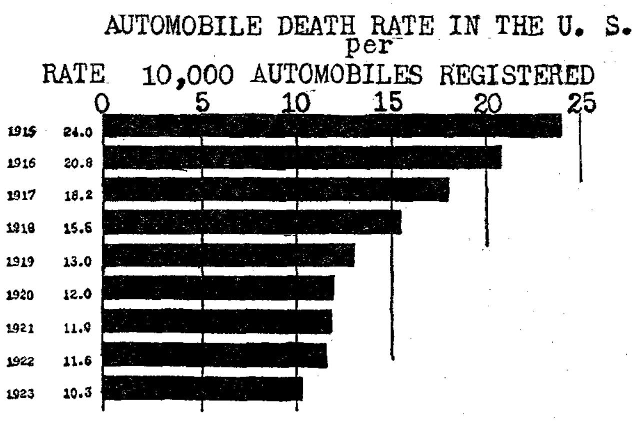
In conclusion, observes the St. Louis *Star:*

> "What Secretary Hoover says is known to every one. The duty is to drive home the situation—to impress drivers, pedestrians, officials and others, with the necessity for greater care. When the methods are driven home, there may be some chance for a reduction in the number of accidents and deaths."



Courtesy of *The Survey* (New York)

THE STEADILY RISING TOTAL OF DEATHS



THE STEADILY FALLING RATIO

International Newsreel photograph

"I PLEDGE MYSELF TO OBSERVE THE MEXICAN CONSTITUTION"

Said Mexico's new President, Gen. Plutarco Elias Calles, at the first legal inauguration since 1884, and the second occasion in a hundred years when a constitutionally elected President has witnessed the induction into office of his duly elected successor.

HARD PROBLEMS FOR MEXICO'S NEW MAN

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FORTY YEARS a President of Mexico—Gen. Plutarco Elias Calles—has assumed office under peaceful conditions and without aid from the Army. For the second time in the history of Mexico, according to a Universal Service correspondent at Mexico City, a constitutionally elected President—Gen. Alvaro Obregon—has witnessed the inauguration of his duly elected successor. President Obregon and President-elect Calles rode to the scene of the inauguration in the state equipage of President Diaz, and the retiring Executive was the first to offer his congratulations. Never before, we are told, have two Presidents ridden in this ornate Victoria, and in the opinion of the neighboring Houston *Post-Dispatch*, "nothing better illustrates the transformation that has come about in Mexico." The incident, continues this Texas paper, "is significant of the new conditions that prevail." For "when the Mexicans substitute ballots for bullets in selecting a chief executive, and transfer the supreme power in such an orderly and amicable way, it denotes progress in a part of the world where progress has been most needed." In the words of the Tampa *Times*, "the inauguration of President Calles marks a new era in Mexico."

General Calles, we are reminded by the Springfield *Republican*, was President Obregon's choice as a successor, and that fact "speaks volumes," remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. His election, according to a paper just north of the Rio Grande, the Dallas *News*, "was a triumph for the cause of civil supremacy." To the Philadelphia *Inquirer* "there is an overwhelming conviction that the new President is cautious and truly representative of his people, and that he has a deep and sympathetic understanding of their problems." The happiest augury for his Administration, thinks the New York *World*, "is found in the fact that he is President, not Dictator."

What sort of man is the new ruler of Mexico? Briefly, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> "Calles's career is almost as romantic as Lincoln's, if the difference in the countries and the year of the world's development is considered. From the humblest beginnings he has arrived at the highest place in the gift of Mexico. His sympathies are with education, and his heart is with the peons, whose bread he has broken.
>
> "Calles is a Socialist, but he has warned the workers that they must respect the rights of capital. He is a landholder, but he has warned the owners of great estates that they must submit to appropriation of their plenty for the benefit of the penniless, landless and letterless peons. He has been a soldier, but he has advised the Army that it must abstain from politics."

His father, writes Dr. Frank Bohn in the New York *Times*, was an Armenian; his mother was of Spanish and Indian blood. "Unless Calles is assassinated," this writer expects him to be "the dominant figure in Mexican politics for the next twenty years." He is now forty-seven. Sophie Treadwell writes of the new President in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "He was born poor, very poor. His bare feet ran over the hot stones of the little town of Guaymas on the west coast of Sonora until he was sixteen. But he went to school, and he studied, and he learned all that he could. When he got through he began to teach one of these little primitive schools himself. Later he got the job of superintendent of schools in Hermosillo. This was a local political appointment.
>
> "He had begun to emerge as a leader. During his young years he had read a lot of translations of socialist philosophy. This and an instinctive sense of outrage for the misery of all the poor in Mexico, his own class and the peon class, made him a socialist. Ambition and an indomitable will made him a leader."

An idea of the new President's program may be gathered from an interview which he gave Benjamin Stolberg for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, in which he said:

> "My administration will be the logical and spiritual continuation of the work begun under General Obregon to safeguard the fruits of our century-long revolution: Land to the peasants; work for the workers, who should be organized, for unorganized labor is slave labor; legitimate profits for decent capital and honest business. But above all—more education for the masses.
>
> "We are enabling the peasants to win back their land—through government purchase. Only when the Indian agricultural masses

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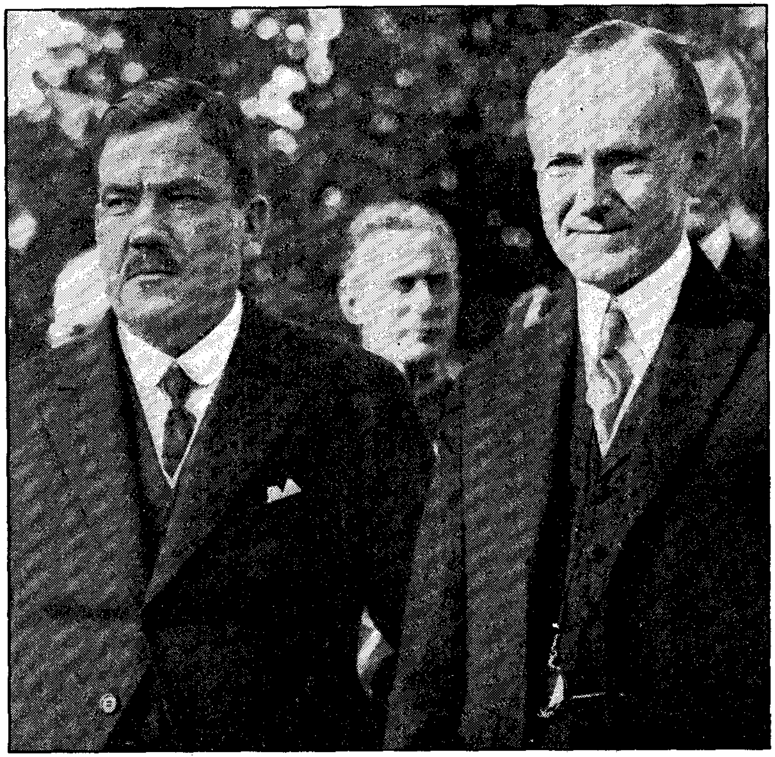
have the economic essentials which come from unburdened land ownership can they break through the periphery of civilization, from a bondage of illiteracy and disease and pauperism.

"We must have our industries prosper and develop. But it must be under humane, civilized capital and not under capital which amounts to conquest. I want the employer to appreciate that we are living in a new world, in which the worker can no longer be regarded as a little less than a machine and a little more than a beast."

"It would be a mistake, however," observes the New York *Times*, "to suppose that the sky is cloudless for the new Administration. Agrarian reform is a problem which may wreck it unless Calles develops qualities of statesmanship with which he has not been credited." "Conspirators are also working for the accomplishment of selfish ends," notes the Troy *Record*. The failure of a Texas banker to place a $50,000,000 Mexican bond issue in this country places the country in an awkward position, we are told. For, explains *The Times:*

"Without foreign capital Mexico can not prosper, and General Calles has been bred in a political school that is suspicious of foreign capital and disposed to drive hard bargains with it. He must suit the labor factions; he must satisfy the peon demand for land, and at the same time placate the *hacendados;* he must quiet the politicians with offices; he must put Mexico on a basis of enduring solvency, and he must keep on good terms with the Army. His task calls for the arts of the politician and the wisdom of the statesman, and above all for character."



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MEXICO'S "MAN OF IRON" AND PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

On the occasion of the luncheon at the White House, where President-elect Calles met many distinguished American citizens.

Other obstacles which the new President will be called upon to face are thus listed by the Mexico City correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal:*

"The perennial controversy with foreign oil interests, which was not completely settled at the pre-recognition conferences of the summer of 1923; a labor movement afflicted with violent strikeitis which has resulted in numerous tie-ups of port facilities, factories, oil-refineries, camps and public utilities; a treasury almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard; salaries of Federal employees long overdue; millions of pesos unavailable for the payment of accounts due to business houses; a steady decrease in revenue from all taxes, due to a decrease in the production of the Tampico oil-fields; little chance of establishing a sole bank of issue and circulating paper money; a shortage of metal currency; rigidly restricted banking operations.

"Calles will now find that, in spite of the almost superhuman efforts of Obregon to leave him some cash on hand, he starts his administration with a treasury not only bare but with heavy obligations. In well-informed quarters it is thought likely that this will be his greatest embarrassment, for it is considered hardly probable that foreign capitalists will touch Mexico until the policy of the new President is not only announced, but until it has been seen in practical operation. That will take time."

These are the liabilities; now for the assets. In the first place, points out the Baltimore *Sun*, "President Calles has the advantage of following an Executive of unusual ability, and of having a revolt against the Obregon régime completely crusht just before his election." Moreover, says *The Sun*, the feeling of foreign nations toward Mexico, with the possible exception of Great Britain, "is uniformly friendly." Besides, the Dayton *Journal* hears that the relationships between Great Britain and Mexico, severed under the MacDonald régime, "are soon to be made whole" under the Baldwin government.

President Calles, according to Mexico City dispatches, will have a heavy working majority in the Mexican Congress. And whatever happens, Calles can always count on the aid of Obregon, we are told. Finally, "he possesses the confidence of the public opinion of the United States," points out the Asheville *Times*. Leadership in the republic to the south, maintains Dr. Bohn in his *Times* article, "does not consist of one man only, but of a group; and back of this group is a party which is gradually fitting itself to lead the Mexican people locally." And Robert Creagher, of Brownsville, Texas, twice offered the Ambassadorship to Mexico, declares in an interview with the Mexico City correspondent of the New York *American:*

"To begin with, Mexico is as peaceable and orderly as the United States. The revolutionary era is over. Travel is safe. President Calles has surrounded himself with very able men.

"The relations between Mexico and the United States have never been better. The people of Mexico are better fed, better clothed and happier than I have ever before known them to be in the twenty-five years in which I have been in touch with the country and its affairs.

"While the people have not attained the ideal conditions which the new Government of Mexico holds out as its aim, they are content. Ahead of the present they see home, farms and liberal education for their children."

"In the hands of Calles there is the probability that Mexico will solidify the gains made by Obregon, and continue the advance toward popular government without disrupting the economic life of the nation," writes Carleton Beals, in *The Survey Graphic* (New York). So conservative a man as E. H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, also is of the opinion that Mexico has entered upon a better day. "And every good American hopes he is right," prays the Minneapolis *Tribune*, while the Columbus *Dispatch* calls upon the United States to render "all possible sympathy and aid to Mexico's new President." As the Washington *Post* points out:

"The United States became a Republic after five or six centuries of ancestral training in self-government. Mexico became a Republic without a single generation of such training. To judge the two by the same standards, and to expect Mexico to show equal capacity for self-government with ourselves, would be absurdly unjust. Sympathy and encouragement, not contumely and scorn, are our duty to Mexico."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

NOTHING left of Trotzky now but the "trot."—*Wall Street Journal.*

MAN'S inhumanity to man makes thousands hesitate at the curb.—*Duluth Herald.*

ONE thing you can say for the flivver: It rattles before it strikes.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IT now seems that the friendship of the Allies is until debt them do part.—*Wall Street Journal.*

A JAZZ band is a comfort on the radio. You can't tell which part is static.—*Jackson Clarion-Ledger.*

Is prosperity here? asks THE LITERARY DIGEST. Why not take a straw vote on it?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IN every business concern there is constant warfare between the head and the overhead.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AN era of prosperity is one in which people go in debt for things they don't need.—*St. Joseph News Press.*

THE Bible is great enough to survive everything, even the queer translations.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

A NICE mixture of metaphor and ornithology occurs when the lame duck sings his swan song.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AMERICAN dyes may be getting better. For that matter, the American colors never did run.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

WE are an easy-going people and never stay mad long enough to get a third party well organized.—*Detroit Free Press.*

OF course the country is more prosperous. We have twice as much money and it buys half as much.—*Jersey City Journal.*

THE only music typically American is that made by the mocking-bird, the saxophone and the cash register.—*Boston Post.*

YOU can't change fundamentals. If ever Mr. Coolidge is engraved on money, it will talk just the same.—*Shreveport Journal.*

PERHAPS the hardest thing is to tell the sinners from the righteous, when you know 'em both pretty well.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE saddest moment in political life is when the lame duck is torn from the side of the goose that lays the golden eggs.—*Columbia Record.*

ABOUT all we can do is to put a radio set, a Mah-Jong game and a cross-word puzzle in a locked room and let them fight it out.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

CLARENCE DARROW now announces definitely that the human race isn't worth saving, but perhaps he bases his opinion on those specimens of it that he's saved himself.—*Ohio State Journal.*

MANY a garage denotes the terminal facilities for the income.—*Cleveland Times.*

FORTUNATELY, the heathen are told about civilization and not shown.—*Baltimore Sun.*

NOW let's have a list showing how much office-holders make, and how.—*New Bedford Times.*

IT is called a wave of prosperity. Waves, as you know, affect only those at the top.—*Lincoln Star.*

A POCKET full of rye to-day requires a song of considerably more than sixpence.—*Davenport Times.*

SENATOR WHEELER says he is still a Democrat. Always trying to put the party in bad.—*Cleveland Times.*

IT might be worse. Suppose every law required a special set of enforcement officers.—*Cedar Falls Record.*

IT is easy for nations to be friends; the hard part is to get the people to like one another.—*Minneapolis Star.*

HAND-HOLDING doesn't appeal to the modern woman unless it's the whip hand.—*Dubuque American Tribune.*

THERE are now sixty-five products of the lowly peanut, not counting the tummy-ache.—*North Adams Herald.*

A MAN is settling down in life when he isn't ashamed to ask the clerk for something cheaper.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

THE House of Representatives isn't the only house right now that has a lot of bills before it.—*American Lumberman.*

MEANWHILE, where is the amendment which would compel everybody over eighteen to go to work?—*Dallas News.*

WE build better than we know. The cotton plant doesn't know it is producing wool and olive oil.—*Atlantic City Press Union.*

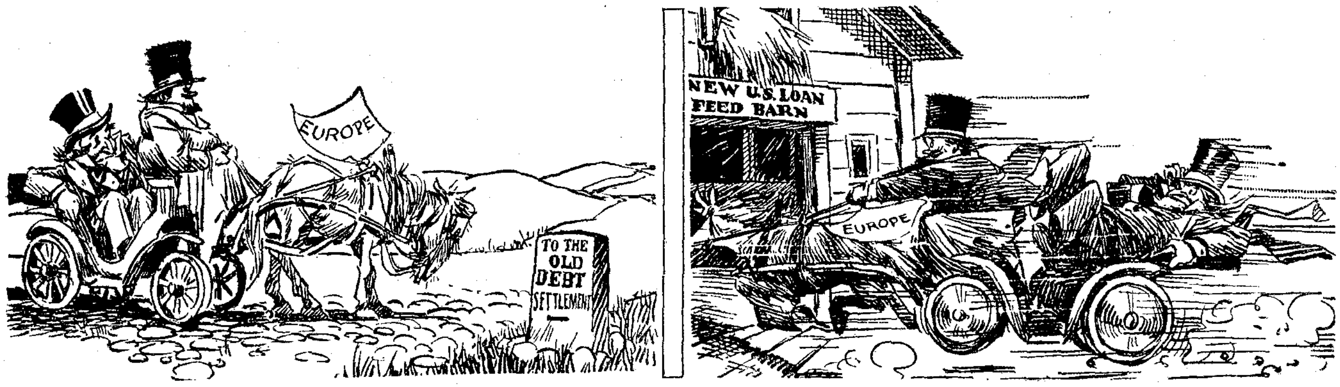
THE Chinese always square up all debts at New Year's. But then, the Chinese don't give Christmas presents.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

BRITAIN is so pig-headed she won't see that the Dawes plan is unofficial with us when we don't need it and official when we do.—*Dallas News.*

WE are pleased to observe on the All-American team the names of Stuehldreher, Crowley, Pulaski and Bjorkman.—*American Lumberman.*

THE politicians are in despair. Those who were defeated are despondent, and those who won must go slow on appropriations.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MR. CLEMENT JEFFERY holds that it is as great a crime to empty rubbish into the air as it is into the street. Do the British Broadcasting Company know this?—*Punch.*


EUROPE
TO THE OLD DEBT SETTLEMENT
NEW U.S. LOAN FEED BARN
EUROPE

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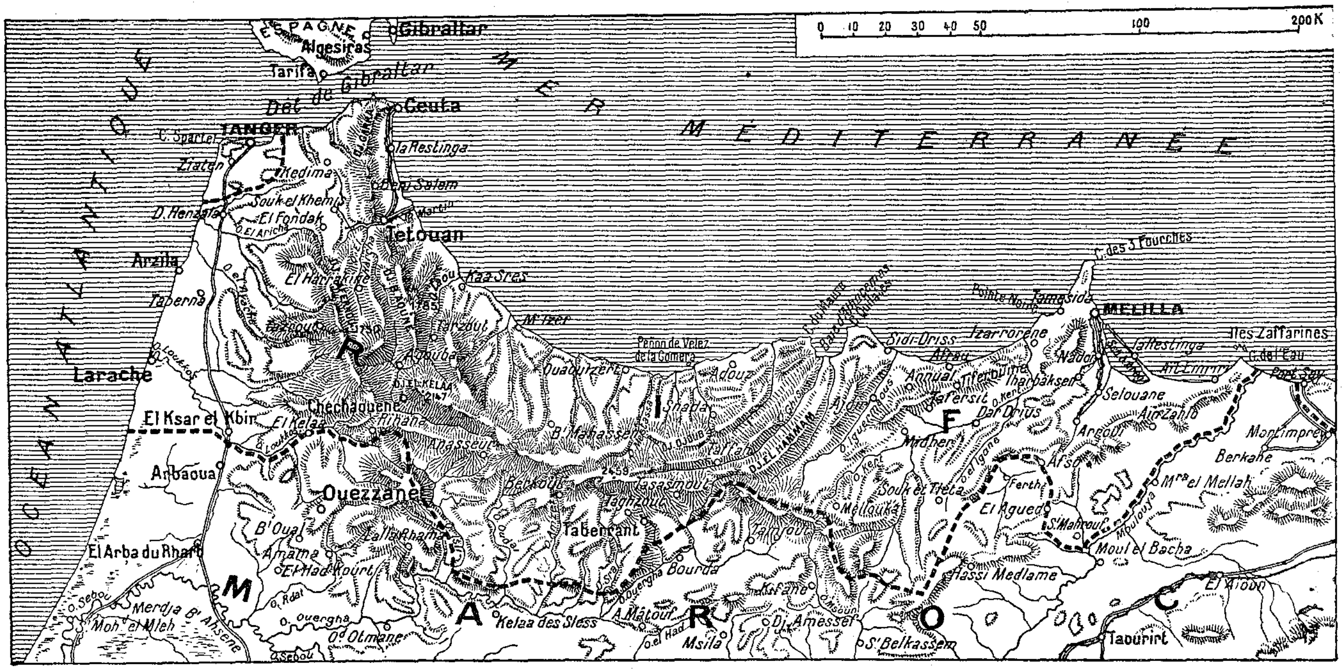
"THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD GIRL YET"

You might not think it when she's going toward town, but just turn her head toward the old feed-bin!

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



From the Paris *Illustration*

WHERE THE MOORS HAVE ADDED TO THEIR HISTORIC RECORD AS WARRIORS

After fifteen years of continuous fighting the Spanish forces are described as being forced to evacuate part of the Moroccan territory over which Spain exercises a protectorate. Yet the British Foreign Minister, Austen Chamberlain, has stated in the House of Commons that the retirement was "not forced by military reverses" in the Riff, but decided by a new policy of Spain's Military Directorate.

SELF-DETERMINATION IN MOROCCO A MENACE IN EUROPE

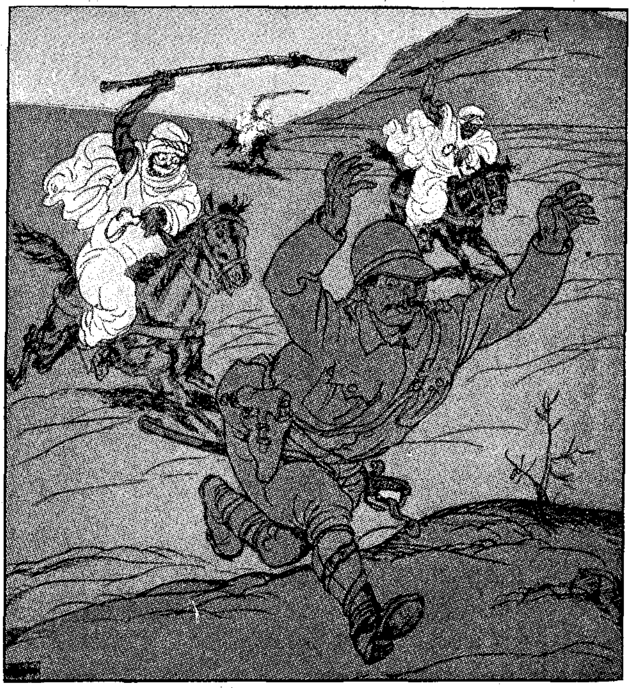
THE MOOR'S PRIDE OF ANCESTRY and the memory of a magnificent past in having been thrice victorious over Spain is said to have been hotly rekindled by his success against the Spaniards in Morocco, where, after fifteen years of continuous warfare, he has forced the Spanish to the coast and to adopt a defensive position. Thus, it is pointed out, the Spaniards lose all their gains in the mountainous districts of Morocco where Abd-El-Krim, the Moroccan leader, not only wants to hold the ground taken, but seems resolved to establish the independence and self-determination of his people. He contends that the Moors alone are able to preserve the peace and administer the country in accordance with the wishes of its inhabitants. But the Spanish press note that the evacuation plan being carried out under the supervision of General Primo de Rivera, President of the Spanish Military Directorate, and High Commissioner in Morocco, did not contemplate the relinquishment of rights held by Spain under the Franco-Spanish agreement of 1912. On the other hand, the Madrid *Epoca* reports that Abd-El-Krim not only claims the right to establish an autonomous government in all the territory occupied by him when the war with Spain began, regardless of the boundary lines drawn in the Franco-Spanish Treaty of 1912, but he actually has civic authorities functioning and is said to have formed a cabinet.

The "Republic of the Riff" is the name the tribesmen give to their political homestead and they claim that they have never recognized the validity of Morocco's partition into zones and protectorates. According to the Riff view, there is only one means of demonstrating sovereignty, and that is actual occupation. In support of their contention they assert that the judicial authorities are functioning normally in all the territory occupied by their forces. Now the international aspect of the Morocco question is full of dangerous possibilities according to *La Revue de France* (Paris), which fears a tribal rising in the French zone, and it declares that France is bound to occupy the Spanish zone if it be shown that Spain can not subdue the natives. To this suggestion the Madrid *Epoca* retorts sharply:

> "We are aware that the French press compare the present situation in Morocco to a fire in a two-family dwelling, of which the upper story is being devastated by the flames, and the occupant of the main floor offers to put out the fire providing he be given title to the whole building.
>
> "Let us tell this to France: The abandonment of positions or territory is a move that does not affect the political status of the protectorate. The treaties, setting no time limit for the establishment of our authority, we shall hold to their terms, as long as Spain fulfills her part and due precautions are taken to protect the communications between Tangier and the hinterland, as well as the strip of land where the projected Fez-Tangier railroad will run."

Other Spanish newspapers that resent the critical attitude of sections of the French press are the Madrid *Sol*, the *Debate*, and the *Libertad*, which, on the subject of self-determination in the evacuated portions of the Spanish zone, speak of the reported move as an absurdity, because the Riffs are cut off from the seacoast, which remains in the hands of Spain. *La Libertad* says:

> "The Spanish retreat seems to have created a situation full of alarm for France. While Abd-El-Krim has hitherto shown himself friendly to France, he may not be able to hold in check the extremists within his own ranks, and depredations in the French zone may soon involve France in a war against the Riffs. Even if they remained at peace, the establishment of an independent republic between Algeria and Morocco would be a matter of grave concern to France, since Moscow would have a free hand to harass the French at one of their vital points. Thus the benevolent attitude and sympathy France showed toward Abd-El-Krim in his fight with us will have led her to a most



A SWISS JIBE

THE SPANIARD: "Great Cæsar's ghost! Another victory!"

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

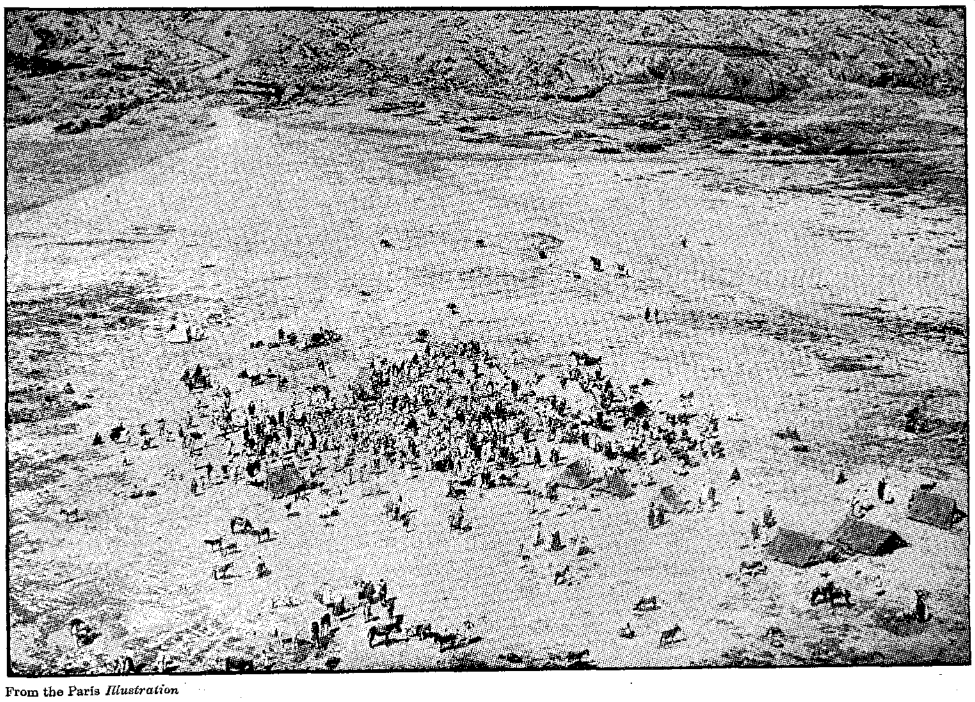
dangerous impasse, which may cost that country many a gallant fighter."

A French weekly, *Les Annales* (Paris), considers the project of a republic with Abd-El-Krim at its head "a moral danger of great portent to French Africa," because—

"It embodies the ideal lauded by fanatics of Pan Islamism and Bolshevism. It is a potential seed of unrest and a material menace because the Riff victory over Spain has armed the tribesmen with weapons wrested from their adversaries. We can not allow the establishment of an enemy State to the Sultan within his own territory. Because Spain admits her inability to fulfil her pledge of establishing peace and security in her zone, others will be called upon to straighten out the mess she has made of the whole affair. Spain must be made to realize that we can not allow the creation of an independent State—a hotbed of anarchy and communism—to be so near our peaceful and well-organized territories."

Meanwhile, we learn from Paris press dispatches that France has asked a definite indication from the Spanish Government as to its intention and its capacity to carry out the rôle of guardian of peace and order in Morocco, assigned to it by the agreement of 1912, and it is related that:

"Unless the Spaniards can control tribal risings along the coast and beat back an attack on the Tangiers-Tetuan line, intervention, it is stated, will be imperative. France would prefer that intervention should happen before the problem becomes complicated by the necessity of discussing it with other Powers interested in Tangier. Yet unless the Spaniards assent to intervention, the French can not move.



From the Paris *Illustration*

A BATTLE-GROUND THAT WORRIES EUROPE

An airplane view of a native camp back of the Riff lines in Spanish Morocco.

"The situation is complicated by the fact that Abd-El-Krim maintains an attitude friendly to France and, tho no official relations exist, has repeatedly given official assurance that with France he will easily be able to come to a friendly arrangement. No warning has been given to him that the campaign must not extend into territory where other than Spanish interests are involved.

"With Abd-El-Krim himself the French appear to believe they could reach a satisfactory understanding, and opposition to any attempt on the part of France to subdue the Riff is too strong to permit of any other course. During the last ten years it has always been French policy to make friends with local chiefs when they could and this policy has been so far completely successful. There is, however, a point of danger in Abd-El-Krim's tactics which the French say they can not overlook. He has no big army of his own under his command. All his successes have been won by raising local tribes successively, and of this policy the most recent success has been the raising of the Andjera tribe, who inhabit the district between Tangier, Ceuta and Tetuan, and are now seriously menacing Tetuan.

"This policy of raising tribes is what is causing the French most uneasiness. They can more easily keep control of Morocco by the fact that jealousy of the tribal chiefs prevents these from uniting and keeps them subject to the Sultan. Abd-El-Krim has so far shown no intention whatever of submitting to the Sultan's authority, which is administered by France, and has succeeded in combining tribes neighboring on the Sultan's territory. If the revolt of the Andjeras compels the Spanish to evacuate the line to which Gen. Primo de Rivera intended to retreat, it seems to French experts that there will be no other possibility than that the whole coast will have to be abandoned.

"That would necessarily entail not only French but British intervention, which would be more acceptable to the Spanish, it is said, than a purely French operation.

"There appears no doubt that the Spanish retreat has been a much more costly operation than the censorship has allowed to appear. Reports that 20,000 have been killed and wounded and 7,000 taken prisoners are being published in the French press."

Italy forms another angle in the complication, as we are advised by press dispatches which tell us that the French Foreign Office sent a sharp note to the Italian Government, disputing Italy's right to interfere in any future affairs relating to Spanish Morocco. We read further that:

"This memorandum was called forth by the announcement of the Rome Government that, in the event of Spanish evacuation and French occupation of the Riff, Italy must be compensated for French control of additional coastline on the Mediterranean Sea, and that Premier Mussolini would ask a rejuggling of the partitions of Africa and Asia, such as followed the World War.

"Italy did not profit in this partition, but France and England gained important mandates. Mussolini's policy naturally is dictated by Italy's inability to expand in the face of rapidly increasing population, and he already has made suggestions to France to cede all or part of Tunis.

"The Herriot Ministry's reply to-day took a firm stand against any Italian interference, and cited treaties and understandings between the two countries, especially Italy's agreement to keep her hands off the remainder of Northern Africa when given complete control of Tripoli.

"The French memorandum indicates clearly that Paris already has been obliged to envisage the possibility of occupying large portions of Spanish Morocco now evacuated to the rebellious tribesmen, altho this operation is considered inadvisable from the standpoint of expense."

The terrible losses in men and material accompanying the withdrawal of the Spanish forces from the interior of Morocco are said to have given rise to most ominous reports about the possibilities of revolution in Spain. The Madrid *Sol* observes:

"Revolutions are not altogether agreeable, especially when one does not know where they will stop. We would rather see the country moving along quietly without having barriers put up in its path, or without being driven by attacks from the rear. The menace of revolution would not exist if it were not for the previous breach of the institutions under which this country desires to live."

Altho the Madrid *Epoca* thinks that a revolution is likely to happen at any moment, it remarks wistfully:

"The Directorate has issued a call to the country to unite in the grave crisis we are traversing in Morocco, stating that rebellious movements are treason to Spain, and that all men of good-will should unite in a fight against the common enemy. This call is, however, one-sided, for the Directorate has systematically eliminated all the men who had been connected with public affairs in past years, tho there are many honest and willing citizens among them.

"We may add that many Spaniards can be good citizens and dislike the Directorate. The military dictatorship is a product of circumstances, with which one may or may not sympathize, without fundamental changes in patriotism. If it is admitted that most of the opponents of the present system of government are good citizens, we do not see why they should be systematically kept away from public matters, now that such a desperate call for help is issued by the men at the helm."

A stanch defender of the Directorate is the Madrid *Debate*, which says that it will last because it is managing the country well, and there are no political forces in being which are capable of forming a working Parliament. This daily further avers that the Moroccan question is being brilliantly solved by General Primo de Rivera, who, by lifting himself above mere partizanship, has carried out the Morocco withdrawal, which no head of any government has dared propose in the past twenty years, tho all of them recognized that such an evacuation ought to have been made. According to Madrid dispatches, Spanish newspapers of all parties have been celebrating in advance General Primo de Rivera's return from Morocco as the moment for a change of government. Lists of a ministry are said to have been passed around and an atmosphere created, according to an American correspondent of a New York newspaper, "strangely resembling that which accompanied a change of cabinets in former times." But he adds that an end has been put to all these calculations by the following official announcement:

"For some time past the Directorate, in proof of its moderation, has allowed free comment with regard to substitution of the Directorate by a civilian Government. It is hereby declared that all such talk is pure nonsense. There is nothing true in all suppositions set forth. The Directorate is not even thinking of such an eventuality. It has much work to do each day and is buckling to its task each day with greater faith and enthusiasm, thus fulfilling its obvious duty. All other news published in and outside of Spain will be pure journalistic rumor."

THE NEW MYSTERY OF TROTZKY

WHEN FIRST HE VANISHED into the Caucasus, Soviet Russia's War Minister, Leon Trotzky, was said to have gone thither because of a serious bronchial ailment. This happened months ago, we are reminded, and the reported repetition of a journey to the Caucasus lately was ascribed to a recurrence of the same ailment. An added complication, according to Berlin press dispatches, was that "bloody riots followed Trotzky's departure, which was forced upon him because of his quarrel with other Soviet leaders." Now comes a flat denial to Berlin from Moscow, not only of the alleged rioting but also of Trotzky's alleged exile. He is said to be seriously ill, in fact so ill that he is unable to leave Moscow, but is "well enough to receive visitors." We read further in the Berlin dispatches that:

"The reports of rioting and Trotzky's banishment were branded as attempts to produce economic troubles in Russia, probably instigated by foreigners residing in Berlin. To-day's denials from Moscow not only come from the official Soviet Press Bureau but also from the *Berliner Tageblatt's* special Moscow correspondent."

Meanwhile an examination of the Russian press freshens our memory of the fact that altho Trotzky has to his credit the organization of the Red Army, the victory over anti-Bolshevik forces in Russia, as well as other undeniable achievements, which on many occasions have safeguarded the very existence of the Soviet Government, he has long been looked at askance by such Communist leaders as Zinovieff, Kameneff, Stalin, and others. The reason for their antipathy to him, it appears, is that Trotzky is not an "old Communist," but joined the party only on the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. Previous to that date he was a Menshevik and an opponent of the Bolshevist doctrine. The importance he assumed in the party from the very first days of the Soviet régime naturally excited the jealousy of Communists less talented, but of older standing. But, we are told further, as long as Lenin was alive, these Communist leaders did not dare assail Trotzky, nor did he venture to aspire to take first rank in the party. However, it appears that as soon as Lenin became disabled by disease, Trotzky began to act.

The first split in the Communist party is said to have been started by him a year ago when he accused Zinovieff, Stalin and other Communist leaders of having grown to be dictators, who scorned to take into consideration the wishes of the average members of the party. Consequently, he advocated the "democratization" of the party machinery, as for instance, the election of the main party officials by all members of the party, instead of being appointed from above. Still it would seem that a year ago Trotzky's game was lost. His enemies proved to be stronger than he thought, and for a time he was removed under an honorable pretext from Moscow. Then, it appears, he apologized, thus admitting his defeat, and the unity of the party is said to have been reestablished.

But according to the Moscow *Pravda*, in November Trotzky renewed his attack on the leaders of the Central Committee of the Communist party. This daily charges him with having made unwarranted accusations against the Committee in the preface of his recently issued book entitled "The Year 1917." These accusations, the *Pravda* adds, may be summarized as follows:

"If anything useful was done in 1917 by the Bolshevik party, it was rather against the will of the Central Committee than in accordance with it. . . . Is this not true also of the time we live in? Is there any guaranty that the party will be led in the right direction? Are we following the right course at present? Can we trust the men who failed 'to pursue the right policy in October, 1917?'"

The implication, according to the *Pravda*, is that the whole work of the Bolshevik revolution was undertaken by Lenin and Trotzky in spite of the hesitant will of the Central Committee. Therefore, Trotzky is accused of blaming the Committee in order to glorify himself and Lenin. The publication of Trotzky's book has stirred up heated discussion in the Soviet press, and almost all the Soviet organs and Soviet leaders criticize Trotzky, altho in courteous terms. Says the Moscow *Isviestia:*

> "What good does it do? . . . It is natural for us to ask ourselves this question while speaking of the discussion that has followed the publication of Comrade Trotzky's book . . . 'Books have their fate.' Whether Comrade Trotzky wishes it or not, it is already clear—and he should have foreseen it in advance—that only counter-revolutionists will profit by the pother he so unexpectedly started. That we are surrounded on all sides by enemies, who are watching for a chance to start activities against us, is no secret. That these enemies hate us in the bitterest possible way is also well known. . . . Counter-revolutionists are basing their ultimate hopes on controversies in our ranks, especially on controversies accompanied by a 'fight.' It is for this reason that all Russian counter-revolutionary papers, published outside of Russia, are so delighted by news of dissension in the ranks of our party. . . . Some of them blame Comrade Trotzky for his lack of resolution, and for his reluctance or inability to go the limit and lead the 'fight' along lines desired by them. Others still hope that he will take steps which will be useful to the counter-revolutionary cause. We do not doubt that Comrade Trotzky has no wish to please the counter-revolutionists. But the very fact that such counter-revolutionary expectations exist must open the eyes of any serious Communist and keep him from producing events, whose further development he may not be able to control. . . . Is our internal and international situation so excellent as to allow us to start within our party a 'fight,' a 'fight' so warmly acclaimed by counter-revolutionists within our boundaries as well as outside of them?"

Kameneff, whose speech is published also in the *Isviestia,* adds this:

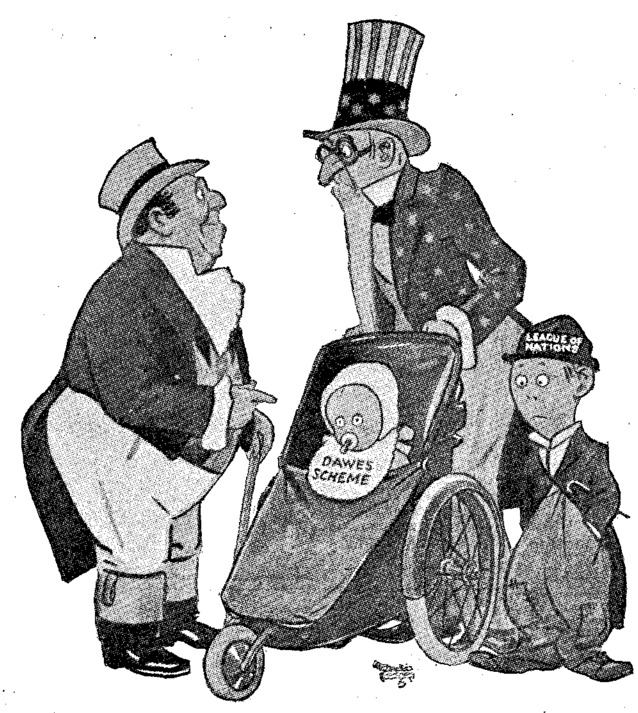
> "No matter whether Trotzky wished it or not, he is in the eyes of all mortal enemies of Communism the symbol of forthcoming liberation from the yoke of the Communist party."

Professor Miliukoff's anti-Soviet *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris) points to the fact that Trotzky, as the case was a year ago, is again virtually removed from the rôle of the Commissary of War. Moreover, last year he was supported by wide circles of influential Communists, and yet he failed. His failure, this journal says, was followed by the removal of his followers from the party. So this year, it holds, his chances are even poorer than they were twelve months ago. Yet it is true, we read further, that large circles of non-Communists would be ready to give Trotzky their support should he decide to free them from the Communists, but "he will never go so far as that." Both Trotzky and his enemies, this newspaper predicts, will try again to patch up an armistice because, tho hating each other, they can not exist without each other. Still it is maintained that this will not prevent the inevitable process of the disintegration and degeneration of the party from progressing further and further. In contrast with this opinion the anti-Soviet Berlin *Rul* thinks that it is evident that the whole campaign was started in order to pave the way for Trotzky's expulsion from the party."

GERMANY GETTING BACK TO BUSINESS

A GREAT VOTE OF CONFIDENCE was exprest on the international money markets, we are told, when the loan to Germany was so successfully carried and so greatly oversubscribed in New York and London, and even in Switzerland. This fruit of the Dawes plan is noted with gratification by various German observers, and among them is a contributor to the *Baltic-Scandinavian Trade Review* (Copenhagen) who has to record other favorable symptoms about the present condition of Germany. He tells us, for instance, that the former economic occupation of the Ruhr has been considerably modified, and that the railways have passed back to German hands, with the result that the most profitable part of the German railway net has been placed at the disposal of the Reich. But even before the release of the railways, he points out, the Board of Directors of the German railways had successfully reorganized the transport system, which had been utterly disrupted as a result of the occupation and of the inflation period.

Another fact remarked by this German authority is the strong tendency toward cartelling or grouping in the larger industries. Thus, it appears that the mines in the Ruhr area have been grouped, and this formation was brought about partly by act of the German Government, which "exerted pressure on the reluctant elements that made up the minority." What is more—



BRITISH PLEASANTRY

"I hope, Sam, your second child will turn out better than your first."

—*London Opinion.*

> "The German salt syndicate which has now extended its export to England, India, and Hungary, has been consolidated as a sales cartel, pure and simple. The metal industry has drawn closer together and a similar event seems near at hand in the crude-steel industry. The German press has, moreover, devoted considerable discussion to the question of international steel cartelling and apportioning. The difficulties seem to be very large, however, because there are so few countries in which the national steel industry has combined. But a complicated building of this kind is not to be constructed by beginning with the roof.
>
> "On the other hand, lengthy negotiations between Germany and France have resulted in a satisfactory agreement in the potash industry. The American market has been apportioned so that the German potash works deliver a little short of two-thirds and the Alsatian works the remainder. When the trade agreement between Germany and France makes possible mutual cooperation between the coal and iron industry on each side of the frontier, and when freedom of trade is victorious everywhere, the work of international reconstruction will have made a great step forward."

On this point, it is of striking interest to read in the London *Economist* that the Trade Treaty between Great Britain and Germany was signed "precisely at the moment when, according to all appearances, something approaching a deadlock had been reached in the Franco-German commercial discussions," and it proceeds:

> "Iron, steel, and coal naturally loom large in this connection, and there appears to have been a certain reluctance on the part of the German magnates to enter into an understanding with their French rivals without first attempting discussions on an international basis. This, of course, implies

delay, and it now seems to be unlikely that the official negotiations will lead to a definite conclusion by January 10 next, when the present provisional régime comes to an end. The discussions, however, will be followed with considerable interest on this side, and we may hope that the new Anglo-German Treaty will prove the first step toward a general settlement of outstanding problems which await solution before world commerce can return to more normal conditions."

Further information on the negotiations of French and German iron and steel magnates is contained in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, which states that official advices received in the American capital indicate that the plans for a cooperative agreement regarding the production and foreign sale of their products have broken down. According to this dispatch:

"Advices from Germany indicate the iron and steel price war between France and Germany is likely to continue, unless the German steel kings back down. German industrialists are reported to have taken the position the French proposals have been to the disadvantage of Germany, and that they do not fear competition enough to make the concessions the French demand."

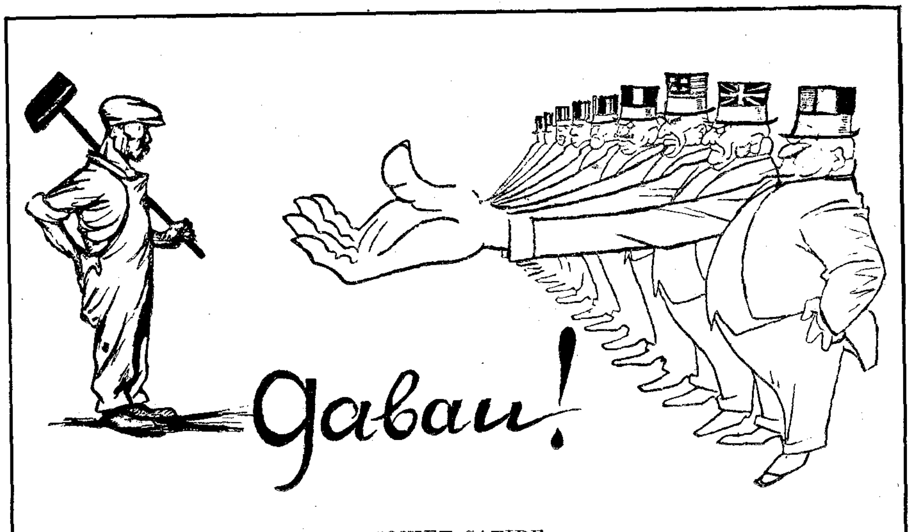
Meanwhile on the subject of the Anglo-German Trade Treaty, *The Economist* calls attention to the fact that:

"In 1913, for example, Great Britain imported over £80 millions' worth of goods from Germany, while our exports totaled £40.6 millions, and reexports £19.8 millions. Since the war, on the other hand, the volume of trade has been greatly diminished, and the balance has actually been 'favorable' to this country, as may be seen from the following figures:

January to September (000's omitted)

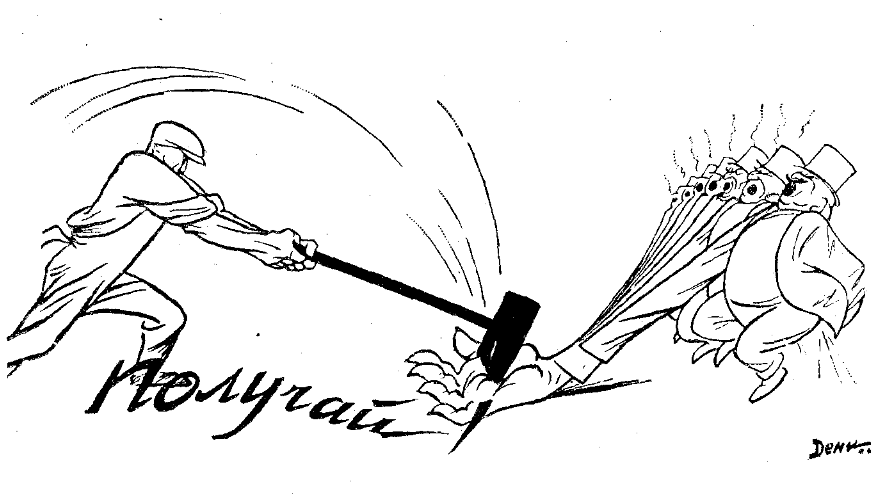
	1922	*1923*	*1924*
Imports from Germany....	18,701	25,454	25,325
Exports to Germany......	24,384	33,014	31,016
Reexports to Germany....	13,643	14,308	21,293

"In 1913, Germany was the most influential buyer of our goods in the world, outside the Empire, her purchases representing 7¾ per cent. of total British exports, and being exceeded only by those of India, who took 13½ per cent. of the whole. In the first nine months of 1924 Germany had sunk to fifth place in the list, being surpassed by India, Australia, the United States, and France, and her share in our total exports had declined to only 4½ per cent. The possibilities of expansion are clearly very great, and should be helped forward by the new Treaty."



SOVIET SATIRE

"In Germany, according to the Dawes plan the worker must give everything, but—" (See below.)



THE WORKER SPEAKS

"You receive just what I give you."

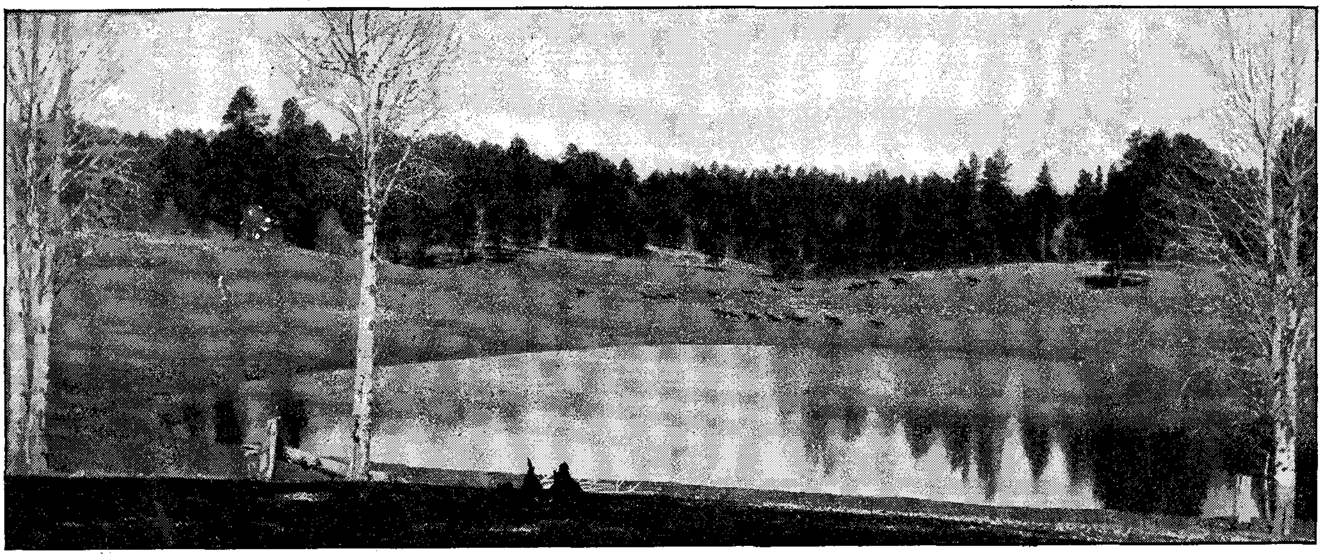
—*Pravda* (Moscow)

NEW ZEALAND HAILS OUR FLEET

A CORDIAL WELCOME is assured the American fleet, in New Zealand, say the New Zealand editors, "should the projected Pacific cruise take place." This conditional remark has point in connection with the criticism exprest by some Congressmen against the proposed cruise next year, because of the sensitive state of Japanese-American relations. At the same time Washington dispatches relate that the Secretary of the Navy has added to the Administration's deprecation of anti-Japanese talk by announcing that three Japanese warships are bringing Japanese midshipmen to the United States for a practise cruise, and that preparations have been made by this Government to show the Japanese Squadron high honors. Meanwhile, to recur to the New Zealand press, we find the Auckland *Weekly News* saying:

"According to the tentative itinerary, three battle-ship divisions will visit Auckland between July 7 and 20, and two divisions will visit Wellington. Sixteen years have elapsed since the American Fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, lay for a week in Auckland in the course of its great cruise of 3,700 miles. The intervening years have made more than history. Apart from the amazing development that has taken place in ships of war and their armament—the flagship of the 'white fleet,' the *Connecticut*, had a displacement of 16,000 tons—the greatest achievement affecting the oceans of the world has been the completion of the Panama Canal. A few months ago part of the British Special Service Squadron, including the mighty *Hood*, reached the Atlantic from the Pacific in a matter of hours. The American fleet, of whose visit Auckland has kindly recollections, had to round Cape Horn. San Francisco was a long voyage from Hampton Roads, the starting-point. The Panama Canal has entirely altered Pacific naval strategy. But no American considerations in the realm of naval strategy can affect the welcome New Zealand will accord the fleet. As the cruise of the British Special Service Squadron has been an inspiration to British peoples, so may be the proposed American cruise to the British antipodes, in an interpolitical sense. Misunderstanding is banished by the personal touch. The trivialities which suggest the 'ancient grudge' are merely specks of foam upon the deep waters of friendship, and the visit to New Zealand now contemplated will help to prove it. The trouble-maker in either country will find a poor audience when American warships lie in New Zealand waters, and the effect of the visit will be lasting."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Photographs by courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington, D. C.)

COWBOYS ROUNDING UP WILD HORSES—"AN ENTICING GAME WHICH FEW STOCKMEN CAN RESIST"

While this is good sport, it is not very profitable, since "for every ten horses captured and broken, two or three first-class saddle horses are generally either killed, run to death or badly used up," and the wild horses are good for little or nothing when captured.

HORSES NOBODY WANTS

ANYBODY WHO WANTS A HORSE—of sorts—for the trouble of catching him, can get any reasonable number, up to several thousand, in any one of several Western States; and may not only remove his catch free of charge but claim a bounty of $5 or so apiece for killing them or taking them away. The wild horse, in short, has become as great a nuisance as the Australian wild rabbit. He is hard to catch, almost impossible to tame, and so undersized and scrubby as to be worth little when you get him. And yet the ancestors of these great herds of useless wild creatures were all domesticated horses brought from Europe, so Will C. Barnes assures us in an article about them in *American Forests* (Washington). The first Europeans who landed here found no horses, Mr. Barnes tells us. When Cortez reached Mexico, the first of his cargo to be landed were sixteen head of horses, the very first, as we know them to-day, that ever trod the North American continent. Other shipments followed. We read:

> "Not only is it probable that many more horses were later shipped to the New World, but those that did reach it must have bred and multiplied with unusual rapidity, for when Captain-General Coronado left the west coast of Mexico, in 1540, and moved to the northeast, he took with him about 300 horses as mounts, together with 1,000 spare horses and pack-mules. This was a little over 21 years after the first horses to reach this continent were unloaded.
>
> "These Spaniards rode mares, stallions, and geldings, for they were colonizers as well as explorers, and breeding stock was a prime necessity. They brought their animals from Spain, of course, and it is doubtful if their horses were other than the somewhat common stock with which the Spaniards were satisfied.
>
> "The Spaniards were constantly losing horses, the animals when turned out at night to graze either becoming entangled in the immense herds of buffalo, or else, because of hard use, were worn out or sick and had to be left behind.
>
> "There seems to be no question but that the wild horses of the Western plains were 'escapes' from the mounts of these early Spanish 'Conquistadores.'
>
> "Capt. Zebulon Pike, who in 1806 marched up the Arkansas River, across what is now Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado, mentions in his diary the great herds of wild horses he found everywhere on the open prairies.
>
> "Earlier travelers and explorers also reported them in other parts of the region as plentiful in numbers on the ranges as were the buffalo and deer. Eventually 'mustanging,' next to buffalo-hunting, became one of the most fascinating adventures in the West.
>
> "It was from these wild horse bands, of course, that the Western Indians obtained their first horses—an accession which furnished them with a means of rapid movement from one region to another and turned them from footmen to horsemen. The wild horse undoubtedly caused as tremendous a change in their whole mode of life as did the invention of the steam locomotive in that of the present civilization."

The Far West, however, was not the only part of this continent where wild horses were to be found in the early years. They ran at large in great numbers in the forests of Virginia, "escapes" from the stock of the colonists. These animals increased very rapidly. They ranged the year round in the forests, and thus became quite as wild as their Far Western relatives. To quote further:

> "In the early '70's, when the pioneer stockman began to push out into the plains region, many of them began the raising of well-bred horses along with their cattle. They shared the ranges with the mustangs, and naturally many of the tame horses joined wild bands and were lost.
>
> "With the development of railroads and the growth of trolleys the demand for light horses fell off so fast that by 1899 range horses were a drug on the market. The owners would not go to the expense of rounding up, and for want of handling the animals became wilder than the wildest deer. They increased rapidly and became a burden on the ranges, already heavily overstocked with cattle and sheep. In 1898 several cars of selected geldings from northern Arizona, all good colors and halter-broke, netted the writer but twenty-five cents each on the Kansas City horse market. And even in 1923 several carloads of horses averaging 1,100 pounds, shipped from South Dakota points, netted the shippers but $2.00 each.
>
> "The Boer War, which began in 1899, was a boon to the owners and hunters of these worthless wild horses. Agents of that

Government shipped out many thousands of them, at from $2.00 to $5.00 a head. Three out of every four horses died on the voyage out. These shipments took many thousands of horses from the ranges, but, the remainder became wilder and harder than ever to round up.

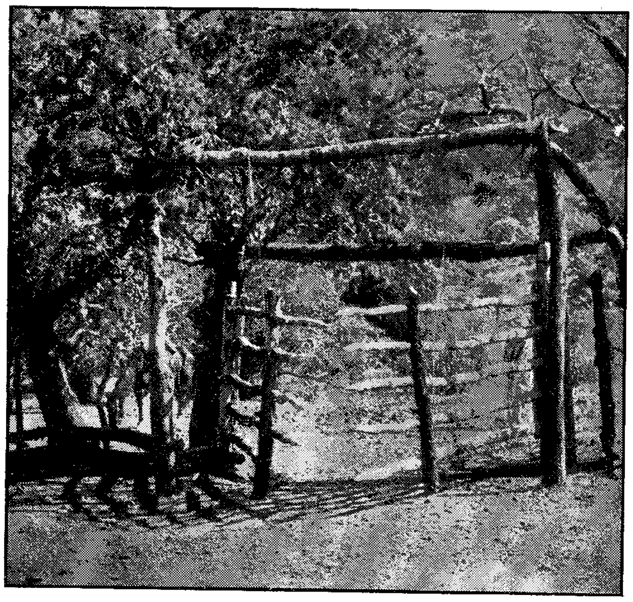
"Capturing wild horses requires great perseverance, intrepid riding, a love of adventure, and an absolute disregard for horse flesh. For every ten horses captured and broken, two or three first-class saddle horses are generally either killed, run to death, or badly used up. Chasing wild horses has always been an enticing game—one which few range stockmen can resist.

"In every range State to-day these bands of wild and practically worthless horses are not only a pest, but a heavy economic loss, in that they consume feed needed for more valuable range animals. They attract broken horses, which immediately feel the call of the wild, join the band, and become as wild as the rest. In some regions it is unsafe to turn a broken horse out on the range to graze, lest he be picked up by these outlaws."

A favorite method of capturing wild horses, we are told, is to build a small corral around some water-hole in the cedar brakes, where the animals water at night. The gates are built in halves and open inward, being hung so that they drop back into place as the animal shoves through. By leaving the "trap gate" open for some time, until the horses become accustomed to the inclosure, it is often possible to catch a number of them. But one can do but little with them when caught. Mr. Barnes continues:

"Several years ago there were from ten to fifteen thousand wild horses on the Modoc National Forest, in northeastern California. When water was to be found, they remained in the famous 'Lava Beds.' When water was scarce the horses worked back into the mountains, where they were safe from capture.

"On the Yakima Indian Reservation, in Washington, in 1922 the number of useless wild horses was estimated by the Indians to be above 15,000. In spite of the fact that every blade of grass was needed for valuable live stock, the Indians will neither kill a wild horse nor allow others to do it for them. On the Crow Indian Reservation, in Montana, there are thousands of horses, some wild and some fairly tame, but all utterly valueless. The cattlemen have for several years past had a standing offer of $5 for each horse the Indians would bring in. The Indian attitude towards a horse and his dogs, no matter how useless, could not be changed.



A TRAP FOR WILD HORSES

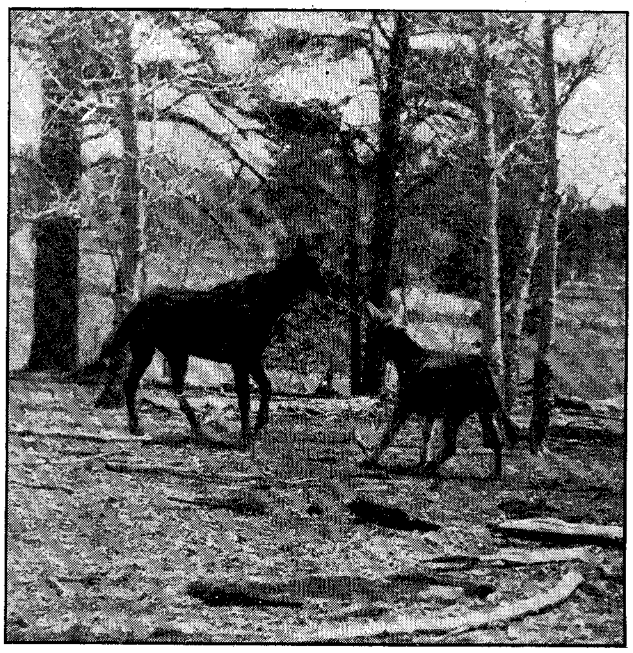
A gate used to entice wild horses into wire fence corrals. Inside the enclosure is the bait in the shape of salt or a drinking hole. The gate is so hung that the animal can easily go in, but not out.

"The quality of nearly all of these wild horses must not be overlooked. They are generally small, inbred, undersized individuals, seldom weighing more than 700 or 800 pounds; hard to break when captured, and of little or no use when tamed.

"The stories of the coal-black stallion with streaming mane, long, sweeping tail, flashing eyes, and the speed of the wind, are figments of the imagination. Catch the leader of a band and he turns out to be a scrub not worth the cost of breaking.

"With every man's hand against them, these wild horses will eventually be exterminated. In the meantime any red-blooded man thirsting for adventure, excitement, and some Wild West riding can get plenty of it chasing these unwelcome residents of the Western ranges.

"There is no closed season on them at any time in the whole year, for they are classed with the wolves and coyotes, as predatory animals marked for slaughter."



A LIVE HITCHING-POST

The best way to tether a wild horse is to tie him to a burro. The horse doesn't break his leg over a rope fixt to a tree or post and the burro is stubborn enough not to let the horse run away with him.

THE METAL OF THE AIR—This is what *The Iron Age* (New York) calls aluminum, so widely used to-day in the frames of airships. Forty years ago, the writer reminds us, this metal was almost a curiosity. Its cost was high, but its properties were heralded widely. It was predicted by those whose imaginations are even to-day prophetic, that some day it would be available commercially in large quantities and at a reasonable price, revolutionizing some phases of modern life. In the home and elsewhere it is now a familiar metal. We read further:

"Within a few weeks two epochal events have thrilled the American people. A giant airship has crossed the Atlantic safely, making a journey of over 5,000 miles at a speed never equaled in a long air trip. Another has made a 10,000-mile air cruise from New Jersey to California and back. Aluminum in the form of duralumin has made possible these notable feats. The framework of these great ships, made of an alloy of aluminum with small amounts of manganese, copper and other metals, after suitable heat treatment, is as strong as mild steel and almost as light as wood.

"What will another forty years bring? Undoubtedly more airships, including safe and rapid transportation over long distances. Perhaps the use of light, strong alloys in airplanes, which then may be as common as automobiles were 20 years ago. We need not think of alloys of aluminum or of magnesium with other elements, either as duralumin or other combination, as in any but the early stages of their development. It is another romance of mechanical progress that a metal so abundant and so widely distributed over the earth should have the distinction of making possible this marvelous mastery of the air in long flights."

MINING FOR A METEOR

A HUGE MASS OF METEORIC IRON somewhere near half a mile across, which may be buried beneath a crater in Arizona, believed to mark the place where it struck the earth after its flight from the sky, is now being sought by a mining company who want it chiefly because they think that it contains a valuable percentage of platinum. Its existence is not absolutely certain, as there are other plausible theories of the crater's origin; but the adventurers are hopeful. Charles P. Mason, editor of the Winslow (Ariz.) *Mail,* writes in that paper of the supposed celestial visitant, and of the efforts to unearth it, as follows:

"Work will soon be resumed at Meteor Mountain along different lines from any employed in the past to locate the gigantic meteor which is supposed to lie somewhere beneath the enormous pit in the earth's surface which constitutes the crater of Meteor Mountain.

"A big concern now expects to do regular mining exploration by the running of tunnels and drifts into the region where the meteor is supposed to rest. Information gained by the drilling of the hole into the south side of the crater is said to be of such an encouraging nature that the new company has every expectation of locating the prize.

"Indications are that the meteor, if a meteor exists, fell to the earth from the heavens of the north, striking at a tangent, caused the mile-wide, 1,000-feet deep pit, imbedding itself and coming to a halt many hundreds of feet beneath the surface and a considerable distance south of the awful hole it left in the ground.

"The fact that meteorites or broken fragments of the strange metal of which the meteor is thought to be composed are found only on the north side of the mountain is another indication that the aerial visitor approached from the north, and that these little meteors are portions of the tail which scattered and fell to earth separate from the main body.

"Another indication pointing to the premise that the crater is the work of a gigantic meteor, and is not a 'blow-out' or volcanic crater similar to the hundreds of craters in northern Arizona is that absolutely no molten rock or lava is found for a great many miles of Meteor Mountain, and the bottom of the crater is hundreds of feet below the surface of the surrounding country.

"The Indians in this part of the country have a legend concerning the visit of a god from heaven, who came in a great chariot of fire which illuminated the heavens of the entire country and rocked the whole country. The legend adds that the god disappeared into the ground. The formations surrounding the great pit have every appearance of being of a recent geological age.

"It is said that the lease-holders have been offered a contract of $12 a pound for the metal composing the meteor, if the meteor itself is found. To handle the metal, special and new methods will have to be devised, new type of mills erected, new smelting process employed, and that unless the main meteor is found it would be impracticable to attempt extracting the valuable portions from the fragments, many hundreds of which have been found, however.

"Analysis of the pieces found indicate that its platinum content is very high, and diamonds have been found in profusion in some pieces."

Estimates of the bulk of the meteor are, of course, wholly guess-work, but from the size of the hole it made, Mr. Mason says, it must have been from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and the weight is estimated into the millions of tons. The weight of the fragments are enormous, a piece the size of a hen's egg weighing about six pounds. He goes on:

"No chapter in the history of Arizona is more intensely interesting than the exploration for the meteor in Meteor Mountain. Years ago the crater was observed by explorers, and it became the subject of general discussion in scientific circles. There were two theories—and they were as widely different as it is possible for theories to be.

"The first was that the crater was caused by the impact of a monster meteorite which, ages ago, fell from the skies.

"Directly opposed to this idea was that of the scientists, who claimed that every indication could be accounted for by the ordinary theory of blow-outs. They said that the occurrences at Meteor Mountain could be duplicated in a hundred other places in the State, and that there was nothing at all out of the ordinary.

"The first attempt at a practical solution of the mystery—and there could be but one, to dig in the path of the disturbance—was the sinking of a shaft in the center of the crater and the running of a drift to the point where more or less doubtful mathematical computations showed that the chief mass might be expected to lie.

"Such a shaft was actually begun by the old company, and the shaft was sunk some 300 or 350 feet. Funds gave out before the drift could be well started, and the project came to a standstill.

"It probably would never have been revived but for the discovery that the little meteorites scattered all along Canyon Diablo had a considerable platinum content.

"Fred Volz had a little trading post at the canyon and he and his boys turned an extra penny by gathering these aerolites and selling them to tourists. The story goes that a couple of Hebrew peddlers bought a handful of the meteorites as curiosities and that they came back a few weeks later and cleaned out the stock that Volz had on hand. They also told him that they would buy all he could find, and Fred thought he had developed a miniature gold-mine, until it was discovered that the 'stones' he was selling for five or ten cents apiece were worth a dollar or more each for their platinum content.

"This encouraged further exploration and a new company was formed a few years ago to diamond drill for the meteor.

"Progress was infinitely slow on account of the shattered and upheaved condition of the ground, but this condition was hailed as a positive proof that the meteor theory was correct.

"The depth reached by the drill shows that the most feasible way to reach the deposit—be it meteor or something else—is to run a tunnel from the opposite side of the hill, and this is the plan that is to be adopted."

OUR HEALTHFUL YEAR

THE OUTSTANDING ITEMS in the health record of the year 1924, based on the cumulative death-rates of more than 15,000,000 industrial policy-holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, calculated up to November 15, are given as follows, in the company's *Statistical Bulletin* (New York):

"The general death-rate for 1924 will probably be the lowest in the history of this important cross-section of the population of the United States and Canada. With only seven weeks of the year remaining, the death-rate for all causes combined is 5.8 per cent. below that shown at this time in 1923; it is also lower than that for 1922, and it now looks as tho it will surpass even the prior minimum rate established in 1921.

"The following facts are apparent concerning the mortality record for diseases of major public-health interest. No doubt now remains that the year will register a new minimum death-rate for tuberculosis and for typhoid fever. The record for the principal epidemic diseases of childhood is highly satisfactory. The diphtheria death-rate is lower than ever before, and deaths from measles are fewer than last year. The whooping-cough rate shows no increase despite the larger exposure to risk in 1924 of infant lives. The scarlet-fever rate is a trifle higher than for last year, but is, nevertheless, below the average for the last decade. The mortality from influenza is less than half that of last year; a slight rise in the rate for diarrheal diseases is chargeable entirely to increased coverage of infant lives; the same is true of pneumonia.

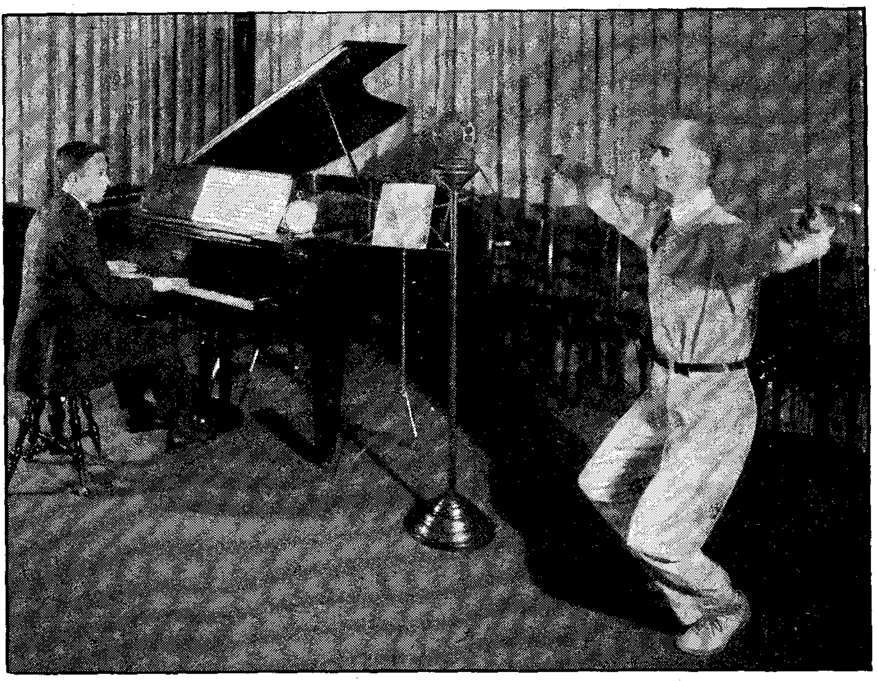
"There is no more gratifying item in the record of this year than the improvement in the mortality from diseases incidental to maternity. Barring unexpected developments in the final seven weeks, a new minimum death-rate will be established.

"Organic heart disease, as in 1923 and 1922, will be the leading cause of death; but the rate is now about 7 per cent. less than at this time last year. Cancer mortality has declined slightly as has that for cerebral hemorrhage. Deaths from chronic nephritis have decreased 8 per cent., and a new minimum will probably be registered for this disease. A decline of 11.4 per cent. in diabetes mortality may be credited, largely, to the increasing use of insulin.

"The record for violent deaths is also distinctly encouraging. Slight declines as compared with last year are shown not only for suicides and homicides, but for accidents. Automobile fatalities, to date, have not increased over the preceding year. It looks as tho we had reached the peak in the mortality from this, the greatest single item in the fatal accident record."

A NATION-WIDE RADIO GYM

AS MUCH OF THE UNITED STATES as is within reach of Broadcasting Station WOR, in Newark, New Jersey, has been transformed into a vast gymnasium every morning by the efforts of A. E. Bagley, physical director of the Y. M. C. A. of that city. Mr. Bagley conducts his class over the radio at 7 A. M., daily, Eastern Time, and he moderately estimates that its members number a million or so. From no less than fifty thousand he has heard directly by letter. Many years of conducting gym classes have convinced Mr. Bagley that the average person is by no means as lazy as is generally supposed. He knows he is right from these letters that he has received from Americans and Canadians in the last few months. Those 50,000 practise what they preach, he assures us, for they, and at least double as many others, living between New Brunswick on the north and Georgia on the south, and central Ohio on the west, and the Atlantic coast on the east, for almost half a year have been getting up at the stroke of seven every morning except Sunday to let him direct them in physical exercises over the radio. He says in *Popular Science:*



CONDUCTING THE WORLD'S LARGEST "GYM" CLASS

Here is Mr. A. E. Bagley in broadcasting station WOR conducting his gymnasium class by radio. He does this every morning at 7 o'clock and he knows there are at least 50,000 people taking the exercise with him. He wakes them up for their exercises with WOR's alarm clock.

> "Mine is the world's largest gymnasium class. Just how many members it has I do not know. There are 50,000 anyway, because I have received letters from that many. At the WOR Station it is estimated that letters ordinarily are received from less than ten per cent. of the listeners-in to any broadcast feature. So there may be a half-million people who go through the exercises with me every day.
>
> "Properly enough, we start proceedings by ringing an alarm clock. It's the biggest we could find, and the sound of its bell, issuing from a loud speaker, I'm told, is sufficient to awaken the soundest sleeper. The mother of a large family in Massachusetts wrote me:
>
> "'I used to be at my wits' end trying to get my husband and my boys and girls up in the morning. Now, tho, I just get up and turn on the radio set. None of them is able to sleep after WOR's alarm clock goes off!'
>
> "Then, after the conventional announcement from the studio, we start the fun, for that's exactly what I try to make the exercises. The one thing I want to avoid is having my 'early birds' look on their morning exercises as a painful duty. So, when I can, I tell a little joke, or indulge in a little nonsense to liven things up. We use the studio props—'crickets' and other noise-making contraptions—to represent creaking joints or splitting pajama legs while we're doing bending exercises. The other morning I told the class I was going to carry the piano up to the studio roof so that the radio operator could do the exercises with us. With the aid of glass crashes, thumps on the floor, grunts, and a lively conversation which I conducted with an imaginary janitor who apparently objected to my removing the piano, we managed to produce quite a convincing little comedy for our hearers' benefit.
>
> "Also, the exercises are all done to music. Fred Harnett, a young Newark business man, is my volunteer pianist, and his lively tunes supply in great part the explanation of why at least 50,000 people have become convinced that it is easy to insure their physical health and have a good time simultaneously."

Twice a week Mr. Bagley gives a brief talk on various phases of diet and exercise—how they may be employed, for example, to improve the digestion, to reduce or increase the weight, to cure round shoulders, flat chests, or flat feet. He continues:

> "As I said before, I've received some 50,000 letters from my early birds. All of the letters I've read, many I've replied to. The writers have been rich and poor, young and old, men and women. They have ranged from the president of one of the largest public utility corporations in the country, who wrote me a week or so ago to thank me for having reduced his weight ten pounds, to a boy of ten, who, just after the World Series, wanted to know if I could guarantee that exercising every morning would make him 'as good a pitcher as Walter Johnson.'
>
> "Here's an extract from one I received this morning. It comes from a young woman in western Pennsylvania.
>
> "'My mother and I want to thank you for solving one of our greatest problems—my father. He retired from business two years ago, and, until your morning exercises started to come in over the radio, he had been the most miserable man in the world. Now he's up at 6.30 every day, so that he won't miss any part of your program. What you had to say about the benefit of fresh air and exercise imprest him so much that he now goes out for long walks, works in the garden, or fixes things around the house. I'm sure you've added to his life, and you've certainly kept my mother from going crazy with him.'
>
> "One letter like that more than repays me for all the trouble it has been to organize and conduct the class—and I've had 50,000 of them.
>
> "An ingenious young man in Vermont wrote me that he had attached his alarm clock to the switch of his radio set, so that the set is turned on every morning in time for him to hear our alarm from the studio.
>
> "Hundreds and hundreds of families of from four to twelve members have formed the habit of doing the exercises together. Here's part of a letter in that regard from a young woman in New York City:
>
> "'I'm one of those bobbed-haired stenographers that I heard you telling the people to make get up and do the exercises. I used to lie in bed and laugh when I heard the others taking their daily 'physical torture.' One morning, tho, I got up to watch them, and ever since I've been helping them loosen the plaster on the ceilings. You'd enjoy watching us. There's pop, mother, my sister, my brother, and myself; and the baby, who is two, sits on the floor and laughs at us. Please, tho, don't tell any more jokes while we're doing the 'front leaning rest.' The other morning I laughed so hard that I couldn't hold myself up, and almost broke my nose and spoiled my beauty.'
>
> "Lest anybody who sees this be frightened from becoming one of my early birds by that young lady's words, let me hasten to assure you that she, too, was telling a little joke. There really isn't any danger of broken noses.
>
> "Tune in on WOR some morning if you don't live so far west that our seven o'clock will be the middle of the night for you. You'll find it the most profitable 15 or 20 minutes you ever spent. For that I have the word of 50,000 people."

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LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A MORE THAN ONE-THOUSAND-YEAR RUN

ONE OF THE OLDEST HEROINES IN DRAMA

Kyra Alanova in the character of *Vasantasena* in an Indian play that is alleged to date from the tenth or even the fifth century.

FOR A PLAY TO ENDURE from the fifth century, or even from the tenth, is a run that ought to satisfy the most exacting playwright. A run means, of course, continuous daily performances, and something like this is enjoyed on its native heath by the Indian play called "The Little Clay Cart" that is now delighting "select" audiences in that remote place of theatrical pilgrimage, The Neighborhood Playhouse, "out Grand Street," in New York. The play is "attributed to King Shudraka," but his place in chronology is apparently shifted about over five centuries, for the date of the play remains uncertain. There were two kinds of drama in ancient India, so the play-bill tells us, "the heroic drama in which the plot is drawn from history or mythology; and the drama of invention." To the latter class belongs "The Little Clay Cart," tho the inventive range of the playwright, even in folk drama, is somewhat circumscribed by the Sanscrit rules of dramaturgy, in which we come upon our own fetish of "the happy ending." Here they are:

"The title of the play must be formed by compounding the names of hero and heroine.

"The scene must be laid in India.

"The hero shall appear in every act. He may be a Brahman, minister, or merchant.

"The heroine may be a lady of good family or a courtezan. Or the two may share the honors, providing they do not meet

"It is advised that the drama be 'full of rascals.'

"The erotic sentiment should dominate.

"The ending must be happy; tragedy is forbidden."

In spite of these handicaps the piece has an inner vitality, which has kept it alive for centuries for Indian audiences. The Neighborhood play-bill prints an article by Miss Irene Lewisohn, who describes her visit to a theater in Bombay, where the piece was produced with complete disregard of the traditions of the classic Indian theater. After saying that "the simple dramatic treatment" was changed for "an almost operatic version to give scope to the vocal technique of the principal singer," Miss Lewisohn goes further into the modern spirit in theatrical India:

"The settings were of the Mid-Victorian style, with wings and cut foliage, painted gilt Doric columns, plush, fringe, and all the decorative effects of the green baize age. Into this setting stalked the incongruous figures of *Charudatta* and his companions of legendary history, drest in garments manufactured in Manchester, wearing saris trimmed with passementerie. The theater orchestra was an instrument for the production of Oriental jazz. The once-mellow serangi was played stridently with flagrant disregard of the necessities of the ancient Ragas.

"The company, composed of men only, gave a performance very modern in manner, somewhat as, shall we say, Arthur Hopkins might approach Molière! Yet there seemed to be great dignity and sensitiveness in these masculine interpretations of the women's parts. Vocal technique, however, was of so indirect and specialized a style that we could hardly appreciate its beauty, and had to take for granted that the approval of our hosts and the rest of the audience was deserved."

The example of Bombay is not followed in Grand Street. Here the effort is made to recapture the flavor of the classic drama, tho Mr. Stark Young points out in the New York *Times*, that here is "an interesting case of bona fide treatment when we come to foreign or classic plays":

"The producers at the Neighborhood Playhouse hit a happy medium in this problem. They allow the play its strangeness, its age, its convention, but always in a wise proportion to the real substance in it. They do not ask us to be overtickled at such conventions as throwing leaves where there are no leaves to throw, or riding a horse that does not exist; they merely flavor the scene with these foreign stage conventions. They do not guy the piece. They play with it happily, but they give every chance to the poetry and ideas behind it."

The plot, which has not the logic of modern plays, concerns the story of *Charudatta*, a Brahman merchant who was falsely accused of the murder of *Vasantasena* by *Santhanaka*, the brother of the Queen, who thus tried to cover up his own deed. The courtezan, who spurned *Santhanaka's* addresses, was not killed, but revives to confound his accusations in court. The play is of more value for its quaint scenes of ancient Oriental life. Thinking over "the attraction and the delight of this performance in Grand Street," Mr. Young looks about for reasons:

"And the long age of 'The Little Clay Cart' appears as one of the sources of its glamour. This play has on it something toward ten centuries of life. For all that time it has been given in India and after every fashion. Sometimes it has been conventional, sometimes popularized in dialects, sometimes in modern clothes and Victorian settings. But all the while it has belonged to the people: it has been theirs in their own terms. In a performance of this old piece we see what ideas merge as having that in them which can hold the human race so long a time. Life old and new, ancient and modern, has been capable of living itself in the region of this play. For us 'The Little Clay Cart' is Indian, it is ancient

—far off, indeed, in two senses; but it discovers an ideal region in which space and time are a dream. In this pure realm the play moves. What happens, the loves, the robberies, the villainies of parasites, the gambling, the just and unjust deeds, all move in an untouched and pristine world of idea, feeling, racial tradition; and all are seen in a mutual radiance and charm.

"And in and out of this crystal whole run the details of the natural world, of our daily life, and seem as lasting and as dear as the more abstract elements. There are gifts, games, bullock carts, anger, fear, hate and hunger. The moon shines in those streets, the darkness closes on all eyes; the flowers and jewels, the houses where people live, are scattered through the speeches; the priest washes his yellow garment in the stream; the monkeys will tear the garment if he leaves it in the garden. And in and out run the patterns of the characters. They are characters capable of many epochs and incessant applications; they can be fitted to any generation. This portrait of the droll, esthetic thief debating there in the shadow of night the design for the breach that he shall make in the wall of the house that he will rob, stealing the while that he may buy his beloved maid from her mistress—how inexhaustible he is! The portraits of the women, the courtezan, the wife and the maid, and the courtezan's mother, their proprieties and their passions, each in their several veins, their crass and delicate desires, their adventures in danger and romance and lightly drawn squalor! The scene of the gamblers and the lure of dice and chance that draws the fugitive back into danger! The portrait of the shampooer turned from the vanities of the world into a priest of Buddha, wandering simply and kindly through the garden, over the stream, along the streets, is one of the most charming in drama. The portrait of *Charudata*, summing up strength, reverence, gentleness, culture and romantic desire, embodied in the hero of a play, is the most lucid and gracious-minded that I know."

AMERICA IN OXFORD DECLINING—A falling off is noted among the American students at Oxford. In 1922 the American men students numbered 226. Last year the number fell to 181, and this year there are 170. Some figures gathered by the Associated Press show that since the immediate post-war rush, there has been a slow decline:

"Of the present 170, only 90 are Rhodes scholars, as compared with 141 two years ago and 109 last year. The normal number of Rhodes scholars is two for each State, but the suspension of the scholarships during the last years of the war resulted in a greatly increased representation from 1919 onward. Now the number has reached the normal again. In 1922 the number of men students, not Rhodes scholars, was 85; last year it fell to 72, and now it has risen to 80.

"Of the 170 men students in attendance, 80 come from five of the larger American universities. Harvard comes first with 39, Princeton second with 16, Yale third with 13, and Cornell and University of Virginia tie with six each. The large representation of these universities is due in part to the tendency of Rhodes selection committees to select as scholars men who have done graduate work in the Eastern universities, and in part to the greater wealth of the students there.

"It is interesting to note that English, German and Scandinavian names predominate among the American students at Oxford.

"Of the Oxford colleges, Exeter is the most popular with Americans. It has twenty American students. Americans are represented in the other colleges in the following numbers: Balliol, fourteen; Christ Church, thirteen; Pembroke, eleven; Magdalene and New College, nine each; Queen's and Wadham, eight each; Merton, Lincoln and Hertsford, seven each; Worcester, University, Oriel, and Brasenose, five each; St. John's and Trinity, four each; Keble, Jesus, and Corpus Christi, two each; and St. Edmund Hall, one.

"The Non-Collegiate Society, better known in Oxford as St. Catherine's (or St. Cat's), has twenty-two American members. St. Cat's is not ranked as a full Oxford college, having no hall and no dormitories and no porter's gate, yet it is a part of the university, and its relation to the university is in many respects similar to that of the ordinary colleges."

DEFENDING SHAKESPEARE IN FRENCH

OUR SHAKESPEARE WORSHIP received something of a jolt from the productions of Firmin Gémier and his French company from the Odéon Theater of Paris. The performances of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew" seemed to ask no sanctions from the traditions that the English-speaking theater has been building up and conserving, and something akin to a charge of irreverence was leveled at the visitor. For Gémier's individual performance of *Shylock* there was considerable praise, tho *Shylock's* intrusion into the fifth act was looked upon as something like a bewildering impertinence. Monsieur Gémier's Boston engagement was given up, because, so says the Boston *Transcript*, there was too little public response to warrant the undertaking. A writer in that paper makes a gesture of amend in coming to the defense of the French method of Shakespearean production:

A LISPING VILLAIN AND HIS AIDE

Santhanaka (Marc Loebell) and a *Courtier* (John Roach) in the Neighborhood Playhouse production of "The Little Clay Cart."

"To appraise Monsieur Gémier's production, one must consider the background. It was put together for a Parisian audience. Thus first one must look at the Shakespeare seen in France and the Shakespeare now prevalent on the Continent. I may confidently say that Monsieur Gémier, who must not be confused with the translator—of that more later—came nearer to the English poet than has been the fortune of producers and actors of Shakespeare on the French stage before him. Certainly closer than Mme. Cécile Sorel; assuredly nearer to the bone than Mounet-Sully. Now it has come to be the custom on the Continent to jazz Shakespeare just as Mr. Koussevitzky touched up the 'Eroica Symphony' the other evening. Some approve. At all events, there is not that sacrosanct reverence for Shakespeare in foreign countries that Anglo-Saxons experience. If by remodeling him a bit, he makes an evening's crisp entertainment, play-goers, who do not shudder at the violation of the sanctuary of sanctuaries, are rejoiced.

"This fact should be remembered in watching Monsieur Gémier's Shakespeare. By his own confession, besides, he never has seen a first-rate Anglo-Saxon Shakespearean production. Once he saw the late Sir Herbert Tree, and was revolted by Tree's furniture-shop on the stage, but of Forbes-Robertson, of Julia Marlowe, or Irving, or of Terry, he knows nothing, save by meager report.

"The actor of *Bassanio* did not laugh into the face of the audience in New York. In fact, he was quite at home on *Portia's* front door-step, the best *Bassanio* I have seen. True enough, the bespectacled *Portia* and her able assistant, *Nerissa*, were absurd; but the situation itself is difficult to accept in good faith, and the Frenchman is not restrained by our sense of Biblical loyalty. And by the way, do not believe that *Shylock* appears in *Portia's* garden. The lights were carefully reduced to a spotlight focus, blanking out all suggestion of scenic locale, when the old Jew tottered to the center of the stage to strike *Jessica* with the deed and his 'Chrétienne' at her unrepentant head.

"I do not plead Monsieur Gémier's case, but I do wish to point out that in his own country he has deserved well of our consideration for his interest in Shakespeare. Moreover, the idea of bringing Monsieur Gémier and the Odéon company to America was to let us see what the French theater, as represented by its leading producer, one of its best actors and its finest company, is doing. We have discovered that in some respects—especially on our own ground—we do things much better, but also we have seen—even in Shakespeare—that this particular organization manages so to dovetail its acting powers that we can not rival the effect such ensemble creates. It was this that was notable about Monsieur Gémier's 'Merchant of Venice.'"

As for the translation, which was the work of Lucien Népoty, the blame, maintains this writer, is not Monsieur Gémier's:

"His may be the special responsibility in this instance; but the fault is that of the French public for tolerating these many years such puerile versions of the classic English poet. But who are we to cry 'shame'? For years we self-conscious Americans have been distorting French play after French play. The seeds we have sown are in full growth. Are not the French gorgeously returning the compliment when in grand manner they take our grandest author and rewrite him?

"Another of your correspondents objected to the prices Monsieur Gémier proposed to charge in Boston. For eighty-five cents in Paris he might obtain a seat as good as that offered here for three dollars and fifty cents 'plus.' But does he earn that eighty-five cents in Paris or in Boston, and how does he square his budget when he enters upon the steamship fares? Messrs. Kahn, Shubert and their associates paid Monsieur Gémier's and his company's steamship fares to and from America; they paid them also a sufficiently bold sum to enable them to lose three weeks in transit, to keep the Odéon going, denuded of its best players, while they were in America, and to feed and to house them while they were in our cities instead of Paris. Is it not time—and I myself have been guilty of it—that some one stops returned tourists from boasting of cheap opera and theater prices abroad?

"One more word. Your correspondent of Monday approves the 'true freedom from tradition as in Barrymore's *Hamlet*.' How does he reconcile such liking for the *King* at prayer in the faces of front-row spectators with his dislike of *Bassanio's* musing 'sentimentally over *Portia* in the faces of the gallery'? And did he find the grotesque figures of Barrymore's play-scene less un-Shakespearean than the 'chorus of five Jews moving geometrically about Shylock'?

"But who of us is consistent? I, myself, who am no purist with 'The Merchant,' was severely annoyed at Monsieur Népoty's opening the play in *Portia's* boudoir, where the stately *Prince of Morocco*—more like a Southern plantation darkey than a noble Moor—and the exquisite *Duke of Aragon* in duetto fashion select the unproper caskets."

As Monsieur Gémier was leaving he issued a statement showing there was no rancor following the meager patronage he had received:

"The responsiveness of your audiences has imprest us. There is a vivid, vital, alert appreciation felt in your theatre that has been very grateful and very gratifying to us. Such relationship between the public and the player quickens the artist to exert all his powers to win the approval of those in front of the footlights. I am very eager to act in New York in the English language. Perhaps this may be possible some day."

TOO MUCH ELIZABETHAN WORSHIP

LAMB AND SWINBURNE spread the butter too thick on the Elizabethan dramatists, thinks Mr. William Archer; and English, and to some extent German criticism, has followed them in uplifting too high the banner of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Mr. Archer even thinks that we do "a grave injustice to Shakespeare by the undiscriminating and fanatical worship of his contemporaries." The Elizabethan drama from Greene, Peele, and Marlowe on, Mr. Archer admits, was "undoubtedly a most interesting and characteristic product of a wonderfully stirring, burgeoning, and colorful age," and nearly every one who wrote in those days "contrived to write, occasionally at least, with fine imagination and haunting melody." But "Elizabethan worship" claims for this body of literature "extraordinary merit as drama." And here Mr. Archer parts company not only with criticism but with a good deal of Shakespeare too. His words, delivered before the British Drama League, are reported in the London *Times* in its characteristic indirect form. We take the liberty of making them "direct":

"I admit that there is a good deal of dramatic vigor in many Elizabethan plays, but I suggest that the technical methods of the time were so crude, undeveloped, and haphazard that, outside Shakespeare, there is scarcely a work of the period to which one can point as a good play. Apart from Shakespeare there is not one of the Elizabethans who can for a moment be compared as a dramatic artist with Corneille, Racine, or Molière, or even with Calderon, Goethe, or Schiller.

"To-day Shakespeare alone of all his contemporaries has any life whatever on the regular stage. The worshipers of Jonson or Webster or Ford may, perhaps, allege that this superior vitality is due to the factitious and largely superstitious prestige which some unaccountable chance has conferred on Shakespeare's work, but this argument will not hold in view of the fact that not even the name of Shakespeare can make his worse, his characteristically Elizabethan, works attractive on the stage. Some people can work up a modish enthusiasm for 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'All's Well That Ends Well,' and even 'Timon of Athens,' but nothing can save them from being bad and dull plays. 'Measure for Measure' contains some of his finest passages, but it, too, is a defective, mistaken play, which gives little real pleasure to an audience. 'Troilus and Cressida' does not seem to have been intended for the stage. Even 'Coriolanus,' tho certainly a great work, is somehow harsh, crabbed, and unpleasing.

"Only about 20 of the 37 plays attributed to Shakespeare are really alive for modern audiences; 14 are to all intents and purposes dead, and three or four hover on the borderline. Of perhaps 400 plays produced between 1580 and 1640 only 20 survive to-day on the English-speaking stage, and four or five on the stage of all the world. When we find that every one of the 20 appeared as the work of Shakespeare, is it reasonable to conclude that blind chance or groundless prejudice made this inexorably exclusive selection?

"The minor Elizabethans were too much neglected in the eighteenth century, and since Lamb brought them into fashion, they have been made a law unto themselves and have never been subjected to what might be called specifically dramatic criticism. May it not be said that the typical Elizabethan dramatist was a man of considerable literary and poetic power who was attracted to the stage not by any innate gift for drama, but by the social circumstances and influences of the time? There was a great demand for plays, and dramatic writing was the one way to 'easy money.'"

Such declarations, in face of the Phoenix Society, dedicated to the revival of old plays, could not be expected to go unchallenged. The Manchester *Guardian* doesn't swallow Mr. Archer at all:

"Mr. Archer's assumption is that we have found out the Elizabethans and Jacobeans to be tedious dramatists and so leave their work on the dusty bookshelf. But it may be equally true that we are to blame for insufficient worship, and that if we knew more about the art of theatrical enjoyment we would see to it that Jonson was not left to university towns and London's more select Sunday evenings. The word 'minor' is a wretched cloak for Jonson's bulk of wit and pressure of comic force, but if we include him among Mr. Archer's rejected, we do so at our own cost. If one penetrates the forest of the English theater of that time it is easy to find some rank or feeble shoots amid the

P and A. photograph.

WHILE THE BRITISH POPULACE DEBATED, THE PRIMA DONNAS DINED

Personnel of a dinner-party given in London to international concert artists. Frieda Hempel and Galli-Curci are seen seated together at the reader's left. Elsewhere are the familiar faces of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler, Joseph Hyslop, Wilhelm Backhaus and Dame Clara Butt.

tremendous fertility of growth, but a repertory theater, which staged at intervals 'The Alchemist,' 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' 'The Duchess of Malfi,' 'Every Man in his Humor,' and 'That Shoemaker's Holiday,' could hardly be said to be wasting its time or boring any supporter of reasonable intelligence."

A MUSICAL BATTLE-GROUND IN ENGLAND

AN AMUSING POSTWAR CONFLICT has just ended in an armistice in England. Two American singers, one born in Germany, the other in Italy, recently took Great Britain as a battle-ground, and with their notes stirred up the British side-lines into a veritable conflict of bitter judgment. Which was the better singer, they asked themselves, Galli-Curci or Frieda Hempel? Sides were taken, tongues wagged, pens flowed, until *Mr. Punch* stept in to try to settle the matter. To stolid outsiders it might seem no more solvable than to decide which was better, a peach or a pear. The critic of *The Daily Mail* thought Madame Hempel "the more finished singer" with a "greater musical range." Madame Galli-Curci is described as "the more typically Italian singer," with her "crystal-clear, 'whitish' tones." Outside London, where concerts are perhaps less frequent and various, the battle took on more fervor. Thus, the Liverpool *Post:*

"To hear on consecutive Sundays two singers of the foremost rank, each representative of one of the broad divisions of the world of song, has been of more than common interest. This afternoon Frieda Hempel was singing at the Albert Hall, where Madame Galli-Curci sang a week ago, and sang better than on her first appearance. The latter represents not merely Italy but the whole art of the south, whilst the coloring of Frieda Hempel's voice has the mellower coloring of the north. Of the two she is the richer in those emotional, not to say sentimental, inflections which to our taste constitute the human as distinct from the purely instrumental aspect of singing.

"Very few Italian singers could convey as much by coloring alone as Frieda Hempel did to-day, especially in Loewe's charming song. Each line of the playful poem claimed its own shading, and the whole giving had an iridescence which is very different from the hard brilliance of Italian singing. At the same time this wonderful singer is at least technically quite at home when invading Italian territory as in 'Ernani Involami.' There, perhaps, one misses that peculiar soulless metallic luster that belongs to the South, but musically this kind of performance does not compare with the other for interest, and Miss Hempel would lose none of her hold upon us if she dropt it altogether. Still, she elects to do it, and does it with vastly more success than the Italian could achieve upon a counter-invasion."

When *Punch* took up the cudgels he first exprest his bewilderment, but finally settled down to a view somewhat more favorable to the Italian:

THE RIVALS

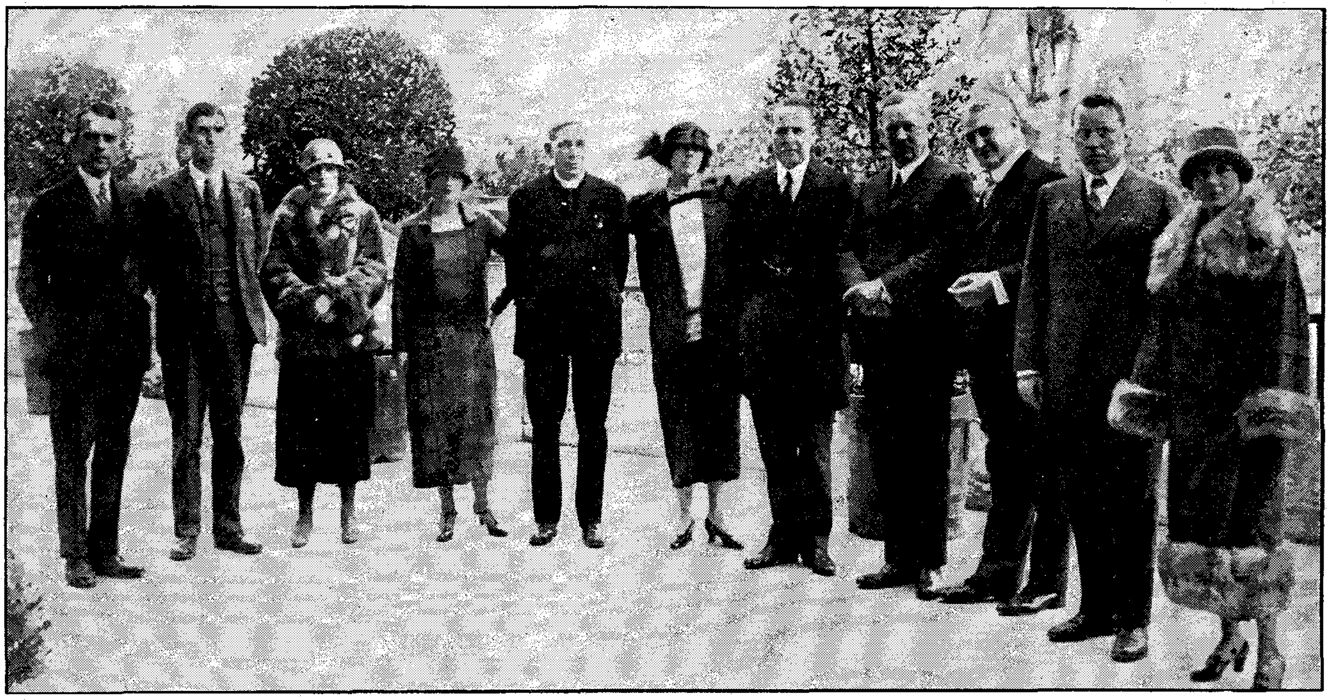
(Critics and amateurs are divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Mme. Frieda Hempel and Madame Galli-Curci, who in private life is Mrs. Homer Samuels.)

Despite the grave importance of Elections
There are indubitably certain sections
Of the community quite unconcerned
With Candidates, rejected or returned.
Just now, e. g., in Music's charmed domain,
Where stars rise suddenly and shine and wane,
The rival merits of two queens of song
Preoccupy the melomaniac throng.
And while one party finds their *favorita*
In Galli-Curci, agile Amelita,
The other group in Music's inmost temple
Seek to enshrine the gifted Frieda Hempel.
I, who have never heard a single note
Proceeding out of either diva's throat,
Am clearly not entitled to a vote.
I learn at second-hand that Amelita
Is dark and slim and graceful as a cheetah,
While blonde and golden-haired is Madame Frieda
A mixture of a Siren and *Armida.*
But, on the whole and from a due regard
For Greece's glory and the Chian bard,
I am prepared to back the singer's claim
Whose husband's honorable Christian name
(Though "Christian" would be counted a misnomer
By *Mr. Pecksniff*) is no less than Homer.

A ripost to this was to be expected, and a correspondent adds the following:

Religion, real estate and family fame
A wife may hold within her husband's name;
And baseball Homers make the welkin ring—
But this, you see, is quite another thing.
Let others reason, argue, plead and wheedle
I gladly give the crown, with love, to FRIEDL!

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE AMERICAN "DEATH BATTALION" IN THE WAR ON OPIUM

Fifth from the reader's left is Bishop Brent, who quit the first conference in disgust because it resulted only in "a bundle of compromises." The others of the Americans attending the conferences at Geneva are, from left to right: William Norris, Joseph Keegan, Miss Woehnert, Miss Constance Drexel, Mrs. Hamilton Wright, delegate; Representative Stephen G. Porter, chairman of the delegation; former U. S. Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, delegate; Edward F. Erk, Edwin Neville, delegate, and Miss Christensen.

THE LOSING FIGHT AGAINST THE DEADLY POPPY

OPIUM WINS. That, in effect, is the verdict of the American press following Bishop Charles H. Brent's gesture of despair in quitting the first opium conference after it had failed to produce anything more than "a bundle of compromises." However, veteran fighter that he is, the Bishop himself does not abandon hope entirely, and looks to a satisfactory agreement from the second conference. The first conference, concerned with the opium-producing countries, collapsed, was revived, and collapsed again. In its hour of resurrection it drew up a tentative agreement to control the opium traffic by governmental monopoly and by an educative propaganda, except where the Government considers such propaganda undesirable because of local conditions. This left the situation exactly where it was, in the opinion of the American Bishop, and stultified the conference. "To keep silence and acquiesce in the agreement," he said, as we quote from press reports, "would make us delinquents in our responsibilities as signatories to the Hague Convention, which charges us, equally with the nations represented at the first conference, with taking progressive and effective measures for suppression of the use of prepared opium." The establishment of a governmental monopoly, he pointed out, "leaves the substance of the problem untouched. It is not compulsory, and at best it is a hesitating step." It can, he said, "never be other than a hazardous experiment, except as a temporary expedient for a specified purpose and for a limited period." The Bishop's wrath was especially aroused against the exception clause contained in the article providing for education of the young against the dangers of opium. He declared:

"It would take a sophist, or even a Mephistopheles, to explain why so simple and honest a plan should have been marred and defeated by having tacked upon it the words 'except when the Government considers such measures undesirable under the conditions existing in its territory.' The article begins with 'utmost efforts' and closes with as fine a piece of hedging as any gambler ever employed in a horse-race. It is the trifling principle of playing with language in a solemn covenant. If it were for the children of our own body and homes, we would not tolerate it. Why, then, should we tolerate it for the children of the Orient?"

However, when the time came to sign the agreement, no pen was inked, the delegates announcing, one after the other, that they could not sign. A striking comment on the workings of the conference was uttered by Dr. Alfred Sze, head of the Chinese delegation. In announcing he would not sign, he said: "I would like to remark that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the first conference is peculiar."

The second gathering on opium, the Opium Control Conference of the League of Nations, which is adjourned to January 12, seems, we are told, in a fair way to follow the path of the first, tho some observers are still hopeful. No agreement could be reached on the American plan to limit opium production to actual medical and scientific needs. In despair the Japanese delegate, Mr. Sugimura, withdrew, declaring that he had nothing more that he could give to the conference. Moreover, as he said to the conference, he has "no hope that any decision can be reached now by the people at present engaged in the discussion. The only hope of any agreement being reached is by a change in the personnel of the subcommittee. It needs new minds, new suggestions." To a representative of the New York *Times*, he said later:

"During eight months' discussion I presented eight different compromise plans without success. I can't do any more. We

> need new people in this discussion and we need more backing from the outside world in the important work we are trying to do. The greatest danger in opium is not for the Orientals. It is for the white races.
>
> "If the white races do not wish to be completely demoralized, we must stamp out this evil. The Japanese are the only Orientals who are not dominated by the West. That is because they do not use opium. If the white people do not want to degenerate, they must suppress drugs."

Discussion without progress characterized later sessions, until it was agreed to adjourn the conference to permit the delegates to lay the American plan before their Governments. Persia is said to be willing, provided the United States will lend her $10,000,000 to finance the change to cultivating silk, tobacco, cotton and other products in the place of the revenue-bearing opium. India has exprest her unwillingness to go so far on the ground that many Indian natives eat opium, and can not be expected to give up the habit on short notice. China is said to be helpless, owing to her internal condition, without the cooperation of other nations, and other opium-producing nations are said to want an inquiry into the effect a reduction in opium-growing would have on their revenue. Thus, after weeks of talk and years of agitation, the opium problem is still on the international table. Geneva, comments the New York *Herald Tribune* sadly, "was intended to be a peculiarly internationally minded center, where broad world interests would prevail against the petty interests of particular nations. The opium discussions have disclosed no such condition of mind. . . . A splendid prospect of world cooperation fades away with the rebuffs given Bishop Brent and the American delegation at the Geneva conferences." In short, comments the Toledo *Blade*, economic and nationalist interests weigh more than consideration for humanity:

> "What, for example, are a few thousand pitiful victims of the drug curse, located in some lonesome island of the Pacific, to some trader who sends out opium from Shanghai for the thousand or so per cent. of profit there is in it?
>
> "Where such callousness prevails among nations, where vested interests are of so much more importance than the happiness of mankind, it is foolish to hope for world-wide agreements about war-making that can hold. The League of Nations, futile to stop the drug evil, must be futile in stopping anything else."

If the nations profiting by the opium trade will not consent to the American plans, declares the Omaha *Bee*, "then the United States has nothing to do but make a protest in such unmistakable language that the whole world will sit up and take notice." As it is, "there can be no satisfactory settlement of this question so long as so-called Christian nations join hands with non-Christian nations in upholding a traffic merely because it means increased trade returns." "If great nations like France, Great Britain, Italy, and others think more of aiding their nationals in rolling up wealth through traffic in narcotic drugs than they do of the emancipation of the world's peoples from the shackles of a soul-destroying, habit-forming drug," says the Tacoma *Daily Ledger*, "then indeed will they be forever estopt from laying claim to the possession of civilization, within the proper meaning of that word."

Yet all crusades are difficult, and opium, as we learn from other sources, presents a peculiarly difficult problem in the Far East, akin, in some respects, to our own liquor problem. There, we are told, time must remain the chief ally of the crusaders. We learn something of the difficulty from the London *Times*, which we quoted elsewhere in these pages on December 6, and the Des Moines *Register* adds this comment:

> "After our long experience with getting rid of liquor on our own side, should we not learn that the part of wisdom in dealing with the East in this matter of opium is to commit the East to restriction and then by easy stages to secure the abolition of the traffic? Should we not in our first cooperation with the League of Nations be willing to act on the judgment of others a little, especially in a matter which they know all about and which we know directly but little about?"

REPEALING THE JUNGLE LAW

IF YOU BELIEVE that there is no God of love, that the world is the result of a series of accidents, and that the law of the jungle is the law of man, then, with tooth and toenail, you ought to oppose any idea of making peace. It all depends on a question of fact, whether Christ was the Son of God or a megalomaniac. In this characteristically vigorous language, "Woodbine Willie," who went through the welter of war as a British Army chaplain, gives us the choice of accepting Christ and disarmament, or denying him as a false teacher and recognizing ourselves as a pack of wolves, ready to destroy to save being destroyed. Happily, "Woodbine Willie"—the nickname given to the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy—believes that the war-fever is abating. He sees signs that men are beginning to reject war as the only means of survival. Our strong men, he says, are not nearly so comfortable when they are "doing murder and doing injustice" as they used to be. The change is due to the fact that Christ has gotten under the skins of men, acknowledge it or not, as they will. "You may deny it," he goes on in an article in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational); "you may never go to church; you distrust parsons and churches; but He has got hold of you, and the thing your fathers triumphed in and gloried in He is making you hate in your soul. He has got hold of your innards, and you are weakening. You are not as good murderers and robbers as they used to be—not nearly."

Much space has been given to the talk against war; but it is not amiss to add a word from "Woodbine Willie," whose desire for peace was nourished, if not born, in the trenches. The marrow of the matter, he says, is either the highest truth or a dangerous public nuisance, and he tells his readers that they either ought to shut him up or else pay attention to what he says in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. "Anything is better than wobbling." So, the ex-chaplain tells us,

> "Either you must make justice and reason the basis of your entire constitution all over the world, seeking justice for the black man as for the white man, and appealing to reason and appealing to what is right; or, for God's sake, buckle on your sword, and use it as your fathers did without wavering.
>
> "But if you do that, beware of Christ. Because His power is bigger than you think. He has got hold of all sorts of people who never name His name. He has got right into the hearts of the civilized peoples of the world, and His laws and His dream hang around them. There are thousands who curse us parsons, but they curse us because we are not Christian enough. Lots of men who never bow the knee to Him—He has gotten hold of them, and He is weakening them, undermining their primitive power, undermining their savage force, and making them dream dreams of justice and the hope of a better world. It is a fatal dream unless God means it. If God does not mean that this world should become a finer and nobler place, that men should be built up into some sort of brotherhood resting ultimately upon justice, then it is a fatal and deadly thing to try—it is only one of these ideals."

As for himself, Mr. Studdert-Kennedy believes firmly that Jesus is right. He is frightened at the risks involved in trying for the ideal, and thinks that any man who is not frightened at the risks is either a hero or a fool. Peace as Christ wills it, he says, can not be had without running risks. Yet he is much more frightened at what will happen to humanity if we do not obey Christ, and he goes on:

> "I believe that Christ was right, that God is our Father, that we are His children, and that men can be made into a unity resting upon justice and upon right. And in that task the English-speaking peoples must lead the way. But it is going to be a dangerous business, and a business that demands every power we possess. I bid you pray with me that we may be brave enough, reckless enough, gallant enough, to seek peace, and to run the perils that we must be exposed to if we are to find it. It is not a task that is finished yet or is likely to be finished in our time, but it is a task that our children's children will see accomplished if we follow it with a single purpose and with a high and a gallant heart."

CHRIST IN THE FOUNDRY

INSTALLING CHRIST as the head of a foundry is a bold venture in business; but it has been done, and it is being made to pay—in contentment and cash. The story comes late, but the lesson may abide. To John J. Eagan, of Atlanta, the Golden Rule was something more than an ideal for theorists to dawdle over; it was a principle to be applied in industry, in every-day life, seven days a week. He put it into practise in the American Cast Iron Pipe Company at Birmingham and gave the public a fair deal and his employees a living wage, incidentally trebling his own fortune. Stray dispatches mentioned the venture now and then, but it remains for *The Survey* to give us a brief outline of Mr. Eagan's success. It is one of the romances of religion, and when the history of modern ventures in Christianity comes to be written it would not be complete without the story of the Kingdom of God set up in a foundry, along with the story of "Golden Rule" Nash's successful experiment in the clothing industry.

Courtesy of *The Survey*, (New York)

CHRIST HIS FOREMAN

John J. Eagan found in practising the Golden Rule "the only safe thing to do and the *only* way."

Mr. Eagan, we are told, began his life with that best of all inheritances—a religious bent from his mother. At thirty a moderate fortune came to him, too, and in 1903 he invested in the Birmingham foundry and became its largest stockholder. Under his management the business prospered, so that in 1911 he decided to give up business cares and devote himself to "the advancement of the Kingdom of God." But, with his decision, as Marion M. Jackson tells the story, he began a study of social, civic and industrial questions in the light of the standard of right and wrong set up by Jesus Christ. It was inevitable that his study should lead him to the decision that his task lay ready to his hand—in the foundry. His chance came when he was made president of the company. Two additional boards were constituted. One was a Board of Management, composed of the heads of departments, having charge of the company's business as an executive committee of the Board of Directors. The other was a Board of Operatives, elected by the workmen, which must be consulted by the Board of Management on questions affecting the employees, such as changes in wages, hours of work, working and living conditions. Two of its number are nominated by its members to serve on the company's board of directors. Mr. Eagan proposed to pay the earnings upon the company's common stock to the two boards, as trustees, to be used by them to insure to each of the employees "an income which together with his wage . . . will enable the employee to maintain a decent standard of living," the boards to be the sole judges of the amount needed for the purpose. If there was any balance, a dividend of 8 per cent. upon the money which he had actually invested in the stock was to be paid him. Everything remaining was then to go to the trustees for the employees. As the writer carries on the interesting story:

"'The real question,' he wrote Mrs. Eagan, 'is, "have I the spirit of Christ: and if so, have I enough of His life in me to sell it to these men?" . . .

"'To change men's ideals so that they prefer sacrifice for Christ to gain for self, can only be done by the power of Christ.'

"In a letter written just before Christmas, 1922, he said: 'Our men are feeling the Christ spirit as never before. But what a need there is! I learned more of this to-day as I walked home with a negro workman who has been in our employ only sixty days. Came from a farm near La Grange. Earns only fifteen dollars per week and has a wife and five children. Has not enough money to buy books and clothes to send them to school.'

"This president of a twentieth-century corporation in a Southern State, himself Southern born and reared, saw more than the negro and his needs. Christ was as real to him, as he walked with the negro home through the deepening shadows in the Alabama city, as to the two disciples walking with the Master to Emmaus in far-off Judea. The white man could not close his eyes to the worries and burdens of the black man at his side and continue to walk with Christ. Eagan had seen this, and had made his choice. With the close of 1922, and at the opening of 1923, he was again reviewing and analyzing the situation, forecasting the future after a year of service as president of the company. Beneath the figures 1922 he wrote:

"'Faced management of Acipco. Faced financial outlook as had lost money in 1921.

"'Answer—Shipped more tons and made more money than in all our history. Organization very much stronger to-day than a year ago—more lines and greater possibilities—$200,000 appropriated for 1923 to make organization stronger. Minimum wages secured. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'

"Cooperation between management and men, democratic control with a leader sincerely striving to 'walk with Christ' had paid. Below the question whether he should continue to serve as president of the company he wrote:

"'For Jesus' sake, make a plain path for my feet. Outlook this year good one from business standpoint. Way open for you to adopt new sales policy based upon lowest possible profit, and largest possible service to public—to sell service and sacrifice to all your salesmen. Way open for you to put in better system of welfare and service for men. Your policy as to purchase of iron, etc., safer and better than would be without you. You have put a lifetime in business and now have the opportunity to turn it into service for the public.

"'Fear not, for I am with thee—be strong and of good courage—Have not I commanded thee? Why criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.'

"To the list of obstacles to be overcome, he added:

"'Old selfish system that tries to regulate instead of substituting the system of Christ.'

"And, to be noted in his plans and purposes, he made these jottings:

"'Thirteen hundred men and their families involved. The whole present industrial system and the present conception of Christianity as a thing not closely connected with investments and the daily job involved. The substitution of service and sacrifice in place of pecuniary gain. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."'

"At the outset, he had written Mrs. Eagan: 'I know this following out the principles of Jesus Christ is not to be easy. When was it ever easy to follow Him whose path leads only to the cross? But I know also that this is the only safe thing to do, and the *only* way.'"

Just before the breakdown which was to result in his death, Mr. Eagan wrote to his wife: "As we approach difficulties they seem to disappear or to be overcome. God is blessing us greatly. . . . It is great that He promises wisdom to those who work in faith." One more step, we are told, is to be taken before the whole plan of cooperation as designed by Mr. Eagan will be in effect. This is the election of two directors to speak for the public in the company's Board of Directors. Mr. Eagan died in March, 1924. His will, we read, gives the common stock of the foundry company to the members of the Board of Management and the Board of Operatives, and their successors in office, in trust for their fellow workers and for those who buy pipe of the company. The will closes with the words:

"To insure service both to the public and to labor on the basis of the Golden Rule given by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE CHAPBOOK (London) that used to come bringing its monthly grist of verse has now withdrawn into an annual; but one of those delightful annuals of prose, verse and picture that reward preservation. These humorous lines make the birds something more than human:

CUCKOOS, LARKS AND SPARROWS

By Camilla Doyle

The cuckoo is a heartless bird,
  Enraging kindly pairs;
But he sounds gayer, being rid
  Of home and all his cares.

He has a merry double note,
  Copied quite verbatim
From the imps that laughed when Adam fell;
  And decent sparrows hate him.

Though the lark can sing with mouths to fill
  Not everyone can be
A genius and a housekeeper
  Together, as can he.

Housework would make the cuckoo
  Too tired to cuckoo more;
His head would ring all day with dreams
  That came the night before,

Hammering against his brows
  For notes to let them through—
He'd put them off all day and then
  At night postpone them too.

The sparrows live in dusty crowds
  With endless quarrelling
For building-straws and crumbs of bread—
  No wonder they don't sing.

The lark is strong enough for both
  Singing and home-affairs;
But the cuckoo's gayest, being rid
  Of home and all his cares.

Rolling from a distant shore comes *The Wave* (Copenhagen, Denmark) with this transcript of universal life:

MOTHER

By Johannes Weltzer

Translated from the Danish by
Winifred Anderson

You were a girl, and you dreamed.
Your hair gleamed golden and free in charming disorder.
Your laughter rang out, and your strong little hands took firm hold on things;
Bright-eyed you went out to meet life.

Like clusters of lilac your dreams burst into flower,
Overwhelmingly splendid; and joyful as song;
Your day was a streak of sunshine.

You were a girl, and you dreamed.
Night lifted his stern face before you,
And you looked into his eyes.

Your hair lies smooth and gray, and your hands are old,
  Work-hardened and rough;
Symbols of love are your hands.
And the failing beats of your heart
Are like hands that give, and give.

You were a girl, and you dreamed.

You are Mother. Behind your eyes lies the heart of God.

Better than the psychoanalyst—or would the psychoanalysts claim her—would be the one to give such advice to clean one's soul. Here is an intensely dramatic poem from *The London Mercury:*

FROM OUR GHOSTLY ENEMY

By Robert Graves

The fire was already white ash
  When the lamp went out
And the clock at that signal stopped:
The man in the chair held his breath
  As if Death were about.

The Moon shone bright as a lily
  On his books outspread.
He could read in that lily light:
"When you have endured your fill,
  Kill!" the book read.

The print being small for his eyes,
  To ease their strain
A hasty candle he lit,
Keeping the page with his thumb.
  "Come, those words again!"

But the book he held in his hand
  And the page he held
Spelt prayers for the sick and needy.
"By God, they are wanted here,"
  With fear his heart swelled.

"I know of an attic ghost,
  Of a cellar ghost,
And of one that stalks in the meadows
But here's the spirit I dread,"
  He said, "the most.

"Who without voice or body
  Distresses me much,
Twists the ill to holy, holy to ill,
Confuses me, out of reach
  Of speech or touch.

"Who works by moon or by noon,
  Threatening my life.
I am sick and needy indeed."
He then went filled with despairs
  Upstairs to his wife.

He told her these things, adding
  "This morning alone
Writing, I felt for a match-box:
It rose up into my hand
  Understand, on its own.

"In the garden yesterday
  As I walked by the beds,
With the tail of my eye I caught
'Death within twelve hours'
  Written in flowers' heads."

She answered him, simple advice
  But new, he thought, and true.
"Husband, of this be sure
That whom you fear the most
  This ghost, fears you.

"Speak to the ghost and tell him
  'Whoever you be,
Ghost, my anguish equals yours;
Let our cruelties therefore end.
  Your friend let me be.' "

He spoke, and the ghost, who knew not
  How he plagued that man,
Ceased, and the lamp was lit again,
And the dumb clock ticked again
  And the reign of peace began.

The recurrent fear is hinted at in these lines from *Poetry* (Chicago) and we leave it to the mothers to set the times and seasons:

EIGHT MONTHS OLD

By Marion Strobel

Eight months ago, when you were born,
  You were a tiny thing and light.
I was afraid to touch you much,
  Or hold you very tight.

And then quite suddenly you grew
  Fast as a little willow sprig,
And I was reassured—within
  My arms you felt so big.

But oh, to-day you laughed at me,
  And stood alone and did not fall!
And oh, I am afraid again—
  You are so small—so small.

In *The London Mercury* Hardy offers this bit of verse embodying his characteristic philosophy:

WAITING BOTH

By Thomas Hardy

A star looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do—
  Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come."—"Just so,"
The star says: "So mean I:—
  So mean I."

It is possible that the following is not intended humorously, but modern Don Juans can not help being funny. We only need her reply, and perhaps *The Measure* (New York), where we read this, if not the writer, will supply it.

ADVICE

By Lindley Williams Hubbell

I could endure to have you die;
  Although I should be much bereft,
Still could I bear it, for I know
  There would be so much beauty left.
    But, if I might thus far make bold,
    I do forbid that you grow old.

Die if you must, for in the earth
  Your slow corruption would be hidden;
But to confront my strenuous eye
  With beauty's end, you are forbidden
    So if you'd have me hold you dear,
    Do not survive your thirtieth year.

Here is a little exercise in choosing. How many in the class choose poetry to life. *The Oxford Outlook*, a literary review edited by undergraduates, poses the query.

CHILDISHNESS

By Graham Greene

If I'd to choose, with Life in one scale,
Poetry in the other:
Life. The bus that tumbles through a golden haze,
With skyward lights that form a shifting crown,
And people and shop windows, lamplit, beautiful.
And Poetry. The little painted wooden horse,
With legs immovable,
And mane that's always getting chipped about,
My choice would much surprise you, I suppose,
But then I've never lost my childishness.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

PLAIN SAM GOMPERS AND HIS EMPIRE

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EARLY IN HIS CAREER

Mr. Gompers, organizer and first president of the American Federation of Labor, first won fame as an orator. This rare photograph was taken 35 years ago.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GRANDSON, afterwards Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany, was born on January 27; and on the same date a poor woman in London, Gompers by name, gave the world a baby which she named Samuel. Wilhelm's empire and honors have long since been taken from him, but the London baby named Samuel Gompers, turned American from the inside out, was saluted at his passing, the other day, as the ruler of one of the largest visible and invisible empires of the world to-day. He sat in council with the rulers of nations, deciding the fate of empires. He shook hands with kings in their palaces, relieved the worries of Prime Ministers. He was the personal friend of six American Presidents—McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. They often called him into consultation, and Wilson, especially, relied upon him. He organized the American Federation of Labor, was its president forty-three times, and finally became the president of the Pan-American Labor Federation, which he sponsored. Through it all, son of a cigar-maker, self-educated trades unionist that he was, he showed himself a tremendous fighter, a great diplomat, a keen executive. He died with a prayer for "our American institutions" on his lips. For he came to America when thirteen, and when he went back to the land of his birth in 1921, to be banqueted and honored by the English Government, the English papers commented on his thorough-going Americanism.

"The world's Labor Leader," Will P. Kennedy called him in a brief, pungent biography, published some time since in *The National Tribune* of Washington, practically an autocrat, who, through thick and thin, carried more composure and less affectation than are shown by most emperors. "That was Sam Gompers," writes Mr. Kennedy—

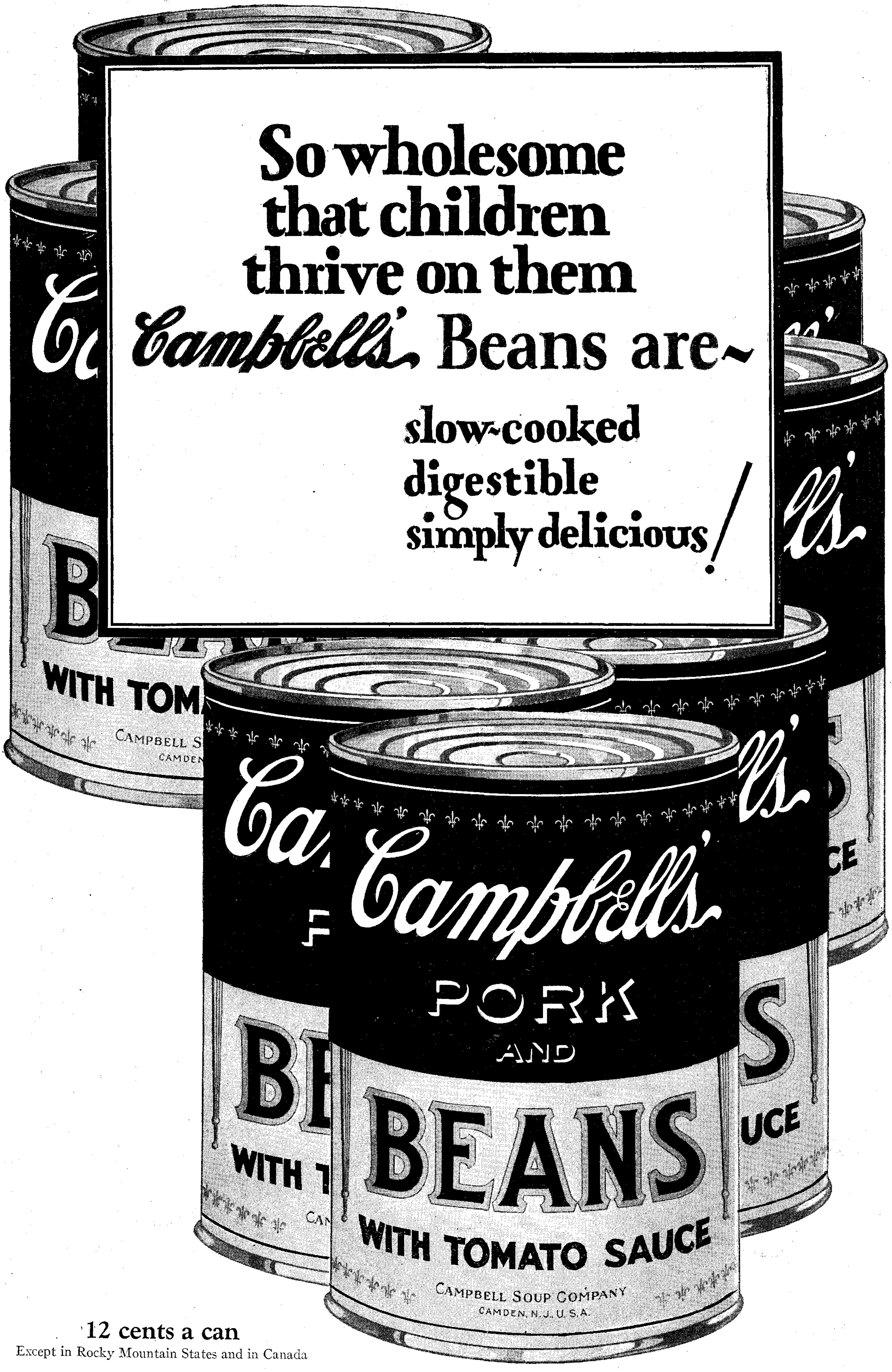
> A Jew, born of a people who have no home-country on the face of the globe, has, through a life of devotion, culminating in the International Labor Commission, been a benefactor to all nations by bettering the working conditions of that great spread of humanity that comes closest to the fundamentals of life. Russia has a Jew, Trotzky, spreading Bolshevism; the American Jew, Gompers, was against Bolshevism. All his life a student and active worker for social betterment, he persistently fought against Socialism and for trade-unionism on this principle: trade-unionism means, he believed, rational progress and development of society, that does not come by leaps and bounds. The Socialists, on the other hand, would have everything at once, a grab rather than a work for principle; and that kind of progress, Mr. Gompers said, brings rebounds and reactions.

He was born into a family of workers in one of the poorer districts of London, recalls Mr. Kennedy, turning back to his origin. At ten years old he was taken out of school and apprenticed to a shoemaker, but he did not like the trade and took up that of his father, cigar-making. After his day's work, which lasted from twelve to fourteen hours in those days before the unions had shortened the hours of labor, he attended evening school. At the age of thirteen, continues Mr. Kennedy, in the year when the battle of Gettysburg was fought, he came to this country. And at fourteen: He was a leading spirit in organizing the first cigar-makers' union in New York City, in which he retained a membership up to the day of his death. At twenty-one he became a naturalized citizen. At twenty-four he was secretary of the "Local" and served for six consecutive terms as its president, and represented it in the State federative bodies.

Meanwhile he studied nights. His first serious reading was a batch of anti-slavery pamphlets, and he became a strong abolitionist as against all forms of involuntary servitude, especially against social injustice that forced children to work as he did, at ten years of age. As he rolled cigars with his hands, his brain was active with uplifting thoughts and ambitions for which he was willing to work. The cigar-makers found that they could work better if their minds were kept engaged. They arranged a scheme of having one of their number read, the others making pro-rata contributions of the number of cigars he could have made if he had been working instead of reading. Sam Gompers was a favorite reader. It is to this experience that he attributes the cultivation of a mellow speaking voice, precise enunciation, and

ARTISTS APPRECIATED HIS "FIGHTING FACE"

A faint resemblance to Disraeli, that other great English-Jewish statesman, may be seen in the labor leader's face as he poses for his bust in a London studio.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WITH TOMATO SAUCE
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So wholesome that children thrive on them

Campbell's Beans are~

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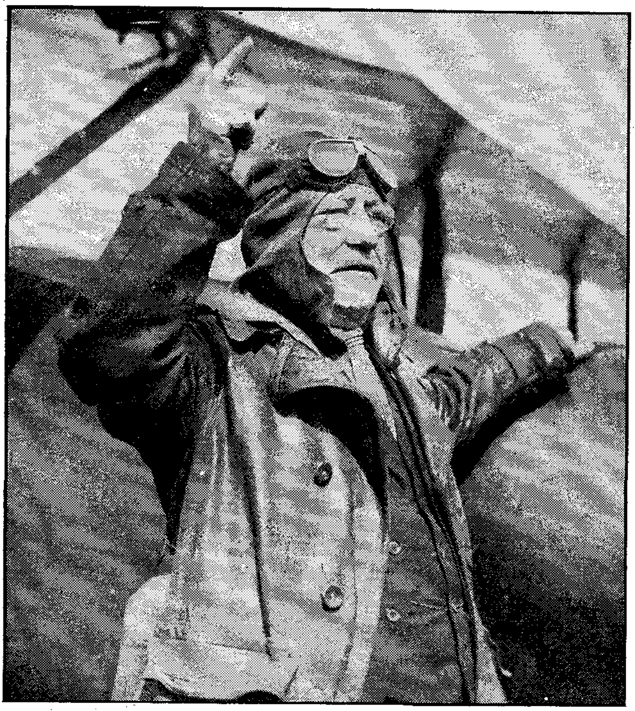


"EVER UPWARD AND ONWARD"

At least Mr. Gompers seems to be pointing some such moral as he proves his up-to-dateness by taking an airplane to a labor convention.

an interpretative inflection that have won him innumerable audiences and a flood of offers for lecture tours—which he had persistently refused.

This reading aloud had also opened up his brain to desires for broader self-culture. Starting with Dickens and Thackeray, he read most of the British authors, John Stuart Mill and the British and German economists. Instead of adopting their theories, he developed a mind of his own on social matters, distinguishing sharply between Socialism and trade-unionism. He became one of the best-read men in America.

The American Federation of Labor stands as a monument to Sam Gompers's single purpose. While editing *The Picket* for his local union in New York, he became interested in a national association of trade-unions that would preserve the autonomy of the locals. On that principle, under his leadership, the Cigarmakers' Union fought the Knights of Labor. In 1881 he helped to organize the American Federation of Labor, largely in protest against the Knights. He was elected president, but refused the office that year. The following year, however, the office was forced upon him, and he has been reelected ever since with the single exception of 1895, when John McBride, leader of the coal-miners, defeated him by a close vote.

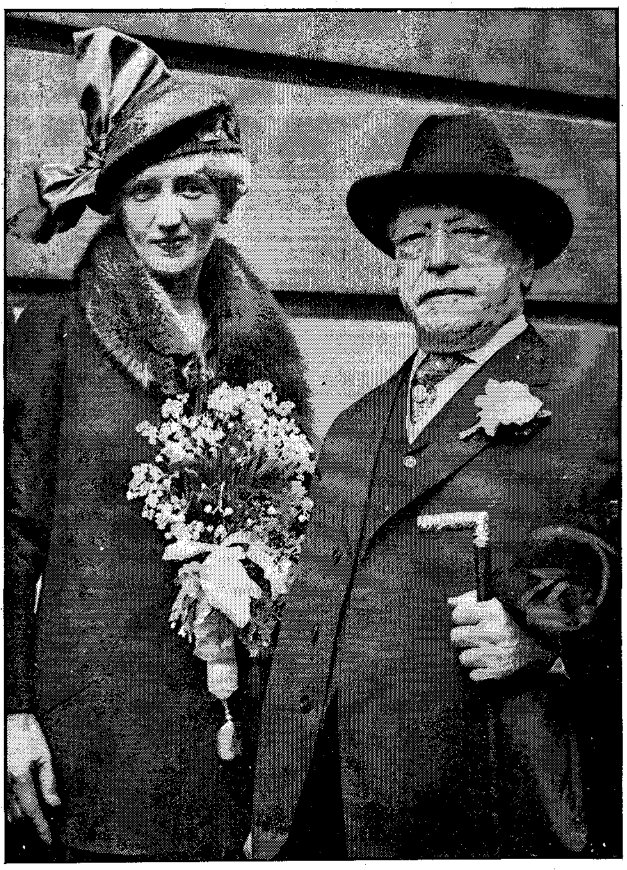
During his first five years as president, he drew no salary, and in one year his total expense account was thirteen dollars. In 1886 the Federation was reorganized, and the president, henceforth to devote all his time to the Federation activities, was allowed a salary of $1,000. Gompers has made the American Federation of Labor the greatest labor organization the world has ever known—existing by the sufferance of its constituent unions. This recognition of the complete autonomy and independence of the unions, inviolably maintained, coupled with very humble requests for money, has kept power exercised in a very moderate and cautious manner. This also is characteristic of its president, Sam Gompers. He fights with apparent abandon, but with a weather eye always open, so that he is not disconcerted by sudden turns in events.

The last six months of Mr. Gompers's life, points out a biographer in the New York *Herald Tribune*, included at once the greatest defeat and the greatest triumph of his leadership. In the presidential campaign of 1924:

> The radical element in the American Federation of Labor contrived publicly to commit that organization to the support of La Follette. This was doubly repugnant to Mr. Gompers, partly because he did not approve of La Follette's policies, and partly because he was, as he had always been, opposed to identifying the Federation with any political party. However, to avoid a rupture of the Federation, he accepted what had thus been forced upon him against his will and against his judgment.
>
> His double triumph came at the close of the campaign. The first part of it was in the refusal of a majority of the Federation members to vote the La Follette ticket, thus vindicating his policy of abstaining from party politics. The second came shortly after the national election, when he went to El Paso to the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor and was once more reelected president of that organization, and then went on to Mexico City, where he was reelected president of the Pan-American Federation of Labor and was the recipient of international honors such as no other labor leader had ever known.
>
> Mr. Gompers, more than any other man in America, was identified with the eight-hour work-day. About seventeen years ago he established a system by which one national union affiliated with the Federation was to be selected by it every year to demand the eight-hour work-day on May 1. The entire support of the Federation always was given to the union making the demand. The first union selected was the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, which had then a membership of about 50,000 throughout the country. The result was that only about 300 carpenters throughout the United States had to strike in order to enforce the demand. In each succeeding year another trade was selected to make the demand and eventually the movement grew until the eight-hour work-day extended to most of the mechanical trades.
>
> Several opportunities to enter public office were declined by Mr. Gompers at different times in his career. He refused to run for the state Senate in New York, altho offered both Republican and Democratic nominations. He declined a Republican nomination for Congress. Governor Hill, of New York, offered him a place on the state Board of Arbitration and President McKinley tendered him an appointment on the Industrial Commission, but he declined both. He was active in the agitation for a treaty between the United States and Great Britain which would provide for the arbitration of all disputes.

Throughout the Great War he was unreservedly on the side of the Allies. Long before America entered the war:

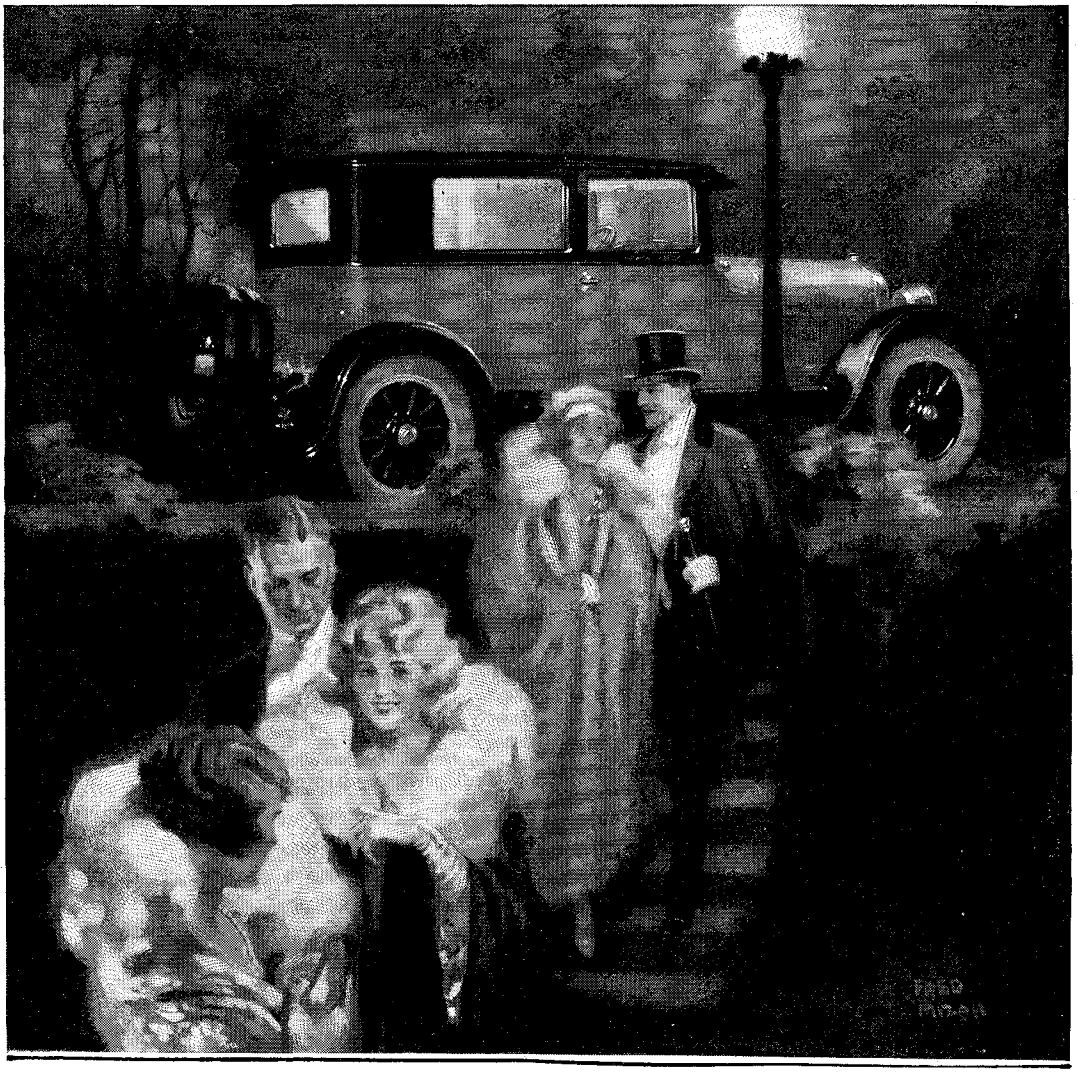
> Speaking, as he announced, for American labor, Mr. Gompers declared that "so long as Germany is ruled by an autocrat, so long as Germans occupy one inch of French, Belgian or Serbian soil, it is useless to invite representatives of the workers of the United States to talk peace across a conference table." He again pledged American labor unreservedly to winning the war.
>
> In February, 1918, Mr. Gompers, speaking for the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor, declined an invitation to be represented at a labor and Socialist conference in



MARRIED AT SEVENTY-ONE

This was four years ago, and here he is shown with his bride of 38, who was Mrs. Gertrude A. G. Neuscheler.

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS STANDARD OF THE WORLD



IN this new Cadillac Coach (priced the same as open cars) literally thousands of buyers will recognize the opportunity they have been awaiting and anticipating.

Here is a wonderfully balanced, five passenger Coach with Body by Fisher, finished in Cadillac-Duco in a new and attractive color, upholstered in taupe mohair plush, and fitted with dome light, window curtains, and foot rest—a beautiful, roomy, comfortable car.

Mounted on the standard V-63 Cadillac chassis, it assures to its owners standards of quiet, vibrationless performance, dependability and long economical service which they know are exclusively Cadillac.

At its appealing price this Coach, in addition to the Custom-Built and Standard V-63 lines, establishes more clearly than ever Cadillac's ability to combine highest quality with highest value in eight-cylinder manufacture.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

CADILLAC COACH

V63

> London, declaring that "we can not meet with representatives of those who are alined against us in this World War for freedom." Later, however, in September, 1918, he headed a delegation from the organization which attended the Interallied Labor Conference in London, and by his vigorous attitude in behalf of an unflinching adherence to the war program exerted a powerful influence on British labor and did much to allay threatened unrest and dissension in labor circles of England and Allied nations. He was absent in Europe for several months and was accorded the most distinguished honors by high officials of all the Allied Governments which he visited.
>
> Mr. Gompers was in Europe when the first definite moves for peace were made by the representatives of the Central Powers, and these moves repeatedly were denounced by him as part of a general "peace offensive" inaugurated to gain by diplomacy what could not be accomplished by war.
>
> When, however, the Armistice was declared and genuine peace negotiations began, Mr. Gompers went to Paris as the chief representative of American labor, and during a large part of the deliberations of the Peace Conference did valuable service as president of the commission on international labor legislation. This commission consisted of fifteen members, and at the beginning of its work Mr. Gompers stood practically alone in advocacy of the American contention that each country should settle its own domestic labor problems without invoking alien aid; but in the end he won the whole commission to his side.
>
> While in Europe on that errand he was the inflexible opponent of Bolshevism and radicalism, and when he went from Paris to the international labor and Socialist conference at Berne, he refused to recognize in any way the German delegates who were present.

He had strong opinions on nearly everything, and was not slow to express them. Among other things, says his biographer:

> Mr. Gompers was a vigorous opponent of national Prohibition, both as a war measure and as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, declaring that it infringed the individual liberties of the citizen, and he appeared several times before committees, both of Congress and of State legislatures, to protest against the enactment of Prohibition legislation. He was intimately connected with almost every great labor dispute in this country for thirty years and was in the thick of every fight involving the rights of labor unions, not only before Congressional and legislative committees, but in the courts.
>
> Probably no other man sponsored so much legislation designed to protect the interests of the working class. Before the organization of the American Federation of Labor in 1881 the interests of labor were guarded exclusively by small unions in the various States, organizations which often were at cross-purposes. Mr. Gompers, by establishing the Federation, formed the organized labor of the country into a compact unit, which grew rapidly to be a power in the political and industrial life of the nation.
>
> The measures calculated to benefit the workers which Mr. Gompers originated, or to which he lent his support, were almost innumerable. Among them were the eight-hour law for government employees; the various State laws fixing maximum hours of labor; the Federal workmen's compensation law; laws establishing Labor Day as a holiday in the various States; the law limiting the use of court injunctions in labor disputes; laws exempting labor unions from prosecution under the Sherman act, and laws regulating the punishment of union officials for contempt of court. Mr. Gompers also was largely responsible for the legislation which resulted in the establishment of the Department of Labor as a separate department of the Federal government.
>
> During his long administration of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Gompers often was called upon to avert threatened schisms in the body, and to harmonize factions which menaced the continued unanimity of the organization membership. His efforts always were successful. He upheld the "trades union" system of organization as distinguished from the "industrial union" plan. He was constantly being called to serve as mediator in labor disputes, and he was reputed to have settled more strikes than any other man in the history of the labor movement.
>
> Outspoken in his views on public questions, Mr. Gompers made many bitter critics, as well as stanch supporters. He charged German labor with having helped precipitate the world struggle, blamed Prohibition for causing "unrest" in the United States, urged a labor union of the two Americas, denounced a United States Senatorial investigation of Mexico as "Prussianism," supported the League of Nations, indorsed De Valera and "recognized" the Irish Republic, assailed the open-shop platform of the United States Chamber of Commerce, demanded that Asiatics be kept out of the United States, pleaded for the release of all political and war-time prisoners, including Debs; opposed the establishment by the Washington Administration of a Department of Welfare, praised President Harding's world disarmament efforts, and approved America's plan to aid famine-stricken Russia.

One of his greatest battles, which resulted in a sentence to prison for himself and two other labor leaders was in connection with the Buck Stove and Range case. As the writer recalls:

> The Buck's company's prosecution of Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, as officials of the American Federation of Labor, began in August, 1907, in connection with a strike of thirty-six metal polishers for a nine-hour instead of a ten-hour day. When the demand was refused, the Metal Polishers' Union declared a boycott, and was upheld by the Federation, which made the boycott general throughout the country. The original action was a test case, wherein it was sought to prevent labor unions from using the "Unfair" and "We don't patronize" lists in their fights against firms and individuals. At the hearing it was brought out that the Buck's company's business fell off 50 per cent. as the result of the action of the Federation.
>
> In the meantime the case had been taken to the Court of Appeals. The action of the labor men continued, and finally they were cited by the stove company to appear and show cause why they should not be punished for contempt of court. Justice Wright, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, found them guilty and sentenced Mr. Gompers to twelve months in jail, Mr. Mitchell to nine months, and Mr. Morrison to six months.
>
> Justice Wright's decision was a scathing denunciation of the defendants. He recited the conditions anteceding the injunction and referred to the fact that for twenty-five years the Buck's plant had operated as a ten-hour shop and always had maintained an "open shop."
>
> Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were released on nominal bail pending the appeal to the Court of Appeals, and in due time that court handed down the opinion sustaining the decree originally granted by Justice Gould, and afterward made permanent, enjoining and restraining the three men named and others from boycotting the stove company and from otherwise interfering with it. The injunction was modified in some slight particulars.
>
> The sentence aroused wide discussion, and President Roosevelt was asked to pardon the men. He did no more, however, than direct the Department of Justice to keep him informed as to the case.
>
> When Mr. Gompers returned from Europe, in October, 1909, after spending the summer traveling on the Continent, he said he was prepared to go to jail in "the defense of American free speech." On November 2 the Court of Appeals affirmed the decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and the case was again appealed to the United States Supreme Court.
>
> Not until May 15, 1911, was the case finally settled, when the Supreme Court reversed the findings of the lower tribunals as far as the jail sentences were concerned, declaring that fines, not jail sentences, should have been the penalty for the offense.
>
> In the meantime, on January 27, the Supreme Court had dismissed the boycott case, declaring that the Buck's company and the Federation had settled their dispute out of court.

There was a lighter side to the fighter and ruler. As long as he lived he had a boyish pride because he could still roll as good a cigar as in the old days when he was at the bench and had won the title of journeymen cigarmaker at 14 years old. If you would have other evidence, suggests a writer in *McClure's Magazine*, who interviewed him not long since:

> Look at his desk and you will see a battered brown cottony rabbit, with dangling ear, a cork leg, and a false eye. These are the scars of many a hard-fought campaign, for Brer Rabbit is Sam Gompers's mascot. He has an international reputation. He is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. This dilapidated wad of cotton has attended all the Federation conventions for years and brought Sam luck. Mr. Gompers feels the good fortune that his mascot brings is the spirit of loyal and efficient service transmitted from his private secretary, Miss R. Lee Guard, a little Southern lady with heart attuned to Uncle Remus's heart-throbs. Sam Gompers has been called almost everything, and likened to nearly everything from a scalded rat to a tomato, but it was Miss Guard who one day saw a likeness to Uncle Remus's Brer Rabbit. It was after he had passed victoriously through a trying ordeal. The play of wits between Brer Rabbit and his enemies attempting to pin him into some inescapable corner, made Miss Guard think of the mental adroitness of Sam Gompers in similar situations, and she found the rabbit—so human-looking, with a glint of knowingness in his eye, an all-pervading air of good-will, an absence of bitterness in his make-up. That's the opinion Sam Gompers's secretary has of him after they have worked together for a quarter of a century through storm and stress—and a private secretary's good opinion is a pretty strong recommendation.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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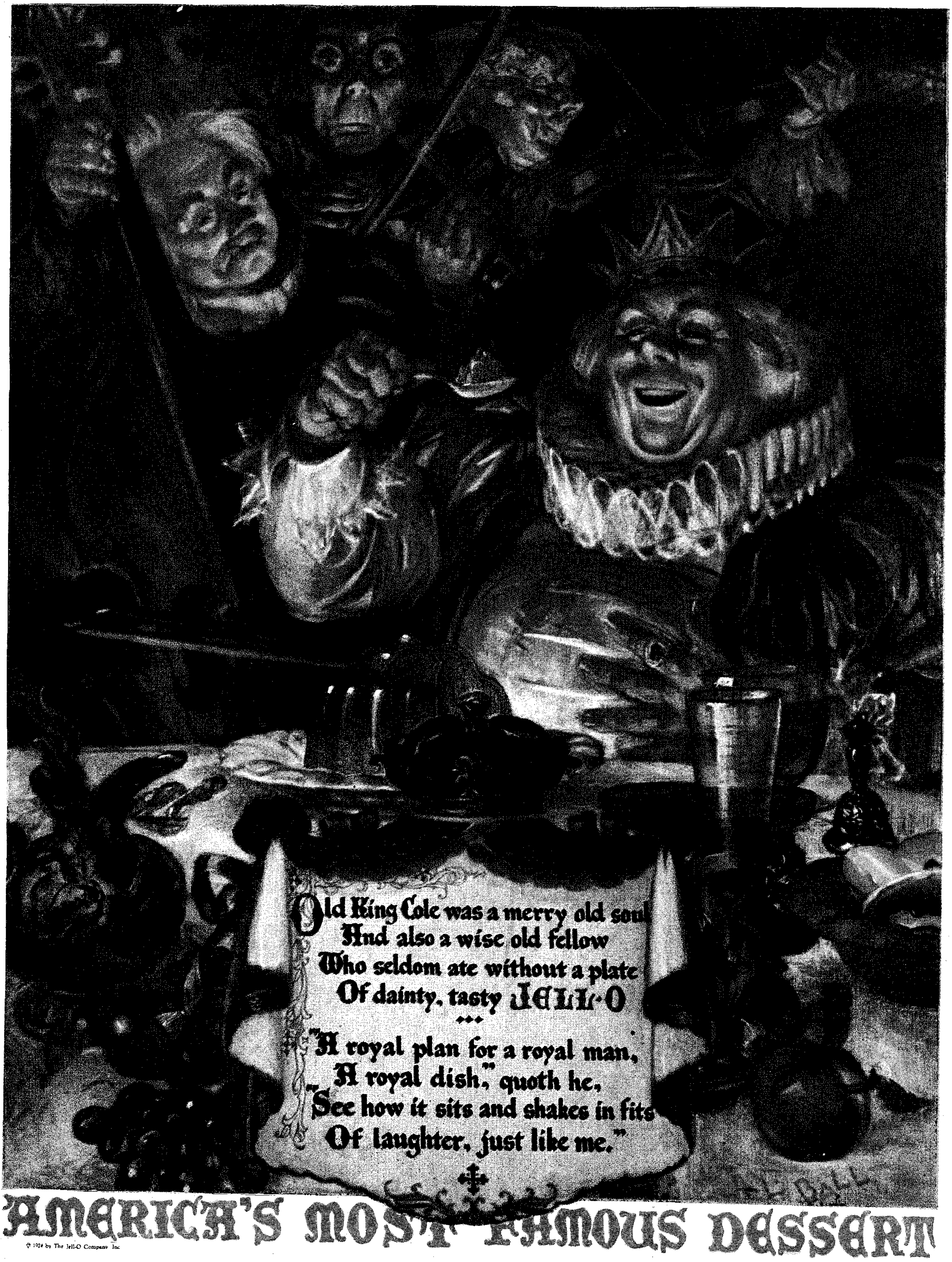

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And also a wise old fellow
Who seldom ate without a plate
Of dainty, tasty JELL-O

⁂

"A royal plan for a royal man,
A royal dish," quoth he,
"See how it sits and shakes in fits
Of laughter, just like me."

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT

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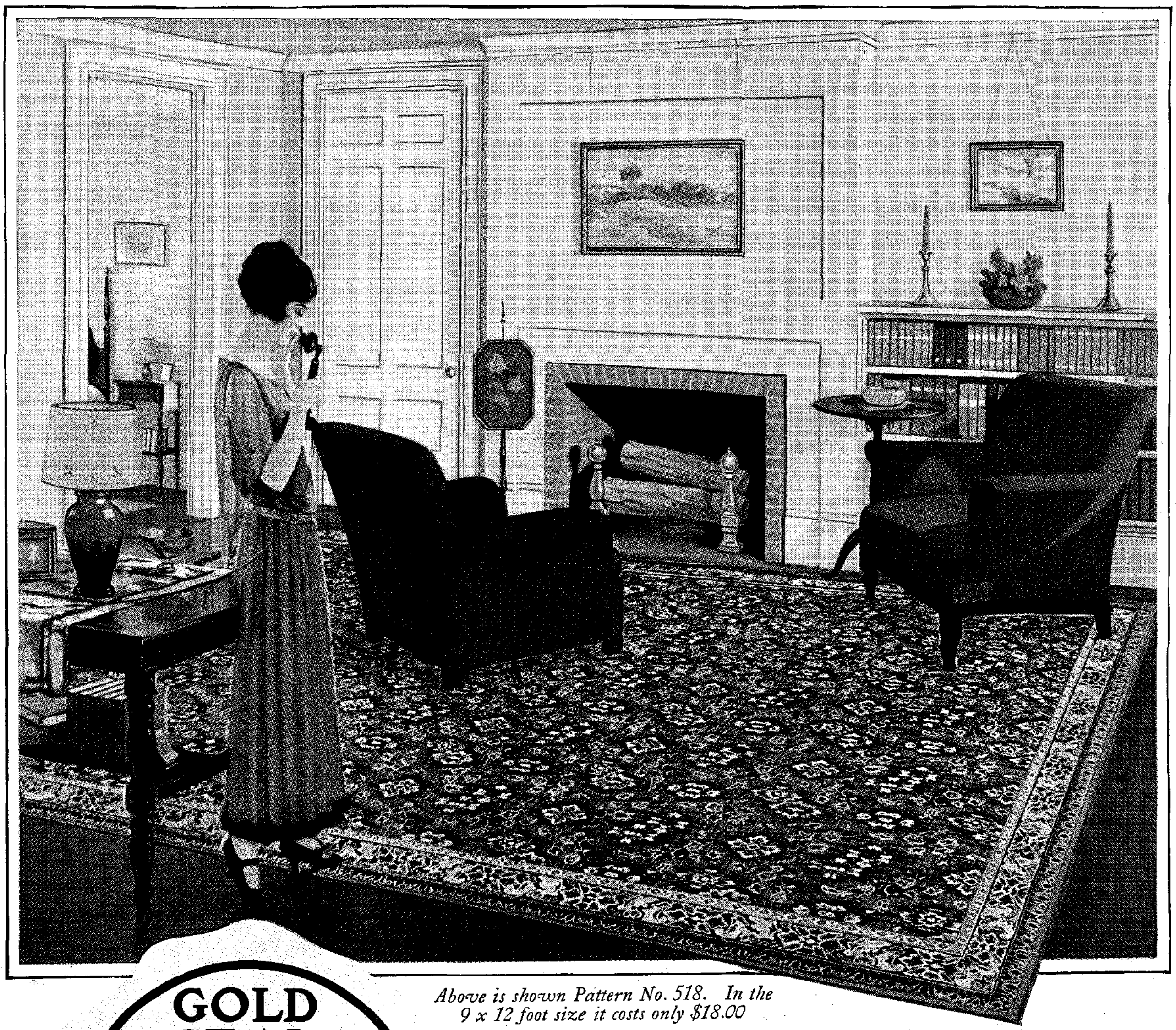

Above is shown Pattern No. 518. In the 9 x 12 foot size it costs only $18.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

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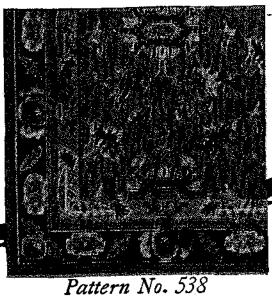
If you want "Congoleum" be sure to ask for it by name and don't fail to look for the Gold Seal.



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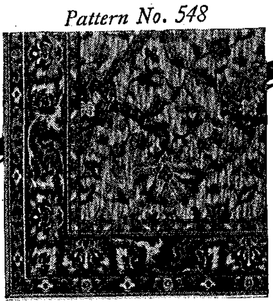

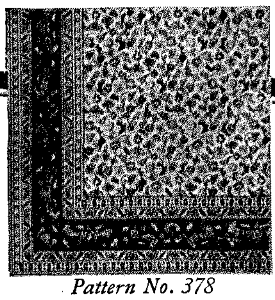

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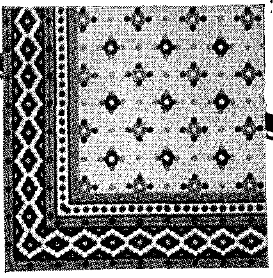

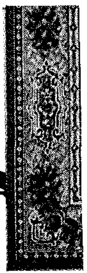

LEUM ART-RUGS

"Oh, yes, I've just put down my new Congoleum Rug and it's so pretty"

She's proud of her home, is this young housekeeper. And who wouldn't be? Could anything make this living-room more cheerful and inviting than the pleasing colors and artistic design of her *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug?

A feature that appeals especially to modern young women is the time and work Congoleum Rugs save. No sweeping, no beating, no dust—just a light, easy mopping makes the firm, waterproof surface as fresh as new. In a twinkling your rug is bright and spotless

Require No Fastening

These modern, hygienic rugs have no seams and never require fastening of any kind, yet they cling tight to the floor without a wrinkled edge or a ruffled corner.

One of the most delightful things about Congoleum Art-Rugs is that you can always find an appropriate pattern for any room in the house.

There are richly colored designs for living-room and dining-room, dainty effects for bedrooms and tile reproductions that are neat as can be in kitchen, bathroom or pantry.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

Patterns No. 386 and 408 (shown below) are made in all sizes. The other designs shown are made in the five large sizes only.

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.50

Congoleum By-the-Yard

The same flat-lying, durable, easily-cleaned material as the rugs, but made without borders for use where it is desired to cover the entire floor. It is made in rolls and may be bought in any length. Lies flat without any kind of fastening and is also fully guaranteed by the Gold Seal.

Two-yard width—**85c** per square yard
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Owing to freight rates, all prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," a new illustrated booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors. A copy will gladly be sent free on request.

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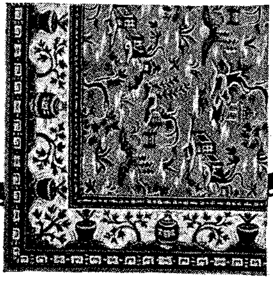
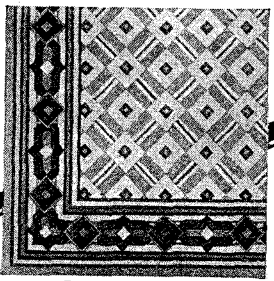
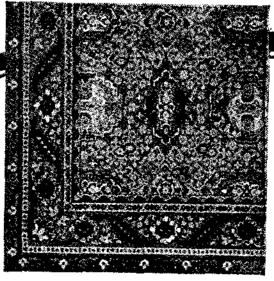
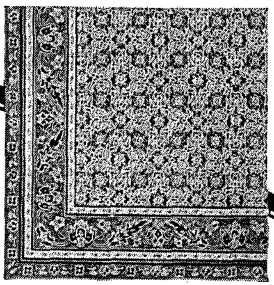




Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 323





Pattern No. 558

THIS SETTLES THE QUESTION OF AN OIL BURNER

SOONER or later, someone was bound to perfect an oil burner.

When you read this, you will realize that it was done six years ago. You can judge for yourself.

Everyone has long agreed that oil burning would be the ideal method of home heating if oil burners were correctly built. And now that one has proven itself for six winters—no one will deliberately choose coal—the old-fashioned way of heating.

Six years ago we perfected a new kind of oil burner. Not because others were being built. But because none we knew of followed the four laws of oil combustion.

Proved for 6 Years

Inventions of such great importance are not perfected in a week, a month, or a year. They must develop. But your basement should not be used as a laboratory.

The fact that every Oil-O-Matic user is more than satisfied is evidence that the public was not asked to pay for our developments.

Nearly 20,000 Oil-O-Matics have been installed all over the United States since 1919. Not enough, perhaps, to create a sensation. But too many if they were not dependable.

Automatic, Quiet, Odorless

All that folks ask now is an oil burner that is past the experimental stage—*a finished product.* One that requires no attention. That starts and stops itself. That is thoroughly reliable. That burns cheap fuel oil so perfectly there is no smoke, soot or odor. So efficient that even in zero weather it is shut off nearly one-half of the time.

Such an oil burner awaits your inspection—tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

These Facts Are Vital

A complete description of the Oil-O-Matic could easily be written here and every statement be true. But it would sound incredible.

Only seeing it and talking with owners will ever convince you. So look for these things:

Open the door of the furnace and you will find *no* part of the Oil-O-Matic inside. There's nothing to burn out or replace. Of course there's no continuous pilot light.

It cost us $150,000 a year more for our motors than some engineers say is necessary. A lighter motor would stand up, they say, on 99% of installations. We spend that extra money to safeguard the remaining 1%.

Improved Safety Control

But the crowning feature of Oil-O-Matic is the exclusive Thermal Safety Control. It's all but human.

It watches over the entire plant. If you run out of oil, it warns you by shutting off the Oil-O-Matic.

Everything about your Oil-O-Matic installation must work perfectly or this ingenious device will let *nothing* work—not a drop of oil can flow, ignition is shut off, the motor stops.

Any good heating plant can be quickly made into a perfect heating unit with Oil-O-Matic. Steam, vapor, hot water, hot air.

These are a few of the things an inspection will make clear to you.

Easy Terms—Guaranteed

Oil-O-Matic dealers and service men are all trained. Most of them are graduates of the Williams Institute of Heat Research. They have experience, facilities, organization, and financial responsibility. They are backed by the largest producers of automatic oil burners in the world.

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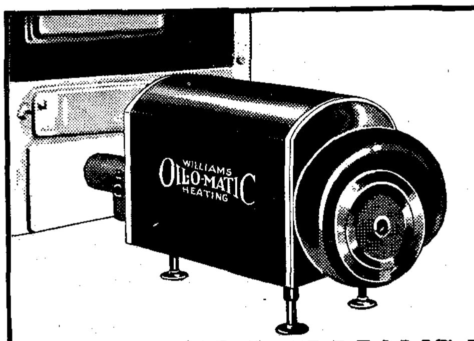

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PLUNKITT OF TAMMANY, AND HIS "HONEST GRAFT"

GEORGE WASHINGTON PLUNKITT was his name and, with his passing the other day after a long life in the service of Tammany Hall, his fame as "a survivor and a character" flares up with sudden brilliance. He is saluted not only as a survivor and a character, but also as a practical politician, a political philosopher, a shaper of American government, a genius, in his way, whose theories received the compliment of mention in university lectures. He originated the great theory of "honest graft," that valuable cement which, assisted by other means of one kind and another, holds together New York's ancient Tammany Hall, and hundreds of less notorious political organizations all over the country. It was in 1903 he said the thing that made him famous, and "perhaps," predicts the New York *Times*, "will get him into books of Americana." His pronouncement ran:

> Everybody is talkin' these days about Tammany men growin' rich on "graft," but nobody thinks of drawin' the distinction between honest graft and dishonest graft. There's an honest graft, and I'm an example of how it works. I might sum up the whole thing by sayin': "I seen my opportunities and I took 'em."

The life of Plunkitt, the wisdom of Plunkitt, says *The Nation*, deserve to be kept fresh in a book of many editions, as an aid to reformers and a light to the feet of the bothered average citizen who tries in vain to stumble through the mazes of our American political system. Plunkitt was a born boss, trained under the great Boss Tweed, of prison fame. Incidentally, says the New York *World*, Tammany's ancient enemy, in a two-column review of the old Tammanyite's life:

> Plunkitt accomplished much for his district and for his city while he wore the toga by the grace of Tammany. Of the many bills introduced by him it is of record that not one of them failed of passage. During part of his incumbency in the Upper House, Grover Cleveland was Governor, and the greatest friendship existed between the former Sheriff of Buffalo and the Senator from the West Side district. When Cleveland resigned as the Chief Executive of the State in 1885 to enter upon his duties as President of the United States, he wanted the Senator to accompany him to Washington, but Plunkitt was in business at the time and doing very well, and the love of New York outweighed the lure of Washington.
>
> The old Boss of the 15th District died leaving an estate valued at anywhere from $500,000 to $1,500,000, and the first-named sum is said to be a very conservative estimate. The game of politics was a very good one for him, for he was born without a dime to bless himself with, and his education ceased when he was eleven years old. No one to meet the well-groomed Senator in the days when he shone at the capital would imagine that he began life as the driver of a cart.
>
> He was one of the old school of scions, the high-hatted and frock-coated gentlemen who smiled up to the dais and wore velvet over their mailed fists, and who fought for the rights of their constituents as knights of the padded arena fight for the fistic crown and the filthy lucre. That was a wonderful school for knowledge and action. Soft-spoken, well-groomed and urbane the old leaders were, and gentle as lilies-of-the-valley until some one tried to put something over on them. Then they became tiger-lilies.
>
> Senator Plunkitt made his fortune through his knowledge of politics rather than out of politics. Behind a smiling exterior there lurked the brain of a Wall Street wizard. In the days when he was making his money he drest more like a dancing-master than a man having contracts which involved work along the docks. His facial appearance was in keeping with his sartorial display. He was always in style in the way of whiskers. Governor Hughes, when he first came into fame, wore a beard that looked like a red mop. Senator Plunkitt affected dundrearies and, long before the present Secretary of State had his hirsute hollyhocks trimmed into proper tonsorial landscape, the Plunkitt plumage was the envy of the average Wall Street banker.
>
> They looked up to him in the old 15th District and were proud of his appearance as well as his knowledge of politics and his love of a fight, and that was the fighting district of the West Side. The politician of the old school was born in the district, for the place of his birth was at Eighth Avenue and 84th Street, now covered by Central Park but known in 1842, the year of his birth, as "Nigger Village." He was born of Irish parents and went to school until he was eleven years old, when he went to drive a cart to help support the family. His pay was three shillings, or about 75 cents a week. The world was his education after that, and his accumulation of wealth shows how well he profited by its teachings.

From cart-driver he became a brushmaker and then a butcher. From butcher boy he arose to be his own boss. "He was a natural-born boss," continues his newspaper biographer, "and it was in 1866 that he set about to capture his district without the aid and grace of Tammany." It was then also:

> He got his first political drubbing, but at that he received nearly 1,600 votes for the Assembly entirely upon his own efforts. Tweed decided that he would be a better man in the fold than fighting against the Tiger, and two years later he had the support of Tammany and won his fight for the Lower House, hands down.
>
> In that year, 1868, he attended his first Democratic National Convention, the first to be held in New York, and the last until the recent gathering that nominated Davis in Madison Square Garden. He was perhaps the oldest Tammany member in the Wigwam. George Washington Plunkitt saw all the fights of Tammany, from the days of "Boss" Tweed, through those of John Kelly and Dick Croker, to the time of the late Charles F. Murphy, altho he had lost his grip on the Fifteenth, before Murphy became the Czar of Fourteenth Street.
>
> Leader Plunkitt was satisfied with two terms of the Assembly, and then began sending others from his district to the Lower House. Governor Smith wasn't born then, and, when Plunkitt was through in the Senate, Senator James J. Walker and Justice Robert Wagner were just beginning to think politics. Plunkitt sold his butcher business in Washington Market in 1876 and went into the contracting business.
>
> He was then the undisputed high cockalorum of the 15th District and had a big voice in the deliberations of Tammany. He wanted to do something personally for his district and resolved to go to the Senate. The district was not then as well populated as it is now, and didn't have the men of wealth of which it now boasts. It took in "Hell's Kitchen," and there were stormy times ahead for the leader. But he declared he had been born on a stormy night, and waded into the fray and won. He was making money in his contracting business, and it was agreed that he was a well-to-do man.
>
> He was noted for his charity, which was done in a very unobtrusive fashion. The poor of his district were well taken care of, and no deserving person ever went to Plunkitt and came away empty-handed. He had friends in the district who would go the limit for him for the very love of him. They kept sending him to the Senate and he kept on putting through good bills for his district, for Eighth Avenue and Central Park, and for the city in general.
>
> He was the friend of the school-teachers in their fight for more salary. He had Eighth Avenue graded from 59th Street out to 104th Street, which, it is claimed, was the making of the West Side. He was active in creating the Museum of Art, and it was his bill which called for the first $400,000 expended upon it. He established the Bureau of Factory Inspectors and introduced the bill which gave city workers $2 a day for eight hours. He introduced the bill legalizing the viaduct at Eighth Avenue and 151st Street, the one for the Museum of Natural History, and another establishing the Harlem River Speedway, and many others.

And then a rival in practical politics, "The" McManus, came. Martin Saxe had already beaten Plunkitt for the Senate, but the leader won back his laurels and "The" McManus—Thomas J.—gave him battle for the supremacy. That was a bitter fight. There were five brothers of the McManus family, and there were relations scattered all over the district, and they all centered upon Tom. At last, continues his biographer:

> The family won and Senator Plunkitt found himself almost an outsider after a leadership of forty years. But he was philosophical about the matter. He knew the ways of politics and gave up the political ghost with grace. The hatchet was buried with "The" McManus, and Plunkitt never tried to recover his lost laurels.
>
> His office thereafter was in a bootblack chair in the corridor of the County Court House, from where he dispensed politics and also did a neat bonding business, especially in connection with the plaintiffs in the Surrogate Court. He remained in the bootblack throne until the chair was removed by a hostile administration, at which the old-time politician only laughed.

The New York *Times*, in an appreciative review of the "honest grafter's" life, says that, if Senator Plunkitt had never done anything else, "he should achieve immortality for the creation of that euphemistic phrase." Plunkitt distinguished between old-time crookedness, including the common political bribery, and financial foresight due to inside information. Dishonest graft, according to the Plunkitt code, meant running afoul of the law. *The Times* quotes him upon this particular distinction:

"As for honest graft, I am an example of how it works. I have made a big fortune out of the game and I'm getting richer every day. I might sum up the whole thing by sayin': 'I seen my opportunities and I took 'em.'

"Just let me explain by examples. My party's in power in the city, and it's goin' to undertake a lot of public improvements. Well, I'm tipped off, say, that they're going to lay out a new park at a certain place. I see my opportunity and take it. I go to that place and I buy up all the land in the neighborhood. Then the board of this or that makes the thing public and there's a rush to get my land. Ain't it perfectly honest to charge a good price and make a profit on my investment and foresight? Of course it is. Well, that's honest graft.

"It's just like lookin' ahead in Wall Street or in the coffee or cotton market. It's honest graft, and I'm lookin' for it every day in the year."

PLUNKITT ENTHRONED IN STATE

For years he spent much of his time in the bootblack chair in the corridor of the County Court-House, dispensing politics and philosophy.

Just now when there is a controversy on in New York as to whether it is possible for anybody to draw pay for two city jobs, it is interesting to note, continues *The Times:*

That one of Senator Plunkitt's boasts was that he filled four public offices at the same time and drew pay from three of them.

But, as he admitted, the chief source of his livelihood was as district leader. In this job, as long as he held it, Senator Plunkitt could have yielded local color to many novelists. The following record of one of his typical days of twenty-five years ago, as head of his district, shows better, probably, than anything else how Tammany, year after year, kept its faithful:

2 A. M.—Aroused from sleep by his doorbell ringing; a bar-keeper at the door asking Plunkitt to go to the police station to bail out a saloon-keeper arrested for violation of the excise law; bail furnished and back to bed at 3.

6 A. M.—Awakened by fire engines passing his home; hastened to scene of fire, according to the custom of Tammany district leaders, to give assistance, if needed, to fire sufferers; found several tenants burned out, took them to a hotel and arranged for temporary quarters until they could rent and furnish new apartments.

8:30 A. M.—Went to police court to look after constituents; found six "drunks"; by timely word with the Judge secured discharges for four; paid the fines of the two others.

9 A. M.—Appeared in Municipal District Court; paid the rent of a poor family about to be dispossessed and gave them a dollar for food.

1 P. M.—Home again and found four men waiting for him who sought jobs with public service corporations; spent nearly three hours fixing things for the four men and succeeded in each case.

3 P. M.—Attended an Italian funeral and hurried back to appear at the funeral of a Jewish constituent; went conspicuously to the front in both the Catholic church and the synagogue.

7 P. M.—Went to district headquarters and presided over a meeting of district captains who told of voters within the district who were in need or in trouble.

8 P. M.—Went to a church fair; took chances on everything; bought ice cream for the young girls and took their fathers out for something down at the corner.

9 P. M.—At headquarters; spent $10 on tickets for a church excursion and bought tickets for a baseball game between two teams in the district; listened to complaints of police persecution from a dozen pushcart prisoners and assured them he would take the matter up at Police Headquarters in the morning.

10:30 P. M.—Attended a wedding reception, having previously sent a handsome present for the bride.

Midnight—Bed.

"The way to hold your district," said this practical politician, "is to study human nature and act accordin'. Reformers are only morning glories. A reformer can't last in politics. This is as much of a regular business as the grocery or the dry goods or the drug business. You've got to be trained or you're sure to fail. I've been studying the political game for forty-five years, and I don't know it all yet. I'm learning something all the time. How, then, can you expect what they call 'business men' to turn into politics and all at once make a success of it? It's just as if I went up to Columbia and started to teach Greek. They usually last as long in politics as I would last at Columbia."

This is the system, the old-time Tammany boss said, that made "the Hall" the only lasting democracy while "reform" flourishes awhile and then withers. "New Democratic parties in New York City," he said, "can be produced cheap. I've looked into the industry and can give rock-bottom figures. Here's the items of cost of a new Democracy:

A dinner to twelve bone hunters	$12
Speech on Jeffersonian Democracy	
Proclamation of principles (typewriting)	2
Rent of headquarters, one month	12
Stationery	2
Twelve second-hand chairs	6
One second-hand table	2
Sign painting	5
Twenty-nine cuspidors	9
Total	$50

"Is there any wonder that 'democracies' spring up all over when the municipal campaign is coming on? If you land even one small job, you get a big return on your investment. The New York papers tumble over one another to give columns to any new organization that comes out against Tammany."

The end, according to the Plunkitt philosophy, was the same in every case—as happened in his own district when the Citizens

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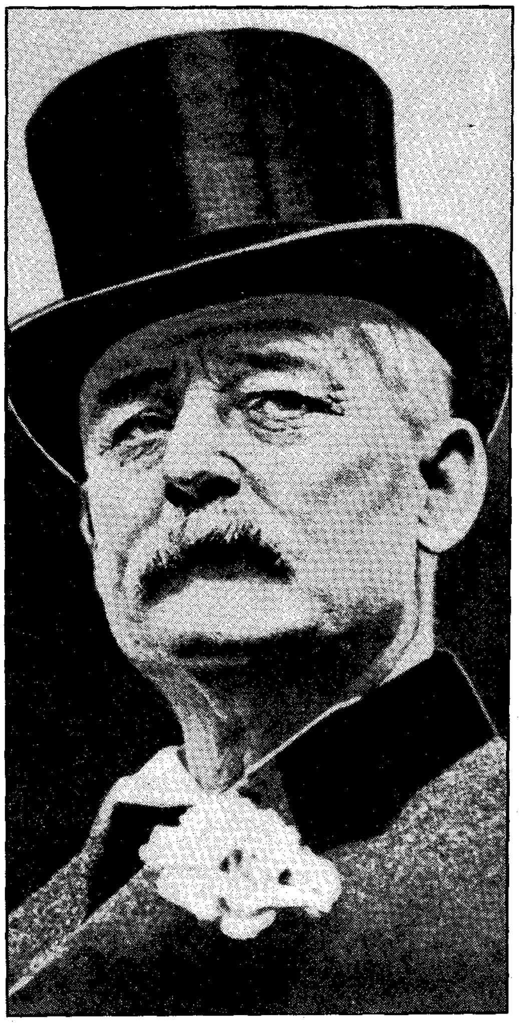
Union, a reform organization, opposed him for the State Senatorship. The Plunkitt version of the affair runs:

"One election, the Citizens Union had 400 enrolled voters in my district. They had a lovely headquarters, too. If I was accused of having contributed to fix up a nest for 'em, I wouldn't deny it. Well, election day came. The Citizens Union candidate for Senator against me polled five votes. I got 14,000. What became of these four hundred Citizens Union votes? Some people guessed that many of them were good Plunkitt men all the time.

"The Citizens Union kind of young man, I love 'im. He's the daintiest morsel of the lot, and he don't often escape me. I'll tell you frankly how I capture some of them. I have a plan that never fails. I watch the *City Record* to see when there is a civil service examination for a good thing. Then I take my young Citizens Union man in hand and tell him about it. I don't bother him any more. It's a cinch he comes back to me in a few days and asks to join Tammany Hall."



"JOBS FOR EVERYBODY!"

Politics must look after its own, believed George Washington Plunkitt; to the victors belong all the spoils; down with the Civil Service!

Hand in hand with "reform" as object of this Tammany old-timer's scorn was civil service. Time and again he brushed against it and found that it had as many teeth as a buzz-saw.

"The Civil Service law," he complained, "is the biggest fraud of the age. It's the curse of the nation. There can't be no real patriotism while it lasts. I know more than one man in the past years who worked for the ticket and was just overflowing with patriotism, but when he was knocked out by the Civil Service humbug he got to hate his country and became an anarchist.

"When parties can't get office they'll bust. They ain't far from the bustin' point now, with all this civil service business keepin' most of the good things from them. How're you goin' to keep up patriotism if this thing goes on? You can't do it. Before, when a party won, its workers got everything in sight. That was something to make a man patriotic. Now, when a party wins, and its men come forward and ask for their reward, the reply is, 'Nothing doing unless you can answer a lot of questions about Egyptian mummies.'

"Now, I'm for municipal ownership on one condition—that the Civil Service law be repealed. It's a grand idea, the city owning the railroads, the gas works and all that. Just see how many thousands of new places would be for Tammany workers! Why, they'd almost be enough to go round—if no Civil Service law stood in the way! My plan is this: First, get rid of that infamous law, and then go ahead by degrees and get municipal ownership."

These political principles, exprest so frankly by Senator Plunkitt from his "office" in the New York County Court House, were echoed once in phrases full of meaning by the late Charles F. Murphy in a eulogy he made of Plunkitt two decades ago.

"Senator Plunkitt," he said, "is a straight organization man. He believes in party government; he does not indulge in cant and hypocrisy, and is never afraid to say what he thinks. He is a believer in thorough political organization and all-the-year-round work, and he holds to the doctrine that, in making appointments to office, party workers should be preferred if they are fitted to perform the duties of office. Plunkitt is one of the veteran leaders of the organization. He has always been faithful and reliable, and has performed valuable services for Tammany Hall."

"One of the wisest men in American politics," *The Nation* calls him, saluting him from its own very different standpoint of radicalism and reform. As for the reasons for the Plunkitt greatness, says *The Nation:*

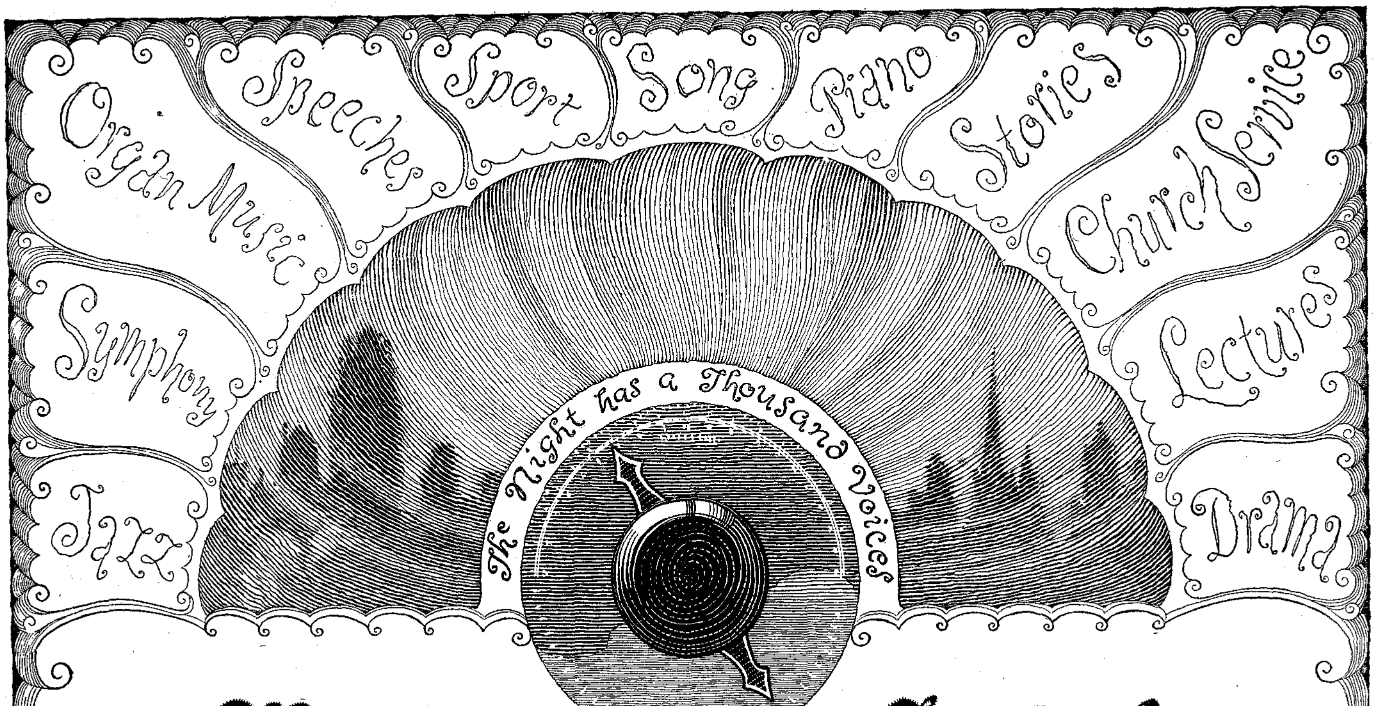
He tells why reformers have been only morning-glories that "looked lovely in the mornin' and withered up in a short time, while the regular machines went on flourishin' forever like fine old oaks"—a chapter full of post-election thoughts for progressives. He told of the dangers of dress-suits and high-priced cars in politics almost twenty years before the defeat of Ramsay MacDonald in England. He explained the difference between honest and dishonest graft in terms so ingenious and yet so simple that Harry Daughtery might have learned a straighter or at least a safer road to wealth and power had he read them; there are no little black bags in the philosophy of George Washington Plunkitt.

He even tells how the Democratic party can survive. His advice was given in 1905 and in detail may be considered obsolete; but the thought behind it is as good as new and may be applied to 1928 as aptly as to 1908.

"The trouble is," he said, "that the party's been chasin' after theories and stayin' up nights readin' books instead of studyin' human nature. . . . You can't get people excited about the Philippines. They've got too much at home to interest them; they're too busy makin' a livin' to bother about the niggers in the Pacific. . . . There's just one issue that would set this country on fire. The Democratic party should say in the first plank of its platform: 'We hereby declare, in national convention assembled, that the paramount issue now, always, and forever is the abolition of the iniquitous and villainous civil service laws which are destroyin' all patriotism, ruinin' the country, and takin' away good jobs from them that earn them. We pledge ourselves, if our ticket is elected, to repeal those laws at once and put every civil service reformer in jail. . . .'

"I see a vision. I see the civil-service monster lyin' flat on the ground. I see the Democratic party standin' over it with foot on its neck and wearin' the crown of victory. I see Thomas Jefferson lookin' out from a cloud and sayin': 'Give him another sockdolager; finish him.' And I see millions of men wavin' their hats and singin' 'Glory Hallelujah!'"

Forms change but the fundamental issue remains: enough jobs and enough money to go round. The party that can actually deliver a full dinner-pail or the party that promises it convincingly gets the votes. Honesty doesn't matter; efficiency doesn't matter; progressive vision doesn't matter. What matters is the chance of a better job, a better price for wheat, better business conditions. Reformers who doubt this are bound to be defeated and disillusioned. They must learn somehow to apply the human knowledge that Tammany Hall and George Washington Plunkitt have used for their own ends to the pressing job of salvaging a derelict civilization. They must learn in the first place that politics is a full-time job just like any other business, not a gentlemanly avocation outside of office hours. They must learn that it is a profession requiring training and technique—not merely virtue or indignation. They must learn that it means getting into close, helpful, daily touch with thousands of individuals. "If there's a family in my district in want," said Plunkitt, "I know it before the charitable societies do, and me and my men are first on the ground. The consequences are that the poor look up to George W. Plunkitt as a father, come to him in trouble—and don't forget him on election day." The rest of the people, let us assume, were mulcted by his activities. But they didn't feel it and didn't know it—until he told them. And then they didn't care, because they could understand a cheerful and honest grafter who made no pretense of virtue, but did practical good right and left every day in the week—better than they could a seventh-day reformer who talked of the public welfare and did nothing tangible for anybody.



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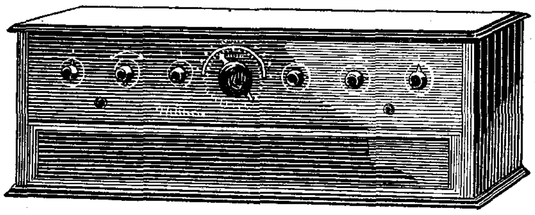

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What principles should always control selection of hats.

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What is the rule of three in the choice of shoes.

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Clothes and the Woman

[*New York Times Book Review, Oct. 26, 1924*]

"THE amount and variety, the comprehensiveness and detail of the information about feminine clothes contained in this volume make it almost an encyclopedia of the practical here and now phase of dress. One reads it with a feeling of amazement that any one person could ever have thought, observed, learned, considered so much on the subject of women's attire. In her treatment of all the main part of her subject Mrs. Story deals with fundamentals, explaining how to obtain harmonious effects and attractive results in all the departments of dress by considering the becomingness of texture, color, line and design for different types of figure and various tints of coloring. First she discusses

The Psychology of Clothes

declaring the importance of appearance in the scheme of life and picturing in rather imaginative and picturesque phraseology different types of women and the kind of clothes that would be harmonious with each. Next she studies the seven ages of woman and outlines the kind of attire suitable for each phase of the passing years. A short chapter considers very briefly the wearing apparel that should be chosen for and by masculine wearers during each of the seven ages of man. Having cast this hurried tribute to the other side of the house, Mrs. Story returns to her real subject and devotes a long chapter to

The Choosing of Colors by Women For Their Attire

She goes into this subject with much knowledge, scientific, practical and artistic, as to what color can do to its feminine wearer and what she can do with it, and how she can make it her slave to enhance her attractions and disguise her faults of feature and form.

With equal knowledge she discusses the subject of design in dress, setting forth its principles, the possibility of so using it as to camouflage natural deficiencies and suggesting many practical applications of the principles she has explained. There is

Detailed Study of the Accessories of Dress

hats, shoes, hose, neckwear, jewels, fans, perfumes and other matters—in which Mrs. Story insists constantly on the central ideas of all her treatise, the necessity of harmony and suitability and the beauty of simplicity. There is a very informed and practical chapter on fabrics and another that advises on the buying and wearing of laces and furs. The remaining sections consider with

Much Attention to Detail and Constant Practical Suggestion

the kind of clothing suitable for all manner of occasions, from costume balls to public speaking, discuss the artistic wearing of clothes—a section that includes in its great variety the care of the feet, hands, hair, the art of the toilette and a quantity of suggestions for beauty helps—take up in practical ways the buying and care of clothes, give rules for home-sewing and recipes for cleaning and otherwise rejuvenating various kinds of attire."

THE KAW INDIAN WHO LEADS THE SENATE

IT HAS COME TO PASS, in these democratic United States, that an Indian, who once wore the blanket and received government rations, is to guide that most august of Legislative bodies, the Senate of the United States. Charles Curtis, of Kansas, has been made the Senate Leader by a vote of the majority of the upper branch of Congress. He will take the place formerly filled by that polished aristocrat, Henry Cabot Lodge. As a consequence, writes William Atherton Du Puy, in the New York *Times:*

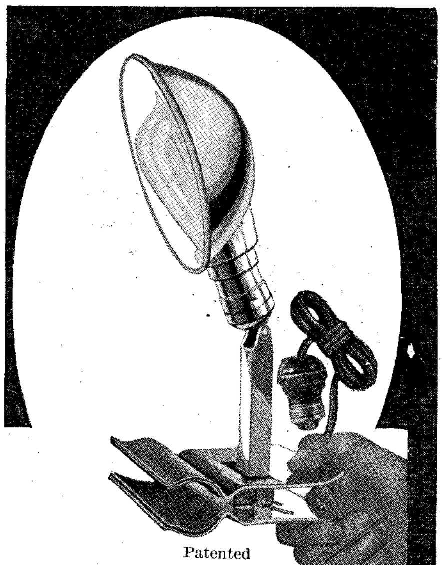
> Much is being written of this quiet, dark man, his attitude toward blocs and factions, the position he may assume on such questions as legislative relief for farmers and the publication of income-tax returns. But nobody seems to have attempted to discover the larval and chrysalis stages of statesmanship that brought Senator Curtis forward as successor to the erudite Henry Cabot Lodge. Senator Curtis's life is a romantic story in itself.
>
> It has often been pointed out that leaders in Congress are almost universally blond, blue-eyed men, of British extraction and characteristics. The old native strain dominates in American public life. Here, however, is a leader, strangely swarthy. His complexion is a bit darker than that of the more brunette type of Italians. His hair is jet black as is his mustache, which is somewhat of the walrus type, well known in the West of a generation ago. He is stockily built and inclined to stoutness. He is sturdy and physically vigorous, and at sixty-four, few lines mark his face.
>
> The life story of Senator Curtis begins with Julie Poppin, a wrinkled old Indian woman, who exercised upon him the most vital of all influences that ever came into his life. Julie was young, however, when the story began. She was an Indian maiden, there in the plains beyond the Mississippi, the daughter of the old Chief White Plume of the Kaws, whose following lived easily when the buffalo herds guaranteed a plentiful food supply.
>
> Julie Poppin married a French voyageur, and unto her was born a daughter, half Indian and half French, Into this waste country came a young American pioneer of English extraction, whose name was Curtis, to trade with the red men. He married Julie Poppin's daughter. Thus the blood of the Senate leader is but one-fourth Indian, tho, judging by appearances, it would seem to be more.
>
> Were the life of Curtis being filmed for the movies, the first set would be arranged as of 1870. Curtis would be shown as an Indian lad, playing about the reservation sixty miles west of Topeka. The warriors of the tribe are lulled into a lazy inactivity by the possession of their ration from the Government and by the abundance of buffalo meat. The quiet life led by those Kaw Indians, however, was not shared by other tribes to the west, among whom were the Cheyennes, habitually given to uprisings, and the ancestral enemies of the Kaws.
>
> It was midday when the Cheyenne warriors, decked out in feathers and war-paint, swept down on the quiet camp of the Kaws. Curtis and some of the other Indian children were playing near the stream, and he remembers how the attacking Indians rode in circles about the camp, raining their shower of arrows upon it. He remembers also how the defenders barricaded themselves as best they could and fought off the enemy, holding them at bay until nightfall. The outcome of this battle on the plains, a battle typical of those that characterized the native life of the West for years before the white man thrust himself into it, had not been settled when night fell.

The first desire of the peaceful Kaws was to send a call for help to the whites, sixty miles away at Topeka. A messenger must be sent through the enemy lines. As the narrative runs:

> The Cheyennes had already captured the horses, so the trip to Topeka must be made on foot. Charlie Curtis, part Indian and part white, was selected to make the trip, because he had been over the road before, and knew the language of both peoples.
>
> He succeeded in getting through the Indian lines, in covering the sixty miles, no mean journey for a boy of ten, and in sending relief in time to save his tribe.
>
> The trip that the Indian boy made by night, and upon which the well-being of his tribe depended, meant more to Charlie Curtis than appeared on the surface. Topeka was then a struggling frontier town, and all the region about it was still dominated by that first industry of the West—cattle-raising. The pride of the cattle country was horses, and racing these horses naturally became the dominant sport.
>
> It happened that the wiry little Indian boy, while in Topeka on his unusual mission, got an opportunity to ride in races, piloted his mounts to victory, and had new opportunities to ride other race-horses. Thus did it come to pass that Charlie Curtis, instead of returning to the Kaw reservation, took to the circuit in the cattle country, and became a professional jockey.
>
> Many thrilling incidents might have been expected in following the races over this frontier circuit of Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory, Nebraska and Colorado. Senator Curtis told of one, of Headlight, the renegade race-horse, an animal of great speed but uncontrollable. He was given to bolting, to "flying the track." Yet he was an almost sure winner if he could be piloted through.
>
> So Charlie Curtis tackled him. He drove him on to the half-mile post, but there, instead of making the turn, Headlight plunged straight on, through a fence, over an embankment. The Senate leader bears the scars on his hands that were received in the mad tumble.
>
> Curtis was riding in races at Kansas City one day when, as an evidence of the times through which the region was passing, the James brothers, Frank and Jesse, notorious outlaws, raided the gate, after the admissions had been paid, and rode away with the money.

At the end of five years of jockeying, continues Mr. Du Puy, Curtis found himself too heavy to ride any more, and therefore deprived of the calling that had meant an easy livelihood to him. Finally, at the age of fifteen, he found himself adrift in Topeka, the town from which he had started. We are told—

> Then into the town one day came a wandering group of Kaw Indians, and among them many of the friends of his earlier days on the reservation. One was Julie Poppin, his old grandmother, daughter of a chief. There was great rejoicing among the Indians at finding this wandering member of the tribe, who had not been seen since the night he stole out in the darkness to get relief for the beleaguered camp.
>
> Charlie Curtis again threw his hat in with his Indian relatives. They were his people, and he would go with them back to the easy life of the reservation. He rode away over the plains.
>
> That first night on the journey from the outpost of the new civilization there came to the side of Charlie Curtis his Indian grandmother, Julie Poppin. She told him that the glory of his white relatives was far beyond that of a blanket Indian. She pointed out to him that his life was now at its turning-point, that he would either return to the reservation and become a blanket Indian or go back to his father's people with a chance at all there is good in this world. She advised him to take the back track to the big wigwams of the whites, to become one of them, never to return to the Indians. She untethered the best of her ponies, put her grandson on it and started him back to Topeka—and the leadership of the United States Senate.
>
> Charlie Curtis took up the white man's ways. He decided to go to school. With what was left of his earnings as a jockey he maintained himself for a whole year while he studied the three R's. Then the money gave out, and he must work to live. It was natural that he should go to the proprietor of a livery stable. He became the driver of a night hack on the streets of Topeka.
>
> One instinctively stops to wonder what Henry Cabot Lodge was doing while Curtis was sleeping in the sun with the Indian children and sitting through the night on his hack in front of some saloon. But Lodge, the aristocrat, became the friend of Curtis, the Indian jockey, and Curtis has succeeded Lodge as Senate leader.
>
> Curtis had a lawyer friend. He talked to this friend about education. The lawyer told him of Blackstone and lent him books. Curtis read them by the light of his hack while waiting for "fares." Thus for years he read law through the quiet of Topeka nights. He took his college course in this curbstone university, often interrupted by the erratic desires of those who made the late night life of Topeka.
>
> But in the end he passed his bar examinations and was admitted to practise. He became a junior member of a Topeka law firm. It so happened that a senior partner fell by the wayside through liquor just as a sensational murder trial in which he was starred approached its climax. "Indian" Charlie Curtis stept into the breach and, in a day, made himself a reputation as a criminal lawyer, thus opening the gate of opportunity.
>
> Thirty-one years ago he was elected to the House of Representatives and fourteen years later to the Senate. In that body he has advanced steadily toward leadership. Of late years he has been the Republican whip, and now, with rare difficulties looming in the offing, is the accredited leader.



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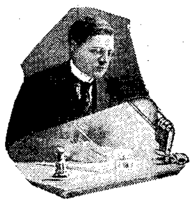

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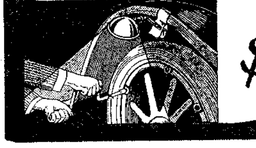

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BACKBREAKING WORK AS A CURE FOR TIRED FEELING

SUPPOSE for two weeks a little nerve strand in the back of your skull were throbbing, throbbing, and you felt that one snap meant gibbering idiocy. Fits of half-insane despondency are alternating with an overpowering desire to kill yourself. What would you do? Would it occur to you that the cure was three weeks jolting about a big city on a truck's bumping tailboard? Perhaps when you see a straining truckman cat-foot down a littered alleyway, with a 200-pound box canted expertly across his bent back, you mutter pityingly, "What a life!" In rain and sleet and the lashing winds of winter he tools his slithering team over the icy cobbles, red-faced but imperturbable, or crashes his motor-truck backward neatly in between two rivals, volleying imprecations like a pirate. In either case it is safe to say few people think of him as "sitting on the world." Yet one pale-faced desk-worker, who can now lick his weight in wildcats, undoubtedly thinks of him that way.

For this is the heroic treatment Clarence T. Pennoyer, a newspaper man, administered to himself. With what success we read in a December *Collier's*:

> I worked desperately hard, loathing the partly faked stories I was producing. Too much work, lack of exercise and inability to play because of mental fatigue began to tell. The habit of gulping down hasty lunches at noon led to indigestion. Then I began to worry constantly and irrationally. Fear, the harassing fear of self-doubt, gript me. The memory of those dreadful jobless weeks in the fall of 1922 returned to haunt me.
>
> A series of sleepless nights and the discovery that I was fifteen pounds under weight sent me to the doctor. He told me I could go on as I was and have a nervous breakdown within two weeks, or that I could quit my job immediately and take a long vacation, or get an outside job requiring a great deal of physical and no mental effort.
>
> The next day I quit my job. Twenty-four hours later the reaction set in, and for two weeks life was almost unbearable. When I was indoors my chest and head seemed to be comprest, with iron bands whose increasing pressure sent me rushing out of doors where I could breathe, at least.
>
> My memory of those two weeks is patchy and uncertain. One thing remains vivid—a burning sensation in my brain which made me think at the time of a single nerve strand in my skull, wavering thinly at the point of breaking. I had an obsession that that nerve strand was sanity. If it held, I would be sane. If it snapt, I would become a gibbering idiot.
>
> I paid strict attention to it. As it relaxed I dared to move and walk about. When it tautened, I sat down on the curb to concentrate all my attention and will to holding it together.
>
> One night, utterly worn out, I went to bed and slept the sleep of complete exhaustion.
>
> The next day I was well on the road to recovery. Two weeks later I got my outside job—helping on a five-ton motor-truck.
>
> The morning I went to work I weighed just 130 pounds, and I had done no physical labor in five years. That first day introduced me to weeks of grueling labor, in which I had to help load and unload the truck with packages and boxes weighing upwards to 280 pounds.
>
> For days I hauled and tugged and grunted and sweated, cursing my soft hands and puny muscles. I simply could not move the heavy boxes, and there were many lighter ones I could not lift. My driver, a fine, upstanding Irish-American named Eddie Boyles, proved to be "one of the best." Without ridiculing my futile efforts, he counseled me always to take it easy and not try to lift the boxes that were too heavy; and this, in spite of the fact that he had to take on as extra work all I did not do.
>
> Gradually hard work in the open air, heavy meals at cheap restaurants, and long hours of sleep each night began to straighten me out physically. I put on weight at the rate of four and five pounds a week, and it was good muscular weight.
>
> And, oh, the joy of nine hours of untroubled sleep o' nights. I knew again the physical pleasure of feeling keenly fit, of flexing responsive muscles, of breathing deeply, purely for the sensuous reaction a lung-filling breath can give.
>
> As my hands, arms and back hardened, I found a changing attitude on the part of the drivers and helpers. At first I had been barely tolerated. I could not do my job. But as my strength returned and I picked up the knack of loading the truck so that its cargo would "ride" without shifting, they began to recognize me as one of themselves. Gradually, their early attitude of superiority disappeared.
>
> I found my new friends attractive—more so than a lot of "white-collar" men I know. They were calm men, without "nerves" and short tempers. Their standards were sane and honest; the same standards on which our forefathers operated in founding these United States.
>
> Life for me was simple and very, very good once more. Life has to be simple on $20 a week in New York. But $20 bought the necessities. It procured for me a room in the Y. M. C. A. where I had all the privileges of gymnasium, pool and shower-baths; four meals of plain food each day; enough tobacco; clean clothes; good books at a pay-as-you-go library; and once every two or three weeks a gallery seat at the theater.
>
> The problem of new clothes did not trouble me, because I was wearing out three suits too old and shabby for other uses, and I had enough shoes, socks, underwear and various other things to see me through.
>
> And what, perhaps, was best of all, I found that when reading, my mind was stimulated as it had not been since I left college. I could think once more! With a mind unshadowed by fears and nervous apprehensions, I could again reason and play with thoughts. It was marvelous, containing, I imagine, the same pure ecstasy that a faltering medieval monk found in a rediscovery of God.
>
> To-day I am once more holding down a job—the best one I have ever had. No longer am I bedeviled by a fantasmagoria of evil apprehensions.
>
> Those three months on a motor-truck tailboard did much for me. They gave me health, the freedom of mind which every man should have, and the courage to live life as I think it should be lived, unwarped by fears which spring from nowhere when one's body begins to yield to unbalanced living.

KENTUCKY'S "MOST MODEST" WAR HERO

KENTUCKY lays claim to the most modest hero of the World War. She also has the "heroest hero" of the same war in the self-same individual, asserts a special dispatch from Lexington, "and her claim to this distinction is attested by General Pershing and Marshal Foch." Kentucky's star hero is Sergt. Willie Sandlin, from Devil's Jump Branch, Hell-fer-Sartin Creek, Leslie County, and he looks the part, too, according to this Kentucky dispatch, which appears in the New York *World*. He has a wiry frame, a determined jaw and keen eye, and "he is fearless as a fighter, but extremely shy at all attempts to exploit his deeds." Since the war, it appears, he has carelessly misplaced his citations and lost one of his medals bestowed by a foreign Government. However, he still has the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Médaille Militaire from France, the Croix de Guerre with palm, the Italian War Cross, and a decoration from Montenegro. Even tho his citation has been misplaced, it is of record, and here is the story as it happened in one day:

> The general advance was on. Six divisions were participating. Sandlin was in command of a platoon.
>
> About seven o'clock in the morning the advance was checked by a hot fire from a machine-gun nest. An order to halt and lie down came along the line. Sandlin's men heard it and obeyed. Sandlin did not. He advanced directly on the machine-gun nest, and at thirty yards threw a grenade. Three others followed, and he then jumped into the pit. Three of the eight men were alive and gave battle. Sandlin killed all of them with his bayonet.
>
> The line came up and Sandlin resumed command of his men. Half an hour later machine-gun fire again caused the order to halt. Sandlin did not. He rushed this nest as he had the other, employing the same tactics. This time when his grenades were all spent there were four men still defending the nest. Another single-handed battle—and they were all dead except Sandlin, when the line came up.
>
> The third nest encountered was not reached until two o'clock. Just as before, Sandlin advanced upon it. His grenades in this instance wounded every man in the pit, but he had to dispatch two who still gave fight, as well as the others whose wounds had not proved immediately fatal.
>
> Later that day Sergeant Sandlin participated in taking the strong point, which was German battalion headquarters. Many were in at this affair, and there was no individual credit given.
>
> To finish out the day Sandlin captured a hospital group, and killed the Lieutenant with the latter's own gun, which he wrested from him in a hand-to-hand fight. This pistol, a Luger, he has as a souvenir.
>
> Among his trophies is a diploma taken from a German doctor, whom he captured, and "a few other tricks" that he brought home for the children to play with.
>
> He enlisted from Breathitt County, the only county in the United States where it was not necessary to draft men. He was gassed and wounded twice, once between the eyes with a grenade, and once in the right leg with shrapnel.

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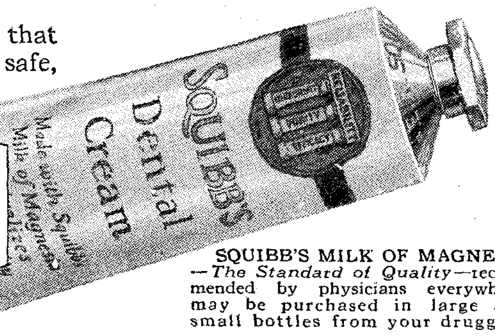

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SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS

THE FINNISH PAPER-HANGER WITH SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

International Newsreel photograph

BRAVING THE JINX

Paavo Nurmi, the indomitable world's champion at most distances from one to six miles, who is now trying with his magical legs to outrun the American hoodoo on foreign champions.

SETTING NEW LIMITS to human endurance in the running world has been the last year's achievement of Paavo Nurmi, acclaimed by many critics one of the greatest runners of all time. This phenomenal Finn, who arrived in New York in December, and is now training and racing on indoor tracks, may, of course, strike a snag. Sports writers point out the ominous example of Carpentier, Suzanne Lenglen, Cyril Tolley, Epinard, Papyrus, and various other foreign champions who came down with a crash in America. Nurmi's case is complicated, they say, because he has never before run on a board track, and we all know what happened to Epinard on hard ground. Just the same, agree most athletic experts, Nurmi is more than likely to set new records in this country. "We are willing to bet," says Grantland Rice, for instance, "that Nurmi sets new figures for the indoor mile before he returns to Finland."

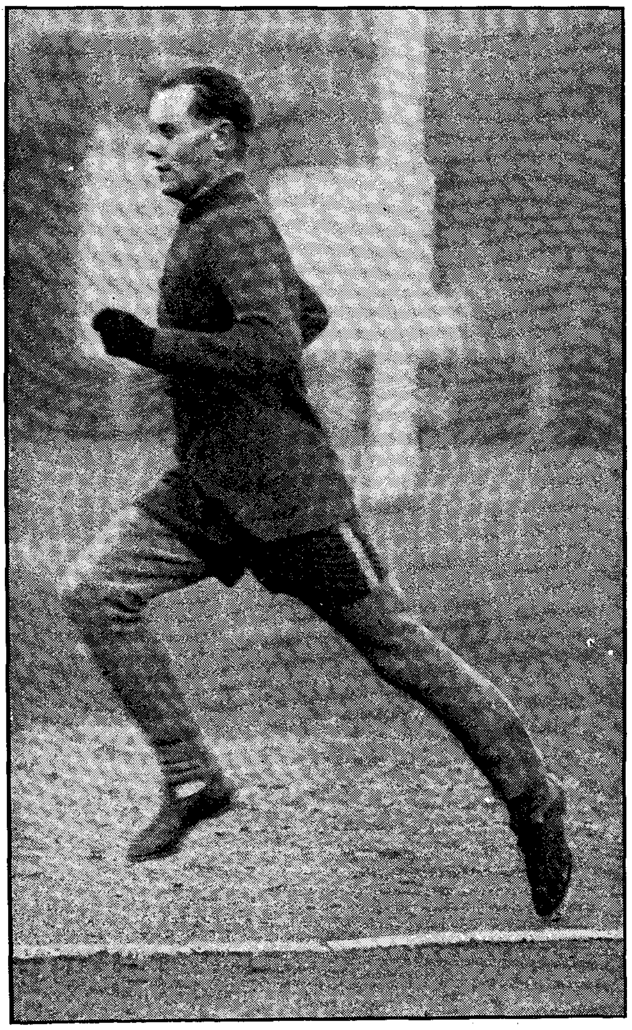
Just consider, say others, the superb equipment of this runner, who holds official world's records for the mile run, the three-mile, the 1,500, 2,000, 3,000, and 5,000 yard runs, and has probably run most of the intervening distances in record time. He may, in short, be regarded as supreme at all distances from 1,500 to 10,000 meters. And even in the shorter races, we are told, he could be a dangerous competitor. For instance, in his great mile race against Wide of Sweden, in 1923, he ran the first half in two minutes flat (Ted Meredith's record for this distance being $1{:}51^{1}/_{5}$). Specifically, we are informed, Nurmi wants to beat his own mile record of 4 minutes $10^{2}/_{5}$ seconds. He has remarked, it appears, that he hoped to run the mile in this country in 4:06.

A statue has already been erected in his honor by the Finnish Government. What they will do if his American invasion is successful, may well beggar imagination. Meantime, he is universally regarded as the "greatest of all the great Finns." How does he do it? What is there about him that so classes him with the great runners of history? Of course, he has a finely organized physique with a stalwart chest, and powerful thigh and stomach muscle development, and without overtraining, he keeps in shape year in and year out. But so do many others. Perhaps one of the most significant things about Nurmi is his method of "pulling" himself along, which was not generally understood here until his recent arrival. We quote from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> The great Finn runs with his torso at right angles to the earth, and not plunging forward. In order to attain motion, he reaches out in front with his legs and pulls himself ahead. There are several American sprinters who employ this method—Charles Paddock, Bernie Wefers, Jr., Frank Hussey, and Bayes Norton, the last-named a youthful Yale star.
>
> This theory of posture is not a new one, but, due to the long years of the plunge-forward style of running in America, custom has forced the theory to the background.
>
> All that has been said of Nurmi's stride and the machine-like motion of his body is true, and there never before has been anything like it in this country. He possesses an exceptionally long stride for a man only five feet eight inches in height, and there is complete coordination in every movement. But greatest of all is Nurmi's method of "pulling" himself instead of "pushing," as do practically all American long-distance runners.

That may be one of the things that makes him such a supremely great running machine. A feature of this is his peculiar flat-footed stride, so like the American Indian who had to run down a deer now and then for his dinner. Says Grantland Rice: "If you watch Paavo Nurmi run you will see that he is a flat-footed runner, making no effort to throw his weight forward upon his toes. The leg strain is more evenly divided, and bunched upon a few muscles."

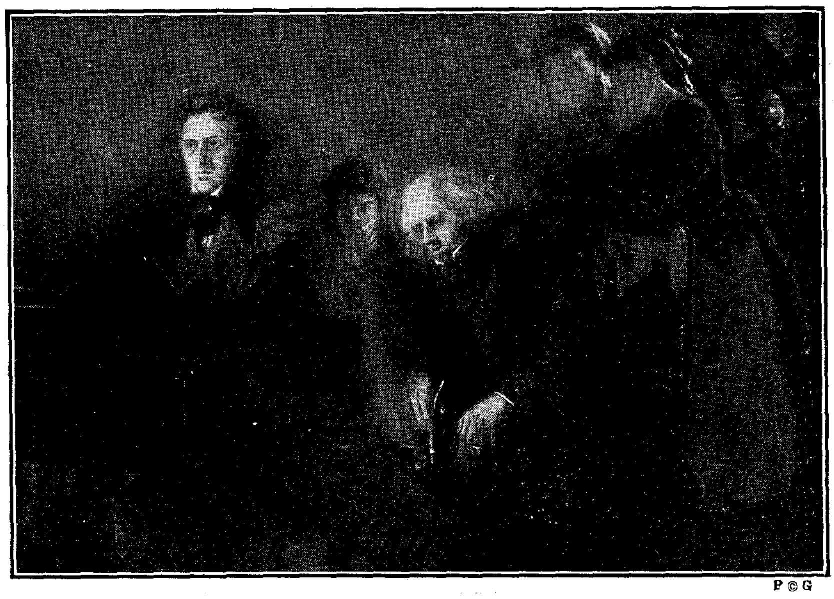
Nurmi's training system, in force constantly for ten years, comes in for considerable comment. Says the New York *Sun:*



International Newsreel photograph

HE PULLS HIMSELF ALONG WITH HIS LEGS

Instead of pounding ahead in the plunge-forward style of this country, Nurmi, body erect, glides along in a peculiar flat-footed Indian style that carries him like a breeze.



Chopin, obliged to spend the night in a rural inn, composes one of his famous Nocturnes. From a painting by Balestrieri.

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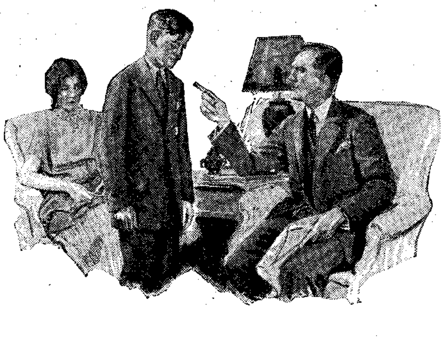
The AMPICO
The ALL of the PIANO

The world forgives him now, but—



Only yesterday, it seems, that strapping youngster of yours was clambering about his crib. How you dreamed of his coming manhood! And today you see your vision closer—the goodness, the manliness in him. Today you, and the world too, make allowances and forgive his little disobediences—his childish bursts of temper — even a detected falsehood.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Faithful adherence to it undoubtedly explains much of his ability. He pays attention to food—his reliance is fish and rye bread—and to massaging. He also practises running at great changes of pace over a given distance. This, he holds, enables him to turn on speed or slacken without any discomfort, and is extremely valuable in a race.

Then there is his remarkable heart action, described at the time he won his Olympic races. His pulse, it seems, is phenomenally slow, and does not speed up either in fast or in long races, as it does with most other runners. We were told then, that it worked with the efficiency and calm precision of "some infernal machine."

The artistic view-point of this "blue-eyed, sandy-haired young man from Helsingfors," who has "lifted speed and endurance to an unimagined place," is given by Grantland Rice, already quoted. Says he in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> Nurmi is something more than a runner with speed and stamina. He is an artist on the track, indoor or out, where ease and rhythm play their part. By the word artist we mean natural smoothness, rhythm, grace, and form all blended into something pleasant to look upon.
>
> Nurmi is near the head of the artist's class as a runner with no show of effort or exertion in a smooth, natural stride which carries him along like a breeze. He may be working for the results he gets, but he doesn't show it. There is no waste effort. There is little waste effort to any competitive artist.
>
> Nurmi is the tireless wonder of all time. For any man in an Olympic test to win a 1,500- and a 5,000-meter race less than fifty minutes apart, both under old record speed, and to finish fresh and keen, sets a new standard of endurance. To finish a 10,000-meter run as fresh as Nurmi was under a blazing sun, with the thermometer at 102, is the final word in stamina and condition.
>
> The main matter ahead concerns Nurmi's ability to upset the hoodoo which has attacked all invaders, who, through change in climate and diet, have fallen far below their standard work. We were talking over his case with a certain Olympic star. "Nurmi," he said, "is the greatest Olympic competitor of all time. He is the greatest middle-distance and long-distance runner that ever lived. But he may be beaten over here. He will probably suffer the fate of the others. If he can overcome this handicap, he will be even greater than I think he is."
>
> We beg leave to differ with this prediction. A heavy cold or an accident might upset the dope. But he is almost certain to crack at least one record in early January and to set a new flock of American records before he leaves.
>
> Nurmi is no fluttering young débutante. He was a great runner in 1920 at Antwerp. He has been conquering all fields ever since. The invader is always up against a handicap, but we have had no invaders up to his standard. Never before in the history of international sport.

When Nurmi first began to train on indoor tracks in this country there was a rumor that he was suffering severely from "shin-splints," a pain in the shins which most runners have experienced at one time or other on transferring from outdoor cinder-tracks to a board floor. According to a veteran trainer who investigated this, Nurmi showed no signs of that trouble, and in his opinion "will beat anybody in America at a mile and up." The other story that Nurmi was so disgusted with indoor floors that he was going home was denied by a *Daily News* reporter, who laid it to a misunderstanding of Nurmi's "English as she is spoke." As a result of his observations then, the reporter remarks:

> In action he resembles that superman of yesteryear, Mel Sheppard, more than any runner we have ever seen before or since the peerless one was winning Olympic honors. In his slow running periods Nurmi gives a hint of the pitter-patter style of that diminutive Briton, Alf Shrubb.
>
> While he didn't essay any fast work, he showed that he has a world of power behind a smooth, close-to-the-ground action. He points his feet a trifle outward and breaks down gradually to the heel at the end of each stride. His leg muscles are magnificent, being of the long, sinewy sort which stand out like whipcords when tensed.

Upon Nurmi's form in his first meet, held under the auspices of the Finnish-American A. C., in Madison Square Garden, depend his future engagements in this country, according to the Finnish-American coach. Apparently with him, as with the French race-horse Epinard, it is a question as to how hard a track he can stand. In any case, we shall know soon. Says an Associated Press dispatch:

> His first competition is slated for January 6, at Madison Square Garden, where, under the auspices of the Finnish-American Athletic Club, he will run in two races, one at a mile and another at 5,000 meters. In attempting this feat, Nurmi will be duplicating the task he set for himself at Paris, when, in a single afternoon, he won the Olympic 1,500- and 5,000-meter races, both in record time.
>
> Willie Ritola, Nurmi's American-trained countryman, and co-star at the Olympics, is expected to be a contender in both races at the Garden. Over the 5,000-meter course at Paris, Nurmi won from Ritola by a bare yard, and a renewal of their rivalry should produce some brilliant running.
>
> Aside from Ritola, Joie Ray, former American mile champion, looms as Nurmi's strongest rival. Ray, according to reports, is showing a return to old-time form in training, at Chicago and may come back to duplicate his sensational races of two seasons ago, when he toppled six world's records.
>
> At Paris, Nurmi outclassed his fields so completely that he found time to regulate his own pace with a stop-watch, which he consulted at the end of each lap, while in the team events he frequently slowed up and dropt back to coach his team-mates, and yet always had enough in reserve to forge to the front with the tape in sight.

The question then as to whether Nurmi will stay in America this winter or go back to his job in Helsingfors as a paper-hanger, depends on one thing. Will he run his first race here against a stop-watch or a hoodoo?

A PROPOSED CURE FOR THE "DOLLAR GERM" IN THE WORLD'S SERIES

"THERE'S a limit to the baseball public's faith in the integrity of its favorite pastime," declares one of the sports writers, who contributes to *The Baseball Magazine* and, even if that limit has not been reached, he intimates that public confidence in the game has had some hard blows. The blows all came, he notes, as a direct result of the huge sums of money involved in the World's Series games. The drastic punishment handed out in the fall of 1920 to eight White Sox players was expected to throw such a scare into the hearts of would-be cheaters that nothing underhanded would be attempted during the memory of the present generation at least. That warning did not prove efficacious. And it is extremely doubtful, speculates the writer, Irving E. Sanborn, whether—

> The punishment of a couple of "messenger boys," as a result of the latest scandal, will have any lasting or satisfying effect on players who are inclined to cheat, or on fans who are inclined to doubt.
>
> That, however, is aside from the purpose of this article. What action the powers-that-be may take toward the apprehension of the parties who escaped through the unlocked stable door does not interest us so much as what action shall be taken by the authorities to padlock the said stable door against future miscreants who may be tempted to create a mess by comparison with which the fabled Augean stables would resemble a model sanitary dairy.
>
> All kinds of suggestions have been made to purify the game, practically all of them concerning the World's Series which is generally acknowledged to be the center of the danger zone. These suggestions vary all the way from abolition of the World's Series itself to decentralizing it by converting it into a sort of round robin circus. None of the suggestions even hints at the simpler remedy of removing the dollar germ which is secreting the poisoning that is threatening to infect the whole organization.

No one who realizes how deeply baseball has permeated into the lives and hearts of the citizens of the nation, says Mr. Sanborn, can feel like advocating the abolition of the World's Series. Nevertheless, he declares:

> Yet some such way must be found and adopted to convince the public that the promoters are alive to the danger and sincere in their efforts to keep baseball above suspicion. It should be done before the next World's Series and not put off until another scandal breaks out. The exposures of 1920 jolted the magnates into action. Perhaps this one will have the same effect.
>
> It already has been suggested that, instead of playing all the games in the two cities represented by the competing teams, the World's Series be passed around, staging a combat in each of the eleven Major League cities. Aside from the fact they tried that out 'way back in 1887, and it was a loud failure, it would serve only to increase the commercial aspect of the World's Series by making a sort of traveling circus of it, without removing any of the danger of cheating. Besides, think what it would have meant to the fans of Washington this year, after waiting forty years for a

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New Haven—153 Court St. (2nd floor)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (Room 200)
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Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
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Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
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Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

championship, if they had been permitted to see only one game of the World's Series on their home park! Such a scheme would mean wringing all the sentiment out of baseball and there still is a world of sentiment left in it—outside of blasé New York.

Then there is Garry Herrmann's old suggestion—revived after many years—to wind-up the regular league seasons earlier and schedule each of the sixteen teams to play a "home-and-home" series with all the other teams in both circuits, the winner of the greatest number of games in this round robin to be world's champions. That would be a more convincing way than the present series to determine the champion team, but it would deprive the public of the absorbing interest created by the present short and snappy post-season series.

Another corrective idea is to have the World's Series played between picked teams representing the strongest possible line-ups in each league. Aside from the perilous problem of finding some satisfactory way to pick two such teams, that would result only in a sort of glorified exhibition, purely commercial and bereft of all sentiment.

Still another suggestion is to reduce the present high scale of prices for World's Series tickets, so as to remove some of the temptation to adopt underground methods of getting a chance to play for the big money now divided among the contenders in the fall derby. That would be a step in the right direction, for the solution of the problem of sterilizing the World's Series involves reducing the stakes for which the athletes compete. But to charge only regular season prices, or a little more, for World's Series games would result in multiplying the present congestion to terrific proportions by increasing tremendously the demand for tickets. And any one who ever has been mixed up in the handling of the ticket end of a post-season event knows that it is bad enough as it is.

Exactly the same end can be accomplished by a different method without driving the business managers of any ball clubs into insane asylums. A saner and equally effective way would be to make a slight reduction in the scale of prices for tickets and a radical reduction in the players' share of the receipts, also to scale down proportionately the shares of the club owners, the advisory committee and all others who now profit by the World's Series.

What would become of all the coin not split up among the participants? Use it to erect a Home for Baseball Players who run into hard luck in their old age, a hospital for the cure of diamond athletes who contract tuberculosis or other ailments that incapacitate them, a library for the preservation of the historical and statistical records of baseball, and a Hall of Fame for conserving the trophies of the sport and perpetuating the memories of its great players.

Applying his idea to specific cases, Mr. Sanborn points out that:

> Each club's share of the 1924 World's Series receipts amounted to almost $300,000, but 25 per cent. of that, or $75,000, went into the treasuries of their respective leagues. Out of the residue the club owners had to pay all the heavy expenses of conducting the series. If the club owners' slice of the coin were reduced by half that would leave $300,000 available for a fund to build a Players' Home. But it must be remembered that the last World's Series went seven games, which is very unusual. Ordinarily, in an average series the promoters' share would be considerably less. Then there is the Advisory Council's 15 per cent. of the gross, amounting last fall to $163,965. That could be reduced by $75,000 and still leave ample funds for all the Council's legitimate expenses over and above the de luxe salary paid the Commissioner.
>
> The foregoing figures show how there could have been set aside out of the 1924 World's Series coin, without doing injustice to any of the beneficiaries, the sum of $575,000 for a Ball Players' Home. Half a million dollars would go quite a way toward providing for the care and comfort of hard luck veterans and the establishment of a permanent hall of records. But it would be misleading to suppose that any such amount as that would be available for such an enterprise out of the proceeds of every World's Series. Going back only to 1920, the players' pool in the series between Cleveland and Brooklyn amounted to only $161,162. Allowing a lump sum of $125,000 for division among the players, as already outlined, there would be left a balance of only $36,000 for a Players' Home. Half the club owners' profits from the same series would amount to practically $100,000, and that would include the amounts paid into the leagues' treasuries, too.
>
> Going back to 1914, when only four games were played between Braves and Athletics, the players' pool amounted to only $121,898, which is less than the maximum amount of sterilized prizes outlined above. Very little was left the club owners out of that series after paying all expenses.
>
> It is not likely that all future World's Series would run into the million-dollar class in receipts even if the present scale of prices should be maintained. Some reduction in the cost of seats could be made and still realize a substantial sum for a Players' Home from World's Series receipts. At the same time the temptation to use crooked methods to buy one's way into a share of the winners' prize would be lessened and still leave a generous reward for all concerned.
>
> Those players who would be inclined to register a pronounced kick over a reduction in their prize money could be silenced by the argument that the surplus funds were being devoted to providing safe and sane insurance against tough luck or sickness in their old age. Those promoters who might object to surrendering some of their prospective profits out of a World's Series could be shown that the establishment of a Players' Home would remove the present demands on them, which are growing each year, for charitable contributions to support down-and-out veterans of the game.
>
> The fans who would be inclined to complain that the incentive to ball-players to exert themselves to the limit to win a World's Series would be smaller if the stakes were reduced could be reminded that the percentage of so-called "dollar players" is very small compared to those who will work just as hard for the honor of winning a world's pennant, coin or no coin. Moreover, reducing the stakes would bring out the genuine ball-player in distinction from the mere dollar-chaser and would tend to increase the element of sportsmanship.
>
> A football game is no less hard fought because there is no pot of gold under the goal posts than it would be if the players

were fighting for something more commercially valuable than a varsity initial. Gridiron games are no less interesting to the public because there are no money stakes and there is just as great a demand for seats for the big football games as there ever has been for World's Series tickets.

Big money stakes will not make the games of a post-season battle more interesting than small stakes. The contests of 1924 were no more bitterly or brilliantly fought than those of 1906 when the entire players' pool amounted to only $33,401, or less than $1,000 apiece for the players of the winning team. But big money prizes are a tremendous temptation to the few ball-players who are in the game for all they can get out of it, and it is these few dollar-chasers who constitute the chief danger to the honesty of the sport.

That temptation can be removed in great measure without doing any serious injustice to the sturdily honest majority of the players, and at the same time the funds for a worthy and needed memorial to the nation's greatest sport and for the future welfare and comfort of all the players can be provided without taking away from the public any of the thrills or joys of a World's Series which has become a nation-wide institution.

Sterilize the World's Series, cut out the infection caused by the dollar bacillus, but don't amputate it from the great body of fandom until all other remedies have been tried and have failed.

DECIDED: THAT CHAMPION TENNIS-PLAYERS MAY WRITE ABOUT THE GAME

THE war in the United States lawn-tennis association is ended with a qualified victory for the men who insisted that tennis champions had a right to write articles on tennis for the newspapers and magazines in their spare time. The decision permits a player to write as much as he chooses, according to the interpretation of the New York *Sun*, provided he does not use his championship title in connection with his articles, and does not report current tournaments in which he is entered as a competitor. The tennis authorities who protested so strongly last year against "making a business out of tennis writings," and promulgated the rule against writing which roused such spirited protest in the national champion, William T. Tilden, 2d, thus appear to have yielded most of their ground. In addition to indicating the end of the controversy, continues the *Sun* writer:

> The decision means also an unquestioned victory for the player-writer. It asks him to yield very little; it asks the opponents of the writer to yield a great deal. But in view of the manner in which the general tennis public express itself last summer on the question, this is not surprizing. The amateur-rule committee, after the storm that followed their interpretation of the amateur rule, had indicated a desire to accept the findings of the majority, to compromise if an impartial committee considered a compromise necessary. Because of this and the fact that the executive committee has passed favorably on the proposal, it is expected that the opponents of the player-writer will accept the decision

The most important New Year's Resolution you can make

A CREED OF HEALTH FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

I want to be well—By "well" I mean positively, buoyantly well. I am not satisfied merely to be "not sick"—I believe that being completely well is the condition most fundamental to happiness and success—I realize that I cannot get something for nothing. I realize that to achieve buoyant health, I must regulate my life in accordance with certain natural laws—But I am convinced that nothing which I must deny myself is worth a fraction of that which I will gain—Therefore during this coming year I shall as far as possible live the natural life which makes for health.

¶ THIS is the personal platform of those who would make 1925 an outstanding year. It will mean new energy, new optimism, a firmer grip on life for every one who adopts it and practices it. And it is not a difficult program.

Health is natural. Sickness is man-made. In the midst of all our achievements we would do well to remember with shame that we have so largely disregarded the laws of nature as they apply to our own bodies.

We neglect exercise. We try to see how little sleep will suffice us. We deny ourselves fresh air. We eat the wrong things. And worst of all, we unthinkingly load our systems with drug stimulants which contribute nothing of real value, but which slowly and surely rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has absolutely no food value. It seems to give new energy, but actually it lashes the tired nerves to action when they really need rest and nourishment.

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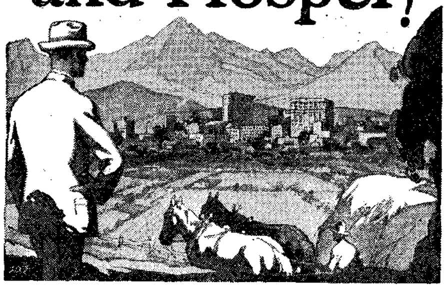

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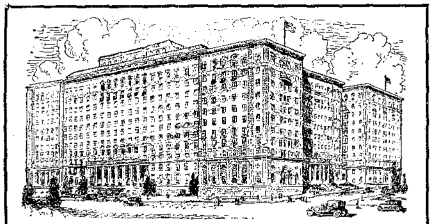

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

of the special committee, and that the delegates at the annual meeting in February will follow suit.

If the decision receives final approval, it will mean that Bill Tilden, for instance, will be permitted to continue to write tennis articles without limit and for any remuneration he can arrange, to report tournaments in which he is not a competitor, and to derive financial return from lectures or radio talks on tennis, or from non-tennis motion-pictures. What he can not do is to report a current tournament in which he is a competitor or sanction the use of any of his championship titles in connection with his writings or lectures. It may be pointed out, however, that there is nothing to prevent Tilden from commenting immediately after the final round has been played on a tournament in which he has competed. There is nothing to prevent him from signing any article "By William T. Tilden 2d."

What else does all this constitute but a Tilden, or rather a player-writer, victory? What else does it constitute but an admission by all members of the special committee, and the majority of the executive committee, that a player with the ability to write his own articles can make a business of tennis-writing if he so chooses? Will the decision affect Tilden's earning power to any extent? Perhaps to an inconsequential degree. But, after all, is a Tilden article signed "Champion of the United States since 1920" of greater value than one signed without the title?

The rewritten clause carries out verbally the idea of the player-writer opponents regarding the capitalization of tennis fame in that it bars him from sanctioning the use of his title or a statement of his reputation, but in effect it does not accomplish at all the result desired by the amateur-rule committee a season ago, for who shall say whether a player is being compensated more for the use of his name than for the merit of his articles? There is no question as to which side has scored in the decision of the special committee.

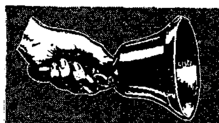
While the committee has drawn a newly worded amateur rule for acceptance, few of its clauses differ from those now in force. The clauses that refer to player-writers are not listed under acts that will bar offenders from the amateur ranks, but under acts that will render them subject to ineligibility so far as tournament play is concerned. In other words, even a player-writer who fails to live up to the very reasonable new rule is not to be branded a professional, but is to be barred from competition until such time as he decides to write only in accordance with the rule.

The two clauses affecting the player-writers read that a person may be declared ineligible:

"By using or sanctioning after February, 1925, the use of his titles or statement of his reputation won on the tennis-court in connection with books, newspapers, magazine or other written articles, motion-pictures of himself, lectures or radio talks, for which he is to receive any payment or compensation;

"By writing for pay or for a consideration current newspaper articles covering a tournament or match in which he is entered as a competitor."

In submitting the report of the special committee United States Senator George



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Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania, who was non-partizan chairman, wrote in part:

"In all the discussions your committee has been mindful of the absolute necessity of maintaining the game of tennis upon a high plane of amateurism, and also of the desirability of not unduly curtailing the concurrent or outside activities of individual tennis-players.

"It will be noted in the rule that a professional tennis-player is defined. This was thought more satisfactory than inserting a definition of an amateur. Furthermore, your committee has deemed it advisable to set forth certain specific acts as constituting professionalism and certain other acts the doing of which will make a person ineligible for competition in tournaments held under the auspices of the U. S. L. T. A. It was felt by your committee that there were instances which should disqualify a player from competing, but which did not in themselves make that person a professional, and for that reason the specific acts are grouped under two headings.

"It must be borne in mind that no rule can be framed which will not seem to work a hardship on an individual in occasional instances. However, your committee has sincerely and conscientiously striven to draft a rule which will be for the greatest good of the greatest number, and which will serve as a guide and code for players and officials alike."

Fred Hawthorne, a sports writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, believes that there are still some differences of opinion regarding the newly revised rule. He observes and comments:

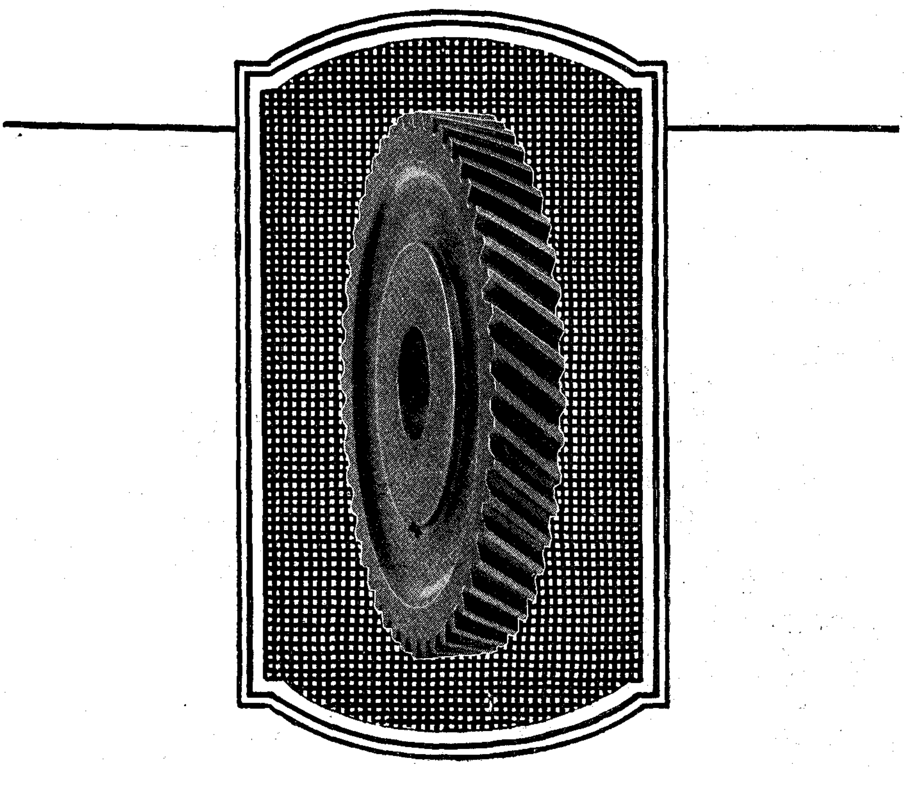
The large majority of the critics seem to feel that the player-writers have gained a substantial victory in the fact that they would be allowed to continue writing "without stint" under certain conditions, while some of the players who would be affected have come out strongly against the new interpretation.

It all depends upon the point of view. A man who was about to be hanged by the neck would consider he had gained a great victory if somebody came and cut the halter from his neck and said: "No, you are not to be hanged; you are only going to jail for twenty years." On the other hand, a man who was playing tennis and who was suddenly lugged off to a cell would feel he was being grossly imposed upon.

It is undoubtedly true that "Big Bill" Tilden would be adversely affected by the revised ruling to a lesser extent than any of the other player-writers, for the champion, as the most famous player in the world, has so firmly established his reputation that he is known the country over as just that. His name alone placed over any article on lawn tennis virtually corresponds to the "sterling" mark on silver. His future writing activities would be curtailed most by the fact that he would be barred from writing current articles for the daily newspapers in connection with any tournament in which he was a competitor.

The lesser-known players would not get off so easily, for their mere names do not carry so much weight with the tennis-reading public, and restricted to feature articles without the "news" element they would find it pretty hard to live off the proceeds of their journalistic work.

But does not the fact that these player-writers in the past have relied upon the



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pulling power of their titles and reputations indicate that heretofore they have been capitalizing titles and reputations? And that is the principal evil that the U. S. L. T. A. sought to eradicate when the "player-writer" rule was first drawn up by the lawn-tennis officials.

Faced by an unusually difficult situation the special committee of seven that was appointed to revise the rule had to make compromises in both directions, and that each side claims victories proves that the work was well done.

The Sun points out editorially that there is still a chance that the decision of the Special Committee and the Executive Committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association may not be accepted by the parent body, as a whole. *The Sun* believes that, even with the concession made by the tennis authorities who opposed the player-writer idea, the tennis champions are hardly being given a square deal. The commentary runs:

> The committee that has been studying the situation for the United States Lawn Tennis Association has completed its report and its work has been approved by the Executive Committee. It will be brought up before the association next February. If adopted it would represent an important modification of the rule which was to go into effect this January forbidding players to write about tennis for money. It would permit such writing with certain qualifications. A player in signing his name to articles could not use any tennis title he might possess, and he could not report tournaments in which he participated. Outside of writing he could not pose for motion-pictures for a monetary consideration.
>
> The report will come up for discussion and will doubtless be discust thoroughly. The dissociation of name and tennis title when the tennis player is writing should be acceptable. Denying the player-writer the right to report a tournament when he himself is participating in the play is a more doubtful matter. It brings the discussion back to its start, asking once more what has still to be answered to full public satisfaction: Why writing is worse as combined with tennis-playing than practising law or medicine or selling bonds or insurance? However, as Tilden is a member of the committee which framed the rule, it may be assumed that the restriction governing players in tournaments will have very strong support.
>
> The whole proposed rule should be considered carefully. If there is doubt about it it should not be enacted. There should be a way of squeezing commercialism out of writing about tennis—if it is inherent at all in such writing—without interfering with individual freedom. The first attempt to accomplish such a result was not very happy. The second one should not be made until the association is sure it can satisfy the great majority of the sporting public of the fairness and necessity of what it is doing.

In the meantime, in spite of the attempted compromise, the sticklers for true amateurism in sports argue that, considering the large sums tennis champions may garner by writing about the sport, they are really paid for their tennis proficiency and are, to that extent, professionals. On the other side of the fence is the defender of the player-writer who insists that a man is no less an amateur because he is able to please the public by writing about the game in which he is interested.

HARD LUCK FOR GOLF CHAMPIONS

THE greatest year golf ever knew has just passed into history; and, as usual, observe several newspaper sports writers, taking a backward look, the defending champions failed to hold the ramparts against the assaults of their rivals. Golf is a game, it appears, particularly liable to produce such upsets. It may be that the game depends somewhat more on "good breaks," luck, in brief, than on pure skill. At any rate, while boxing and tennis champions linger through years, golf shows unsual changes in form. In the year just passed, summarizes Jack Kofoed, of the New York *Evening Post*,

> Bobby Jones won the national amateur title by defeating George von Elm in the final round at the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Von Elm had eliminated the 1923 title-holder, Max Marston, in the third round.
>
> Cyril Walker, Englewood professional, became national open champion by finishing first in a great field at Oakland Hills, Detroit. Bobby Jones, the previous year's king, was second.
>
> Walter Hagen, by a wonderful finish over the stiff Sandwich course, captured the British open championship. In 1923 he had finished second to Arthur Havers, and in 1922 won the championship. This record in a British open event has never been equaled.
>
> Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, former American, British and Canadian champion, captured the women's national title at the Rhode Island Country Club. Miss Edith Cummings, holder of the title, was eliminated by Miss Miriam Burns in the second round.
>
> Sir Ernest Holderness, for the second time in three years, became British amateur champion. His predecessor, Roger Wethered, was beaten in the fourth round of match play.
>
> Walter Hagen won the United States professional crown at French Lick, Indiana, defeating Jim Barnes in the ultimate round. Gene Sarazen, holder of the title for two successive years, failed to go very far.
>
> Cyril J. H. Tolley won the French open championship by a marvelous display of golf that counterbalanced Walter Hagen's superb 69 on the last eighteen holes.
>
> A week later John G. Anderson defeated Tolley, 1 up, for the French amateur championship at La Boule.
>
> The international Walker Cup matches were played at the Garden City Golf Club and resulted in a victory for America. Tolley's triumph over Marston, and Michael Scott's over Jess Sweetser, were the only singles victories scored by the invaders, while Michael and Robert Scott added the only foursome win by defeating Jones and Fownes. The result was nine matches to three for America.
>
> The national public links championship went to Joe Coble of Philadelphia, who ousted Dick Walsh of New York from the title-rôle. This tournament was played in Toledo, Ohio.
>
> Dexter Cummings, for the second

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

successive year, won the intercollegiate championship. He was the only national title-holder to succeed himself.

There were a vast number of invitation and special tournaments held in clubs in the metropolitan district, and the entry list in most cases were of a high caliber.

The following is a list of local champions:

Metropolitan amateur—Bill Reekie, Upper Montclair.

Metropolitan open—Mike Brady, Winged Foot.

Metropolitan women's—Miss A. Marion Hollins, Women's National.

New York State amateur—Lee Chase, Buffalo.

Long Island amateur—Harry Payne Bingham, Piping Rock.

Long Island open—Jimmy Maiden.

Westchester amateur—George I. Lawyer, Westchester Hills.

Westchester open—Will McFarlane, Oak Ridge.

The Metropolitan amateur was played over the frightfully difficult Lido course. Reekie and Eddie Driggs went through to the final round without any great difficulty, and the veteran won quite handily from the former Princeton football star. Frank Dyer, who held the championship in the preceding year, moved to Memphis, and failed to defend his crown.

The Metropolitan open king, Bob McDonald, also was unable to defend, and the seventy-two-hole medal play affair simmered down to a three-cornered struggle among Mike Brady, Johnny Farrell and Will McFarlane. Brady, newly appointed to the post at Winged Foot, came through by a splendid effort on the final holes.

Miss Hollins absolutely outclassed the field in the women's championship at the Cherry Valley Club. Miss Alexa Stirling, who captured the coveted prize in 1923, was prevented by illness from appearing. Mrs. J. Larocque Anderson of the home club, gave Miss Hollins a courageous fight in the final round.

Eddie Driggs, first champion of the New York State Golf Association, could not hold the pace in this year's tournament at Buffalo and was eliminated in the second round. Lee Chase defeated Henry Comstock for the title, after going through a powerful field.

The Long Island amateur, held at Pomonok in April, was played in frightful weather, and some of the best players could not qualify under the conditions. Harry Payne Bingham of Piping Rock galloped through to an easy victory over John Lang in the ultimate round.

Contrastingly, the Long Island open was played in the hottest weather of the year, and was won by the veteran Jimmy Maiden, who twice broke 70.

The Westchester amateur crown was taken by George I. Lawyer, who was also runner-up for the championship of the United States Army. Will McFarlane won the Westchester open against a field that included Johnny Farrell, Mike Brady, Gene Sarazen, and others equally as famous.

The two greatest golfing feats of the year are credited to Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones. The former's finish in the British championship is unequaled in the annals of the game for brilliance and courage. He stept to the tenth tee of the final round realizing that even 4s were needed for a victory—even 4s over one of the most difficult layouts in the world, and with a stiff gale in his teeth. Yet he won after a series of remarkable recoveries and absolutely deadly work on the greens.

Jones' work in the amateur championship at Merion was superb. He was second in the qualifying round because of the marvelous first eighteen holes of "Ducky" Corkran, but from then on no one had a chance. He was seldom "down" to par, and it is impossible to beat a man who is playing par golf. Most of his victories were easily achieved, despite the fact that he was opposed to the cream of American golf. In particular, his victories over Francis Ouimet and George von Elm were so overwhelming as to emphasize his utter superiority to the field. No amateur championship has ever been won in so convincing a manner.

Corkran's first round of sixty-seven was a record-breaking achievement that probably will stand a long while.

Fred Knight's five successive tournament victories in the South last winter, Joe Kirkwood's, five straight in California and Texas, and Leo Diegel's four consecutive triumphs, which included the Canadian open championship, are worthy of note.

WHO MADE THE ALL-AMERICAN TEAM?

"HE made the all-American team last year!" whispered of any football player a few years ago, used to be the equivalent of at least a Knighthood in any other country. Now, however, the come-back, all too frequently is: "Whose All-American team did he make?" This may be followed by a hoarse sardonic laugh, particularly if it turns out that the maker of this particular All-American team was from the player's own section or college.

This year, however, an All-American selection is possible with far more back of it than ever before. In the first place there have been a number of such outstanding football stars that there can be very little question about them, on the part of the average football fan. In the second place it is becoming more and more the custom for football experts to collaborate in picking teams. Of two such combinations this year, one consisted of "Eddie" Mahan, Walter Eckersall, "Brick" Muller (California University coach), and N. J. Flatley, a veteran Boston sports writer. It gave the point of view of the veteran football player. The other, composed of Knute Rockne, Tad Jones and Glenn Warner, was an obvious effort to get the opinions of three coaches of outstanding teams in the East, Middle West and Pacific areas—Notre Dame, Yale and Stanford, respectively. The degree to which these seven football experts agreed upon their All-American selections is astonishing.

Here, in parallel columns are the two elevens picked. The first is that of the veteran football players, and the second is that of the three coaches.

Bjorkman	L. E.	Lawson
Weir	L. T.	Weir
Diehl	L. G.	Farwick
Horrell	Center	Lovejoy

Pondelik	R. G.	Pondelik
Gowdy	R. T.	McGinley
Mahaney	R. E.	Luman
Stuehldreher	Q. B.	Stuehldreher
Grange	L. H.	Grange
Darling	R. H.	Crowley
Layden	F. B.	Layden

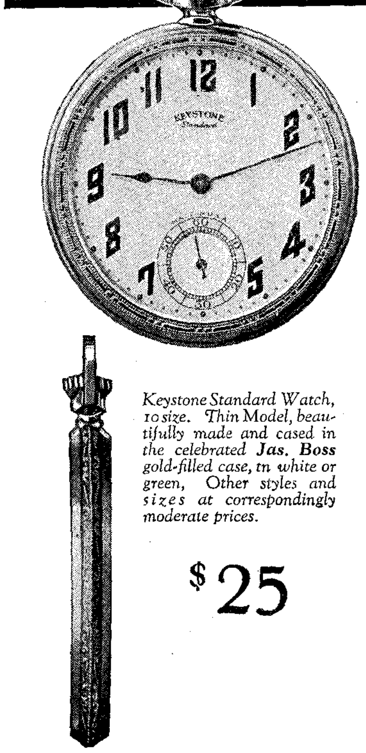
Curiously enough, Walter Eckersall, the great quarterback, has made up an All-American football team which combines these two lists to a remarkable extent.

If one compares the two foregoing combinations, their second choices, and those of the sporting writers of various prominent newspapers, West and East, Eckersall's list will be found to represent in every case but one, the player most widely mentioned for the position in question. A possible exception might be the substitution of McGinley of Pennsylvania for Beattie of Princeton at right tackle. Here is Eckersall's team:

Left End: Bjorkman, Dartmouth.
Left Tackle: Weir, Nebraska.
Left Guard: Farwick, Army.
Center: Horrell, California.
Right Guard: Pondelik, Chicago.
Right Tackle: Beattie, Princeton.
Right End: Luman, Yale.
Quarterback: Stuehldreher, Notre Dame.
Left Halfback: Grange, Illinois.
Right Halfback: Crowley, Notre Dame.
Fullback: Layden, Notre Dame.

The outstanding characteristic of this team which will at once strike the follower of football, is its extraordinary lightness, coupled with phenomenal speed. At least five men in the line would weigh under 185 pounds each, and the backfield, exclusive even of the 152-pound quarterback, would average something like 166 pounds.

A study of the way in which the football experts we have mentioned analyze the different individuals in the aggregation, would however convince any student that for sheer power and scrapping ability this would be an outstanding team in any year. Picked as it is from eight different States and from nine different colleges, this team draws five players from the Middle West, four from east of the Alleghanies, and two from west of the Mississippi. Five of the players were picked almost unanimously by all the experts who were consulted. These men are Weir, Pondelik, Stuehldreher, Grange and Layden. Concerning the others there were the usual differences of opinion, the players finally appearing on this list having been designated by a clear majority of the experts who made up the different aggregations. If the writers consulted may be relied upon, this then is one of the most authoritative All-American teams possible. It can not be claimed, however, that all the good college football players in the United States were seen by the ten or twelve men who had a voice in this list. It is not at all impossible that some phenomenal player on one of the smaller teams has not received all the



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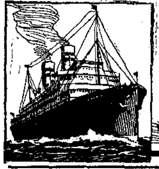

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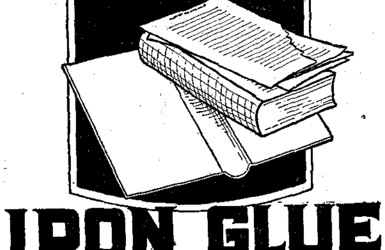

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

consideration he deserved. And above all, not sufficient was known of Southern football players, even on the big teams. With this exception this team may be considered fairly representative of the whole country. Concerning the South, Rockne, Jones, and Warner in picking their All-American team said:

> We regret we have no direct knowledge of football as a whole in the Southern States except that several Class A teams were developed there in the closing season. Otherwise it can be claimed that the players we have chosen compose a representative all-State-all-American eleven.

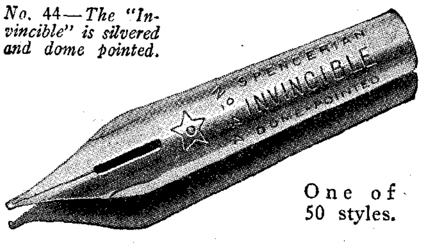
In order to give a voice to second choices in some cases equally as unanimous as the first, the following second team might be suggested. Where the choice was not obviously unanimous, two or three players have been listed instead of one. Here is the list:

Left End: Lawson, Leland Stanford; Wakefield, Vanderbilt.
Left Tackle: Gowdy, Chicago; Kearney, Cornell.
Left Guard: Diehl, Dartmouth.
Center: Lovejoy, Yale; Walsh, Notre Dame.
Right Guard: Garbisch, Army; Abramson, Minnesota.
Right Tackle: McGinley, Pennsylvania; Anderson, Southern California.
Right End: Mahaney, Holy Cross; Otte, Iowa.
Quarterback: Dooley, Dartmouth; Stivers, Idaho.
Left Half: Baker, Northwestern; Hall, Dartmouth.
Right Half: Darling, Boston College; Koppisch, Columbia; Pond, Yale.
Fullback: Homer, Rutgers; McBride, Syracuse; Wyckoff, Georgia Tech.

In addition to these names the following are mentioned by the writers to whom we have referred as outstanding football players this season, and may be said to constitute the All-American Squad. The first one or two players in each position have as a matter of fact appeared on some one's All-American first team.

ALL-AMERICAN SQUAD

Ends: Stout, Princeton; Lingenfelter, Drake; Vesser, Idaho; Huber, California; Gill, Yale; Bullman, West Virginia; Wagner, Columbia; Collins, Notre Dame; Berry, Lafayette; Bomar, Vanderbilt.
Tackles: Van Dyne, Missouri; Thomas, Southern California; Shipkey, Stanford; Bach, Notre Dame; Hancock, Iowa; Joss, Yale; Starobin, Syracuse; Cox, Minnesota; Gordy, Center.
Guards: Hills, Princeton; Bellman, Washington; Parsons, Northwestern; Richeson, Missouri; Bieberstein, Wisconsin; Sturhahn, Yale; Nolan, Santa Clara; Weibel, Notre Dame; Howard, Princeton; Hubka, Nebraska; Payworth, Pennsylvania.
Centers: Brown, Michigan; Eckstein, Brown; Claypool, Purdue; Griffin, Iowa.
Quarterbacks: Pease, Columbia; Parkin, Iowa; Imlay, California; Lamb, Lombard.
Halfbacks: Stockton, Gonzaga; Wilson,



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Concerning this custom of picking All-American football men at the end of the season, N. J. Flately, writing in *Liberty*, says:

Ajax defying the lightning had a soft assignment compared to that of the individual who picks an All-American football eleven. These mythical teams can not but work some injustices. There are undoubtedly unknown gridiron heroes as great as those athletes whose smiling fortunes directed them to the big colleges, whence their deeds of valor are broadcast to an interested country.

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The tackle positions go to McGinley, of Penn, and Weir, of Nebraska. Our choice of Weir was unanimous, as it is generally

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(*Names upon request*)

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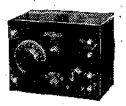
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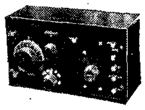
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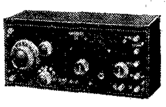
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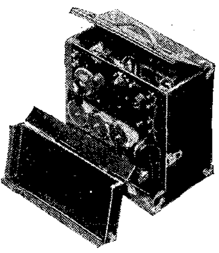
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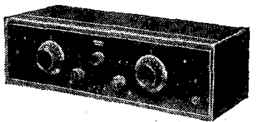
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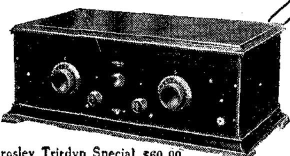
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agreed that this Nebraska star is the superior of any tackle playing football to-day. Despite his weight he is a fast man in a sprint, a furious charger and a deadly tackler. McGinley is a mighty fast man and just as powerful. He is down the field like a flash and by all odds the bright tackle star of the East this fall.

The guard positions go to Farwick, of the Army, and Pondelik, of Chicago. Chicago's line would never have held its ground without Pondelik, pronounced by many observers as the perfect guard of the Big Ten. Farwick, after three seasons at West Baden, is one of the real leading guards of the country, and without question one of the Army's strongest linemen in many seasons. His work against Notre Dame, Yale and the Navy this year puts him at the head of the list. Bellman, of Washington, and Garbisch, of the Army, with his "educated toe," are strong seconds.

As we get closer to the pivot of the line our considerations become more difficult. Three genuine stars lay claim to the job at center, because without question 1924 saw the finest trio of centers that ever worked in a single season. Lovejoy in the East, Walsh in the Middle West and Horrell on the Pacific coast are good enough for any all-star team. In placing Lovejoy on the first eleven, his marvelous passing in the last two games against Harvard, both played in driving rain, stands out as the best exhibition of its kind ever witnessed. This is admitted by all experts. In addition Lovejoy has been a tower of strength in the Yale line for two undefeated seasons. Horrell, named next, is a veteran at California, a team that has gone without defeat since 1920. He is considered the superior of all centers on the Pacific coast. Neck and neck with Lovejoy and Horrell is Walsh, captain of Notre Dame's peerless champions. For grit and courage in the face of great physical pain, Walsh would be named before any player of the present day.

The backfield, our final consideration, might be dismissed in four words: Stuehldreher, Crowley, Layden and Grange. To readers who have seen this sensational quartet in action—Grange, of Illinois, the others of Notre Dame—it is unnecessary to enumerate the reasons for their superstardom. As for readers who have never seen them perform, any attempt on our part to describe their great skill would expose our own limitations.

Those who would place Horrell of California ahead of Lovejoy at center will be interested in the following estimate of him by "Brick" Muller, the famous Pacific coast star and University of California coach:

> "Babe" Horrell of California is in a class by himself at center. He never makes a bad pass. He uses a spiral pass that goes back like a bullet on punt formation. He is a sure tackler, unusually fast, and sometimes he beats the ends down the field on punts. He is the greatest center ever seen on the coast.

Similarly those who prefer Bjorkman of Dartmouth and Mahaney of Holy Cross as All-America ends will be interested in this estimate of them by "Eddie" Mahan, the famous Harvard halfback. Says he:

Hilary Mahaney, Holy Cross captain, is the nearest thing to Tom Shevlin as an end that modern football has known. Weighing two hundred pounds, he's as agile as a cat and as fleet as a sprinter. He can knock the other tackles out of a play and keep right on to spill the secondaries. Trucks could ride through the holes he makes. A good end's real value is on the offensive, and none has been much better than this same Mahaney. Bjorkman of Dartmouth gets across the line of scrimmage extremely fast and snarls up the other offensive before it gets started. He is very fast down the field and a wicked tackler, as is Mahaney.

With a sigh of regret that no one will ever see any of these All-American teams play together, the coaches and writers drop the subject till next year. In a general summary of the season, Walter Eckersall in the Chicago *Sunday Tribune* says:

During one of the most eventful seasons in the history of football, a year featured by startling upsets, sectional champions and those which tied for the honors were determined, Notre Dame was generally acclaimed the strongest and most versatile eleven in the country.

In the east Yale, Dartmouth, and Pennsylvania were rated on a par for the honors. Neither lost a game, but each was held to tie scores. The Blue and Green elevens battled to a 14 to 14 tie, while Pennsylvania and Penn State engaged in a scoreless battle.

Chicago is the only undefeated eleven in the Western conference. The Maroons won from Indiana, Purdue, and Northwestern, but were held to tie scores by Ohio State, Illinois, and Wisconsin. In its opening contest of the season Chicago was defeated by Missouri, 3 to 0. While the tie game between Chicago and Illinois came in the nature of a surprize, the startling upset of the season was the defeat of Illinois by Minnesota, 20 to 7.

In the Missouri Valley conference Missouri was the undisputed champion. The team coached by Gwenn Henry lost but one game and that to Nebraska, 14 to 6. Other struggles were won in decisive fashion, and Missouri is an excellent representative of the caliber of football as played in that section.

California, champion of the Pacific Coast conference for the last four years, relinquished its laurels to Leland Stanford, coached for the first time by Glenn ("Pop") Warner, former mentor at the Carlisle Indian school, Cornell, and Pittsburgh. Bears and Cardinals played to a 20 to 20 tie in the final game of the conference season, but the title went to Stanford, which engaged in but one tie game while California engaged in two drawn battles.

These sectional champions having been beaten or tied, it is only fitting that the national mythical championship be given to some eleven which played a reputable schedule and went through undefeated. This team is Notre Dame, which won most of its games in decisive fashion, and which will meet Leland Stanford at Pasadena in the athletic feature of the Tournament of Roses carnival on New Year's Day.

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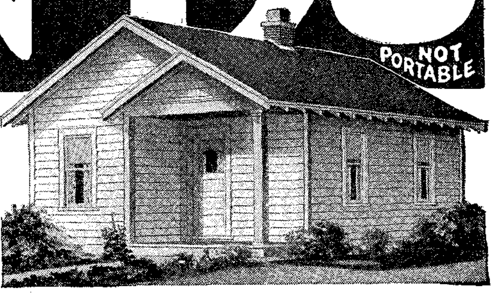

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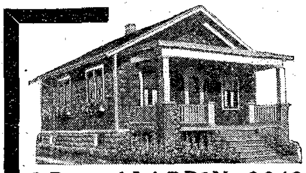
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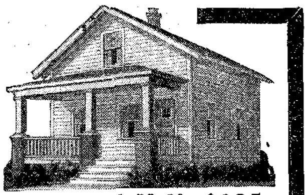
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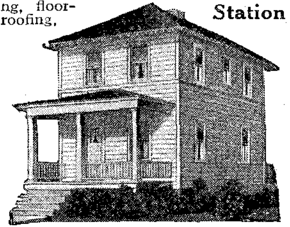
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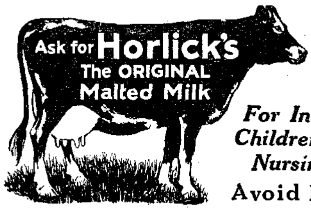

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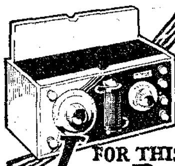

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>
> Then came the application of the principle of utilizing sound and its echo to depth-finding. Every one knows that a cliff will send an echo back across a valley, and experiments were performed which proved that water is a far more perfect medium than air for conducting sound. But it was not until Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden created sounds under water and timed the return of the echo that the marvelous possibilities of sound and its echo were applied to depth-finding. With the aid of an oscillator sounds were echoed back from the ocean floor near the Azores in 3,000 fathoms of water, a distance down and back of nearly seven miles.
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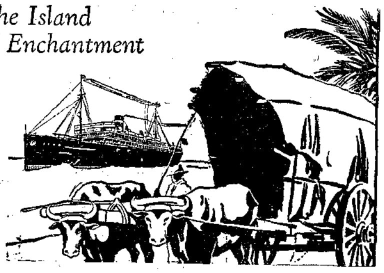

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The feeble energy of the echo is increased and extraneous noises are weeded out by means of a vacuum-tube amplifier with tuned circuits.

From the hydrophone the current goes to the fathometer, which measures accurately the time intervals between the creation of the sound and the picking up of the echo. The recording is accomplished by means of a flashing light behind a revolving disk. This light points to the spot on a graduated scale corresponding to the depth of the ocean. When the bottom is rough and rocky the light jumps about all over the scale, recording every peak and every hole, but when the ocean bed is level the light obviously flashes in approximately the same spot every time. The soundings are instantaneous and are made without any physical effort on the part of the navigator.

It can be readily seen how this instrument will revolutionize navigational methods. It has been inspected and approved by representatives of the leading navies of the world, by hydrographers, by captains of ships, all of whom predict that its universal adoption is a certainty.

Some of the discoveries made last summer with this instrument are thus outlined by Mr. Ardal:

It has been found that, going northeast from the Virginia Capes, the ocean depth steadily increases until it reaches a point southeast of the Delaware Capes, where a sharp chasm occurs, the bottom of which is about 2,500 feet below sea-level. From the point of its northerly peak the ocean-bed becomes irregular, and about five miles farther on there is another drop, to a depth of almost 4,000 feet. This ravine is almost in a line with the direction of Delaware Bay, from which it is seventy-eight miles distant. With allowance made for changes in direction, it is fairly conclusive that this declivity was the original bed of the Delaware River.

From this point northeastward the formation of the valley becomes very definite. Its sides are irregular, it contains a smaller series of peaks and valleys which reach a depth of 6,000 feet, or of over a mile below the surface of the ocean. Then there is a pronounced elevation of about 2,000 feet, and this forms the crest of another gorge, approximately 2,700 feet deep, the bottom of which is 7,000 feet below sea-level. This gorge is five miles wide at its peak and is 124 miles southeast of the Battery.

Its position leaves no other theory possible than that it was the original bed of the Hudson River. It is a natural law that rivers flow through valleys, and in some past age there is no doubt that the Hudson cut its way through this narrow gorge at the bottom of this huge valley, crashed onward to the ocean, feeding the waters that afterward engulfed it.

No Wonder.—A long-legged, fringe-lipped, spear-nosed vampire, a grison, a tayra, two kinkajous, two bassaricyons and a bassaricus have been seen in the Panama Canal Zone. Accounts for the white Indians in that vicinity, maybe; they're scared white.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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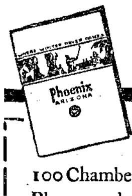

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INVESTMENTS-AND-FINANCE

WE BECOME A NATION OF SAVERS

AMERICANS NEVER do anything by halves, it seems. As a people we have been accused of extravagance, and the amount of our expenditures for luxuries and all the more or less necessary comforts of life have seemed to justify the charge. But now come figures showing that the nation in the last decade or so has gone in for thrift to a most astounding extent. This year, it appears, we have two-and-half times as much money in the savings banks as we had in 1912, and more than three times as many savings bank depositors as we had then, and, most remarkable of all, our savings per capita have more than doubled. During the last twelve years, according to a survey made by the Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers Association, the total savings deposits in the United States increased over 148 per cent., or from $8,425,275,000 to $20,873,562,000, a rise of $12,448,287,000, an average gain of more than a billion dollars each year. Since 1912, the per capita savings have jumped from $89 to $186, an increase of $97, or 109 per cent., and the total number of depositors grew from 12,584,316 to 38,867,994. The New York *American* points out that no one will be surprized to hear that President Coolidge hails from the thriftiest section of the country, for New England has for twelve years held the lead in per capita savings, with a figure of $443 at present. Savings banks have been late in developing in the South, which has consequently had the lowest savings rate per capita. But "this group has made by far the greatest relative advance in the last twelve years." As *The American* quotes the figures on per capita savings in different parts of the country:

	Per Capita Savings Deposits		*Per cent. Increase of*
	1912	*1924*	
New England.........	$245	$443	80.8
Middle Atlantic.......	151	305	101.9
Southern..............	18	52	188.8
East Central...........	80	168	110.0
West Central..........	40	87	117.5
Pacific................	101	240	137.6

The figures on the increase of savings during the last twelve years include, according to *The American*, savings deposits in mutual savings banks, State banks, trust companies, private banks and national banks, and postal savings. Data are lacking for seventeen States, so that the actual figures are undoubtedly larger than those given, which are set down in *The American* as follows:

Year	*Total Savings Deposits*	*Per Capita Savings*	*Total No. Savings Depositors*
1912	$8,425,275,000	$89	12,584,316
1913	8,820,192,000	91	14,295,931
1914	8,728,536,000	89	10,631,586
1915	8,791,523,000	88	16,084,587
1916	9,478,068,000	94	10,374,770
1917	11,115,790,000	108	11,385,734
1918	11,589,373,000	111	10,637,750
1919	12,456,460,000	118	18,176,251
1920	14,672,178,000	137	20,915,612
1921	16,618,595,000	157	26,573,870
1922	17,331,479,000	158	30,323,320
1923	19,567,953,000	176	35,425,317
1924	20,873,562,000	186	38,867,994

The gain in savings, comments a writer on the financial page of *The American*, "is, of course, due in great part to the prosperity enjoyed by the American public both during and since the war. In great measure, however, the expansion is the result of the more concerted action undertaken by the savings banks and others in the encouragement of thrift."

Part of the increase in savings deposits, observes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is, of course, offset by the rise of prices. Nevertheless, much the greater part of the increment "represents a clear addition to savings funds above and beyond the price rise, and testifies either to an increased disposition to save or an increase in general ability to save, or else to both of these factors." The disposition to save, reasons *The Journal of Commerce*, "can not flourish unless there is a surplus income out of which savings can be accumulated." So this increase of deposits is simply another sign that our national wealth has been growing by leaps and bounds and that the accretions thereof are widely distributed among all classes. Such rapidly acquired riches are a cause of some anxiety, this New York paper continues:

> The danger is not that they will vanish overnight, as did the insubstantial post-war inflationary savings of many European countries. The chief danger lies in the problem of utilization. It is no use to apply the old rule of thumb method and decree that all savings funds shall be invested in relatively long-time investment securities. There are limits to the extent to which such opportunities can be provided, and every day we are having demonstration of the tendency to unwise investment created by the presence of unused savings.
>
> In the growth, therefore, of these savings deposits our banks and investment institutions are forced to face a grave responsibility. They have to find an outlet for these funds, but they have to develop, or at least they ought to develop, a scheme of apportionment that will not throw our industrial mechanism out of gear. The loans and discounts of the banks of this country are far in excess of their demand deposits, showing that already many so-called savings deposits are used to finance commercial credit operations. On the other hand, the recent great increases in bank assets have been chiefly due to the growth in security holdings.
>
> It is time that we considered carefully this problem of our savings deposits, in relation to the larger aspects of industry and trade. It is not merely a problem of finding some outlet, any outlet, that appears to offer sufficient returns to the individual. It is, instead, a problem of national and of international welfare affecting the whole course of economic life and determining the direction of future industrial development.

This "wonderful growth of thrift and savings" also interests *The Manufacturers' Record.* It recalls that a North Carolina banker gleans from the already quoted survey the additional facts that the savings deposits were 50 per cent. of the total bank deposits in 1912, and 52 per cent. in 1923; and 5,838 banks reported savings deposits in 1913, and 21,385 in 1923, an increase of 266 per cent. The North Carolina banker, Mr. C. T. Leinbach of Winston-Salem, further points out that there has been an amazing increase in savings through the school-savings idea:

> The fifth annual report of school savings banking also reveals a considerable increase. During the year closing June 30, 1924, the number of reporting school savings systems has increased from 494 to 683, which embraces 742 districts; the number of schools from 6,868 to 9,080; the number of pupils enrolled in schools having systems, from 3,061,053 to 3,095,012; the participants from 1,907,851 to 2,236,326; the collections from $10,631,838 to $14,991,535, and the reported bank balances from $11,807,085 to $20,435,144. . . . Two cities in the United States have accumulated above one million dollars each in school-savings balances, and several others report in excess of one-half million dollars.

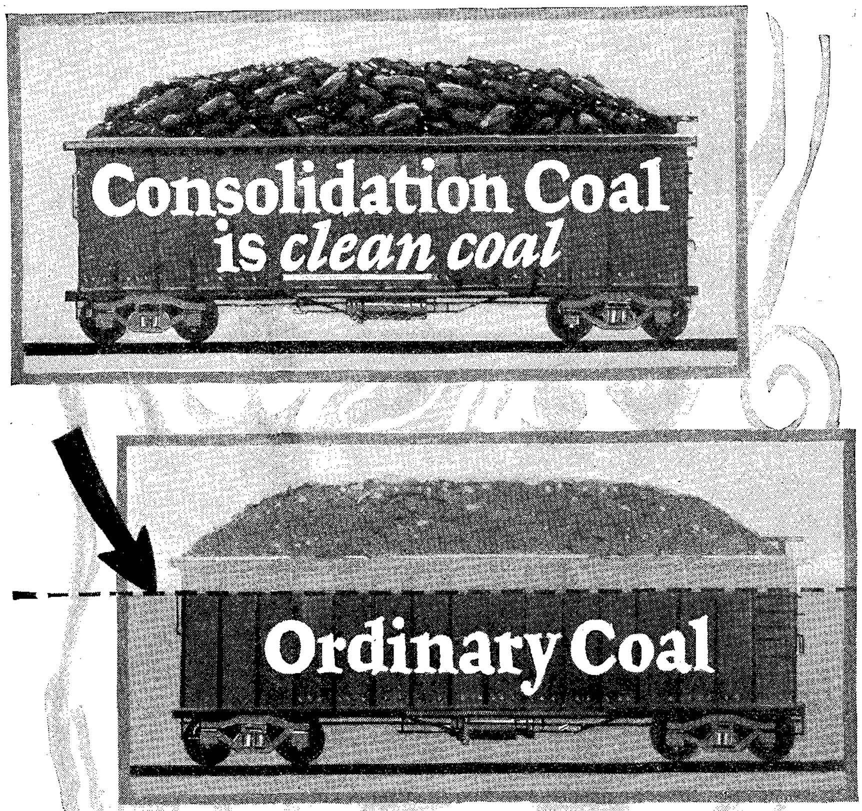
In Los Angeles, says an authority quoted in *The Manufacturers' Record*, "there are over 50,000 children under the age of thirteen years having a savings account to-day as a result of school savings. These children have to their credit over $550,000.

All these figures are "gratifying" and "encouraging" to the Baltimore weekly, which concludes that "in all probability there will be totaled figures ten years from now which will show a much larger percentage of growth in savings, for everywhere the thrift idea is making progress, and it is evident that the results of the late election were in large part due to that fact."

THE INCOME TAX ABANDONED IN OREGON

THE theory that everybody should pay two income taxes, one to the Federal Government, and one to the State, received two jolts in the last election. Florida's new constitutional amendment prohibiting any State income-tax levy was discust at length in an earlier issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, but nothing has been said about Oregon, which voted to give up the income tax after a year's trial. Oregon is the first State to repeal an income-tax law, and, according to the National City Bank of New York, "its action is regarded as an indication that the principle of State income taxes in duplication of the Federal income tax has received a serious setback, if it has not altogether been abandoned as a source of revenue on the coast." As we read further in the bank's December bulletin:

> The law had been passed by the 1923 Legislature, and sustained by a bare majority in a referendum election in November, 1923. It had also been upheld by the Supreme Court of Oregon in an attack on it for alleged breaches of the State constitution.
>
> It provided for a graduated tax on personal incomes, and the incomes of firms and corporations, except banking corporations, from 1 per cent. on the first $1,000 of taxable income, to 6 per cent. on $12,000 and above, and included the "factor" method of calculating the profits of corporations having home offices or branches without the State. It also contained a provision permitting deduction of dividends distributed to stockholders who were residents of Oregon, excluding the dividends paid to non-residents, prior to calculating the making return and payment of tax on corporate net incomes.
>
> This provision was declared invalid by the Supreme Court, and as the operation of the law without it practically doubled the tax of numbers of Oregon corporations, it was rendered extremely obnoxious.
>
> The campaign for repeal was conducted by C. C. Chapman, editor of *The Oregon Voter*, the initiator of the repeal bill, and was confined strictly to pertinent economic discussion. An investigation was made throughout the State, and showed the effect the income tax had exerted on manufacturing industry, by evidence in the form of signed letters and statements, detailing removals of industries, threatened removals, curtailment of capital suspension of plans for expansion and the cancellation of negotiations for some very large purchases of timber and manufacturing sites. The damage to the State in development thus retarded was $41,500,000.
>
> From the inception of the repeal movement shortly after the 1923 referendum failed, to the final days before the election, the efforts for the repeal were directed along educational lines, based on the best interests and general welfare of the State.
>
> In March of this year an entirely new State income-tax law, omitting the provisions alleged to be unconstitutional in the suit then before the courts, was presented to the citizens of the State for signatures preparatory to its introduction as an initiative measure, but altho only 13,500 names were required, these signatures had not been secured by the date set by law July 3, 1924, and the new income-tax law failed to appear on the November ballot.



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an employer once paid Lincoln in Whiskey for his services?

"Oom Paul" Kruger opened a Jewish tabernacle with the words "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I declare this building open."

After Elizabeth of Russia died, her wardrobe was found to contain nearly 16,000 dresses, two large chests of silk stockings, two of ribands, some thousand pairs of shoes and several hundred pieces of French and other rich stuffs.

Napoleon used 60 bottles of eau de Cologne each month.

General Grant won $5 for riding a bucking pony at a circus.

Marie Antoinette, forbidden to ride horseback, mounted a mule, forced two fat duchesses of her train to do likewise, and led them on a hot summer morning under the very windows of the palace where king and court could see them, as a secret method of punishing them.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 17.—Foreign Minister Stresemann of Germany declines the task of forming a Cabinet to succeed the Marx Government, which resigned December 14.

December 18.—Finland signs the League of Nations protocol for arbitration, security and disarmament, making the seventeenth member State to sign.

The British Columbia Legislature requests the Canadian Federal Government to abrogate all international treaties which prevent the Dominion from controlling Oriental immigration.

The Albanian Government is reported to have ordered general mobilization to repel invasion and to combat insurrection.

December 19.—Adolph Hitler, the Bavarian monarchist leader, and his aide, Herr Kriebel, who have been serving prison sentences for participation in the "rathskeller revolution" at Munich in November, 1923, are released on an amnesty decree.

December 20.—Baron Tsuneo Matsudaira, the newly appointed Japanese Ambassador to the United States, expresses his appreciation of the statement of Secretary Hughes welcoming his appointment, and says that the Japanese Government shares the view of the American Government "that there are no issues whatsoever between the two countries endangering the existing cordial relations."

The French Government announces that it has ordered proceedings against newspapers which have been spreading alarmist news concerning Communist activity, and that it will also take other energetic action to end the scare.

Premier Mussolini announces in the Italian Chamber of Deputies that he plans to go before the country and that an electoral bill will be presented to the Chamber immediately after the Christmas holiday under which elections will be conducted under the old law.

December 21.—The Jugo-Slav Legation in Paris denies the charges that the uprisings in Albania are being fomented by Jugo-Slavia and says that they are due to Bolshevist agitation.

December 22.—Germany asks to be allowed to join the League of Nations, with the provision, however, that she should be left free to decide how far she would take an active part in any military action called for by the League.

The French Government is reported to have suggested to the Powers interested in China a joint international policy to combat the influence of the Russian "Reds."

DOMESTIC

December 17.—The House of Representatives votes to exclude from the mails pistols, revolvers, and other firearms that can be concealed on the person.

December 18.—The Senate confirms the nomination of Joseph W. McIntosh of Illinois to be Controller of the Currency. He succeeds Henry M. Dawes, who resigned recently.

December 19.—President Coolidge creates an Oil Conservation Board to guard the country's oil needs, naming the Secretaries of War, Navy, Interior, and Commerce as its members.

William Green, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, is elected to serve out the term of Samuel Gompers as President of the American Federation of Labor.

Representative Britten of Illinois introduces a resolution to appropriate $101,400,000 for new naval construction. Meanwhile the Senate Naval Affairs Committee postpones for the time being action on Senator King's resolution for a sweeping naval investigation, and decides to call on the Navy Department for information regarding the condition of the Navy, and whether it is up to the 5-5-3 standard.

December 20.—Senator McNary of Oregon introduces a bill to appropriate $40,000,000 for the purchase of forest land and for forest conservation, to be expended under a ten-year program under the Clarke-McNary Act.

Representative Britten of Illinois presents a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for information concerning objections that may have been made by any foreign Government to raising the gun elevation on American warships affected by the Washington disarmament treaty.

December 22.—Clarence Gilbert, a night air mail pilot, is killed in a parachute fall from his plane near Kaneville, Illinois. His parachute is supposed to have been torn by striking the plane.

Jules J. Jusserand, the retiring French Ambassador, tells an audience in Washington that France after a moratorium for a "breathing spell" could and would begin repayment of her war debt to the United States. France, however, he says, would expect preferential treatment.

J. E. Hoover, who has been acting director of the Justice Department's investigation bureau since the retirement of William J. Burns, is appointed to the directorship by Attorney-General Stone.

Their Poor Choice.—PEARL—"Mamma, if I get married, will I have a husband like papa?"

MOTHER—"Yes, dear."

PEARL—"An' if I don't marry, must I be an old maid like Aunt Jane?"

MOTHER—"Yes, dear."

PEARL—"Mamma, we women don't get many chances in this world, do we?"—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

He Seizes Anything.—"What is an Opportunist?"

"One who meets the wolf at the door, and appears the next day in a fur coat."—*Gargoyle.*

Colors in Grease.—LADY (to clerk)—"I want to buy some lard."

GROCER—"Pail?"

LADY—"I didn't know it came in two shades."—*The Widow.*

Common Disease.—"Why do you call your flivver Pyorrhea?"

"Because four out of every five have one."—*The Widow.*

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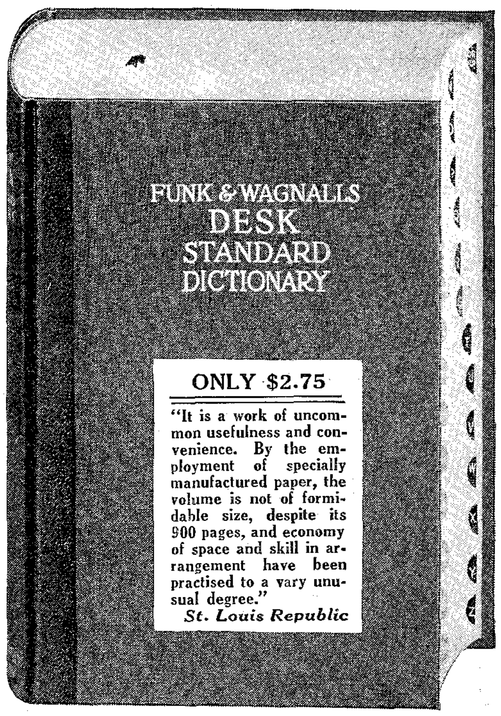

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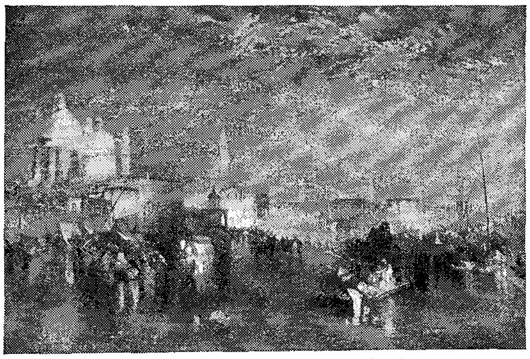

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

again—"L. L. L." San Francisco, Calif.—"What is the accepted pronunciation of the word *again?* What, if any, authority is there for pronouncing it *a-gen?*"

To-day the correct pronunciation of *again* is *a-gen′* (*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *get*). See "Twenty-five Thousand Words Frequently Mispronounced," p. 28. Altho the pronunciation *a-gēn* (*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*) is occasionally used in poetry, and is commonly heard in London and southern England, *a-gen′* (*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *get*) predominates. Derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ongēgn*, *ongean*, and the Middle English, *agein*, *agayn*, or *agen*, this word has been variously written from Wyclif's time *agen*, *agein*, *ageyn*, and *ayen*. Shakespeare rimed it with *pen* in his sonnet lxxix:

> I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
> Deserves the travail of a worthier *pen;*
> Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
> He robs thee of, and pays it thee *again.*

Burns, riming it with "chain," penned the following—

> This day Time winds th′ exhausted *chain*
> To run the twelvemonth's length *again.*
> *Sketch, New Year's Day*, 1790, st. 1.

gall and gaul; mall and maul—"C. P., New York City.—The first word is derived from the Middle English *galle*, which came to us through the Mercian dialect *galla*, from the Anglo-Saxon *gealla*—please note these different spellings. The word then meant what it does to-day—*bile:* hence, *bitterness:* hence, *rancour:* hence, *irritation*, *annoyance*, *vexation*.

The spelling *gaul*, which was introduced in 1605, was quickly recognized as an error and made very little headway. We have but two instances of its use—one in 1605 by Timme in a "Book on the Earth," and the other in 1640 by Sanderson in a sermon. It is a corruption perhaps due to the ignorance of the writers or to the way in which they felt the sound of the word should be indicated in writing.

The idiom "You've got *some gall!*" means to-day "You have plenty of assurance, cheek or impudence." Here it stands for effrontery of the brazen type.

Both *mall* and *maul* are derived from the same source—Old French *mal* or *mail*. The form *maul* is now archaic; both forms are used in literature to designate *hammer*. The French word was used in various towns to designate *the alley* where *mall*, *pall-mall*, *pêle-mêle*, or *pell-mell*—was played. From this use it was extended to a shaded walk, whence our *Mall* in Central Park.

"G. W. D.," Lowell, Mass.—The term *Carolinian* is correctly pronounced *kar″o-lin′-i-an*—first *a* as in *fat*, *o* as in *obey*, first *i* as in *hit*, second *i* as in *habit*, second *a* as in *final*.

mosey—"J. A. Z.," Joplin, Mo.—The word *mosey* is an Old English dialect word, formerly believed to be American slang on the evidence of such American works as were available. The American meaning "to go away quickly; to decamp; make haste; be lively" is the opposite of the sense in English dialect—"to jog along without regard to speed." In Galloway, Scotland, and Worcestershire, England, more than a century ago, *mosey* designated "a person who moved around slowly." The term was applied to a fool, an idiot, and a soft-brained person.

The word has had wide application as an adjective and has been used to designate "soft, rotten, moldy, or decayed." In this sense the word is current to-day in Scotland and in the Midland counties of England, as well as in several of the counties south of the Thames. A "mosey fire" was "a fire that burned slowly or smoldered." A "mosey person" was "a dull person" or "one stupefied with liquor."

"C. C.," Leesburg, Va.—Please tell me what is the *Third Internationale*, and give me some account of its action and activities."

The *International* is a society formed in London in 1864 for the international political organization of workingmen in the socialistic conflict with capital. Its full title was the *International Workingmen's Association*, and it was known also as the *Red International*.

In 1869 the "*Second* International" was formed. During the World War, the Russian leaders, Lenin and Trotzky, and their followers in Russia and other countries, became the Left or radical wing of this organization, and in 1919 split with the parent organization, held a congress at Moscow and organized the "*Third* International." This body fosters the principles of Bolshevism, or Communism, as exemplified in Russia.

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British, Hebrides, Belgians—"J. J. S.," Oakland, Calif.—"(1) Is it true that *British* means covenant men? Is that etymologically true? (2) Is it true that *Hebrides* means 'Hebrew Islands' etymologically? (3) Is it true that *Belgians* is 'Fir-Bolgians'?"

(1) The word *British* is derived from *Briton*, and that from the French *Breton*, which is also a Middle English form of *Briton*. The word British does not mean covenant men. Consult the dictionary. (2) There are no grounds, etymologically, for connecting the word *Hebrew* with the name *Hebrides*. In fact, the present name of the group of islands appears to be due to an early misprint of the original spelling. Pliny, who first mentioned the islands, referred to them as "the 30 *Hebudes*," which a later writer transcribed as *Hebrides*. The origin of the name is unknown. Aethicus in his "Cosmography" refers to an island or an archipelago off north Britain under the name of *Heboso*. (3) Smith, in his "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography," does not favor the view that the Latin *Belgæ* may have been derived from the Celtic *Fir-Bolg*. The first mention of the name appears in Cæsar's "Gallic Wars," and the original source is unknown.

child—"J. J. M.," Detroit, Mich.—"Please inform me whether the word *child* is of neuter gender."

According to Fernald, in his "Working Grammar of the English Language," (p. 59), *child* falls among the Indeterminate Neuters, such neuters "not implying that the individual referred to has no sex but simply that we do not know the sex. Thus we say, The *child* was crying for *its* mother."

grits—"C. I. A.," Magnolia, Ala.—"Please tell me if it is permissible to use the noun *grits* with a plural verb. Is this correct: 'The *grits are* good'?"

The plural *grits* is correctly used when the intention is to describe grain much like coarse cornmeal mush. *Groats* is used to designate hulled or crushed oats or wheat, or fragments of wheat larger than *grits*. Both words are correctly used with a verb in the plural, but in the cant of the grain trade they are used with a verb in the singular.

Kliegs—"H. B. C.," West Philadelphia, Pa.—The term *Kliegs* is a colloquial contraction of *Kliegl light*, a carbon light used in motion-picture studios, which derives its name from its inventors, the Kliegl Brothers.

"I. F. B.," Coquille, Ore.—"Kindly pronounce and state meaning of the words *patteran* and *skoal*."

A *patteran* is a gipsy-trail made by dropping a handful of grass occasionally. The word is pronounced *pat'er-an*—the first *a* as in *fat*, *e* as in *over* and the last *a* as in *final*.

The Norse word *skoal* means "hail." It is used as a salutation or toast, especially in poetry. It is pronounced *skol—o* as in *go*.

"P. F. M.," New York City—"To express the idea of simplicity in design as distinguished from other machines having a multiplicity of parts, which method of phrasing this sentence is to be preferred—(a) 'The machine *simply* consists of a motor and three working parts'; (b) 'The machine consists *simply* of a motor and three working parts'?"

The second sentence is correct, for a machine may consist of many parts, but as in the case submitted it is evident the machine is of simple construction, so "consists simply of . . ." is the only way to express the thought.

"E. H.," Eatonton, Ga.—"Please explain the two Latin phrases as used in the following sentences: (1) 'The *Pons Asinorum* that is worrying most of the people of Europe is whether or not Germany will accept the Dawes' report'; (2) 'We must refrain from dwelling on *post mortems* before we can ever expect to return to true normalcy.'"

(1) *Pons asinorum* is the Latin for "asses' bridge." The asses' bridge is the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid's Geometry, and it has been so called from the difficulty of its demonstration to beginners. Used figuratively, it means an obstacle to be overcome. (2) A *post-mortem* is an expert examination of the organs of a human body after death for pathological or judicial purposes. Judging from the matter that you submit, without any context, the figurative use to which you refer puts an improper strain upon the term. In various games with cards the player who reviews a played or an unplayed hand is sometimes termed a "coroner" because he persists in holding a *post-mortem* on the hand that has been played.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Cross Words for the Puzzled.—Since the first cross-word between Cain and Abel these puzzles have steadily increased to the present crescendo which has tied up street traffic, cut into family meal-time, and worn out the overworked dictionaries. Like a ray of sunshine comes the appended list by H. I. Phillips in the New York *Sun*. Here many a puzzled reader may find the key words of otherwise hopeless puzzles now tabled for future solution. Ready! Go!:

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS' COMPLETE DICTIONARY

Name of a series of early wars in Roman history. Tunic.

A book used to hold family photographs. Albumen.

A type of ox. Mosque.

Young ducks. Ducats.

A brass musical instrument similar to a bugle. Coronet.

A sound made when one glass is struck against another in making a toast. Clinic.

Part of an electrical system. Dynasty.

To steal a child for ransom. Viaduct.

The highest part of the back of a horse, between the shoulder blades. Zithers.

The ruling party in Russia. Serviet.

Four quarts in Spanish. Galleon.

A protective fire sent up by the artillery. Mirage.

A kind of red pepper. Canine.

French for soup. Portage.

A unit of electric power. Wart.

A dependent or slave of another. Wassail.

A small dish for holding a teacup. Sorcerer.

Being a lover of sardines. Sardonic.

Deprest, sad, melancholy. Varicose.

Glass water bottle; decanter. Giraffe.

A place where surface cars are kept. Carbon.

A great German Prime Minister. Bismuth.

A Russian monk famed for his evil ways. Asperin.

Man who drives a taxicab. Taxidermist.

An invention by which sounds are broadcast. Rodeo.

A young lady who has just been introduced to society. Debenture.

A term of endearment used to a sweetheart by a man with a cold in his head. Swedey.

An antidote. Semetic.

To love deeply; to show great affection. Amortize.

Eye-glasses with a chain on them. Skeptics.

A kind of spice used on buns. Cinema.

A garment worn by the ancient Romans. Quorom.

A great many soldiers in one organization. Lesion.

A severe cold in the chest, common to infants. Group.

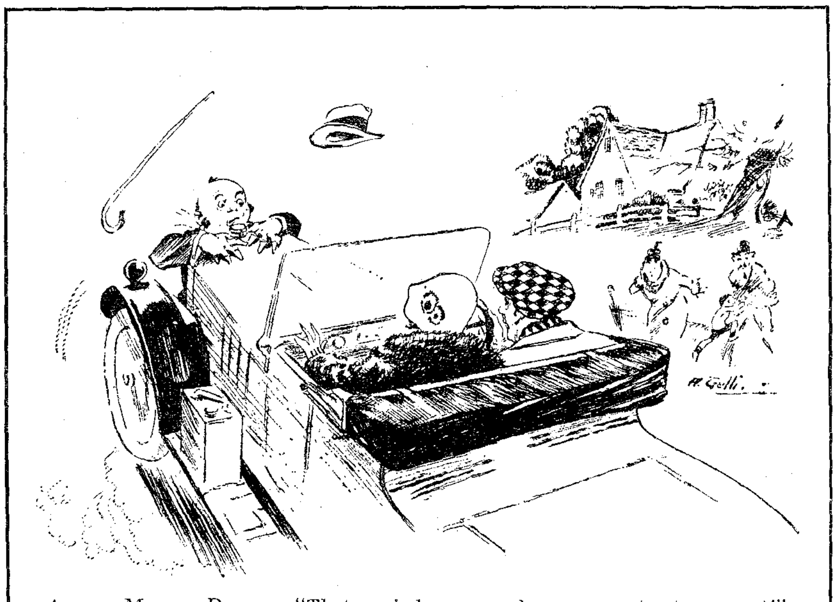
An old-fashioned article, one worn by fashionable women to improve their figures. Filibuster.

A Hebrew house of worship. Syndicate.

Or Morgue.—"What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?" asks a contemporary. Usually, they are taken to the nearest hospital.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

Time for Prayer.—The customs officer eyed the bottle suspiciously. "It's only ammonia," stammered the returning passenger.

"Oh, is it?" said the customs officer, taking a long swallow. It was.—*Princeton Tiger.*



ABSENT-MINDED DRIVER: "That reminds me, my dear, we must get a mascot!"
—*The Passing Show* (London).

Diagnosed. — YOUNG MAN (to court clerk)—"I—ah—er—um—"

CLERK (to assistant) — "Henry, bring out one of those marriage-license blanks." —*Brown Bull.*

That Kind of Mule.—MULE—1 good mule, works anywhere hitched. Price $15 takes him.—*Classified Ad. in a Hagerstown* (*Md.*) *paper.*

First and Last.—DEFEATED JOCKEY—"Well, anyhow, I wasn't last. There were two horses behind me."

DISGUSTED SUPPORTER—"Garn'. Them was the first two in the next race!"—*Midland Daily Tribune.*

The World Moves.—An explorer says that widows in New Guinea cover themselves with pipeclay and mourn their husbands for a year. In civilized countries most of them cover themselves with powder and go in search of another. — *The Humorist* (*London*).

Practise Makes Perfect.—A barber reported to work two hours late.

"What's the big idea?" demanded the boss.

"I'm sorry," replied the barber, "but while I was shaving I talked myself into a shampoo, haircut and massage."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Preparedness.—"Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks—sworn off smoking."

"Well, put one in your pocket for tomorrow."—*Punch* (*London*).

Charitable.—ARTIST—"I have decided to present my latest work to some charitable institution. Which do you suggest?"

FRIEND—"The Asylum for the Blind."—*Vikingen* (*Christiania*).

Realism.—"I say, cook," said five-year-old Marjorie, who was feeling hungry, "let's play I'm an awful-looking tramp. I'll ask you to give me a nice piece of pie, and you get frightened and give it to me."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Good Worker.—HUSBAND—"Telling lies is *not* one of my failings."

WIFE—"No, dear, it's one of your few successes."—*Punch* (*London*).

Easy.—"I wish I could find a way to stop my wife from spending so much on gloves."

"Buy her a diamond ring."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (*Munich*).

Two Looks.—"Did you notice that insolent conductor looking at you as if you hadn't paid your fare?"

"Yes, and did you notice me looking at him as if I had?"—*Le Rire* (*Paris*).

Bound to Work. — "Why do you want limburger cheese packed in your lunch?" asked the grocer.

"Because, papa," answered his truthful little son, "I want the teacher to send me home."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Slated.—"What is Mr. Baldwin going to do about coal?" asks a contemporary. The same as the rest of us, we suppose. Order coal, and then take what they send him.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

Yes, Yes!—

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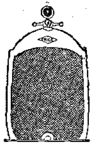
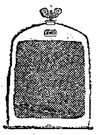
Perfect—Almost.—Imagine the comfort that the fond parents got out of the announcement of their son who was attending a high school on Long Island when he stated that he got 100 in his examinations, 50 in Algebra and 50 in Latin.—*The Bristol* (*Conn.*) *Press.*

Prohibition in Lowville.—Dance—There will be a party Thursday evening, December 11, at Newcomb Wright, at Spring House, Lowville. Ladies please bring refreshments and gentlemen please leave booze at home.—*Announcement in the Lowville* (*N. Y.*) *Journal & Republican.*



NOW·



PERMANENT PERFECTED PERFORMANCE

Prepare for Progress. There is a New Paige and a New Jewett. They outperform in every way our previous best. And you know what that was—unchallenged records on track, hill and highway. It seemed impossible to better it.

We have not only bettered it. We have *perfected* that performance—have made it so smooth, so ready, so many-sided, so lasting that today's engineering knowledge can offer no improvement. New costly balanced crankshafts eliminate vibration—give new smoothness. New silent chain drive is truly noiseless. New springs for balloon tires. New steering ease from ball-bearing, special-geared steering.

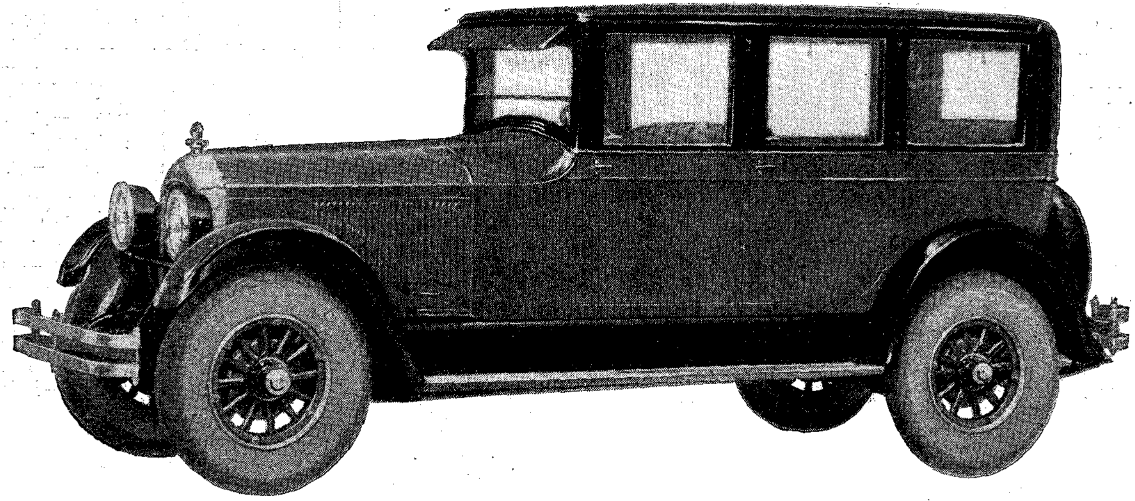
Fear No Follies. This *perfected* performance is built around six-cylinder motors. Sixes—for their inherent balance and economy. Sixes—because our 10 years' specializing has perfected them beyond need of complication.

Paige-Jewett motors are of exceptional size. Amply-powered—moderately geared—never overtaxed.

Permanent Performance—perfected to new excellence—that is the keynote of Paige-Jewett engineering.

We are building today not only the ablest cars, the easiest handling cars, and truly comfortable cars, but cars whose fine qualities stay and stay and stay.

With assets of $15,000,000, an enormous new plant, and the most modern machinery—our sixteen years' experience is showing results as never before. (503-A)



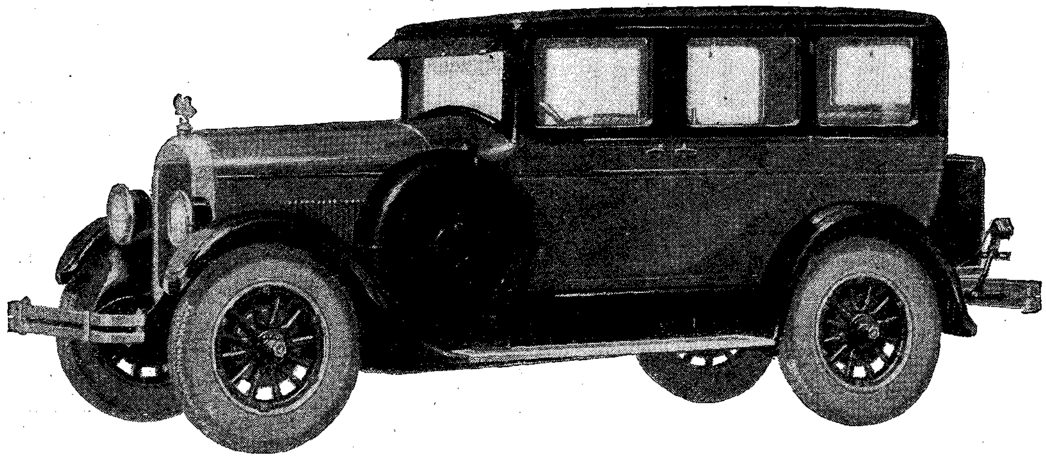
The new PAIGE

Improved 70 horsepower motor—3¾″ x 5″
New dynamically balanced crankshaft
New larger water circulating pump
New increased radiator capacity
Silent chain drive with automatic takeup
Wheelbase 131 inches

Rear springs over 5 feet long
New design springs for balloon tires
Snubbers at all four wheels
Five balloon tires 33 x 6.75
Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes (Lockheed hydraulic) at slight extra cost
New steering gear for balloon tires

New colors—gray and green
More beautiful bodies
New riding comfort
New handling ease
New performance flexibility
New complete equipment included at these prices

PHAETON (5 OR 7), $2165—BROUGHAM (5), $2395—SEDAN (7), $2840—SUBURBAN LIMOUSINE (7), $2965. *Prices at Detroit. Tax extra.*



The new JEWETT

New 55 horsepower motor—3¼″ x 5″
New counterbalanced crankshaft
New silent chain with automatic takeup
New silent valve gear
New lubrication of pistons
New double bearing wrist-pin construction
New type interchangeable main bearings

Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes (Lockheed hydraulic) at slight extra cost
New larger size balloon tires 31 x 5.25
New spring design for balloon tires
New steering gear for balloon tires
New deep crowned fenders—extra strong
New style running boards—2 inches lower

New body styles—Touring, Brougham, Sedan
New permanent satin lacquer finish in new colors
New instrument board and window trim
New seat comfort positions
New interior effects and appointments
New handling ease and riding comfort
New performance and smoothness

STANDARD TOURING (5), $1175—DE LUXE TOURING, $1290—COUPE (3), $1310—STANDARD BROUGHAM (5), $1385—DE LUXE BROUGHAM, $1525
STANDARD SEDAN (5), $1545—DE LUXE SEDAN, $1745. *All prices at Detroit. Tax extra.*

NEW MOTORS — 4-WHEEL BRAKES — NEW BODIES — LARGER BALLOON TIRES